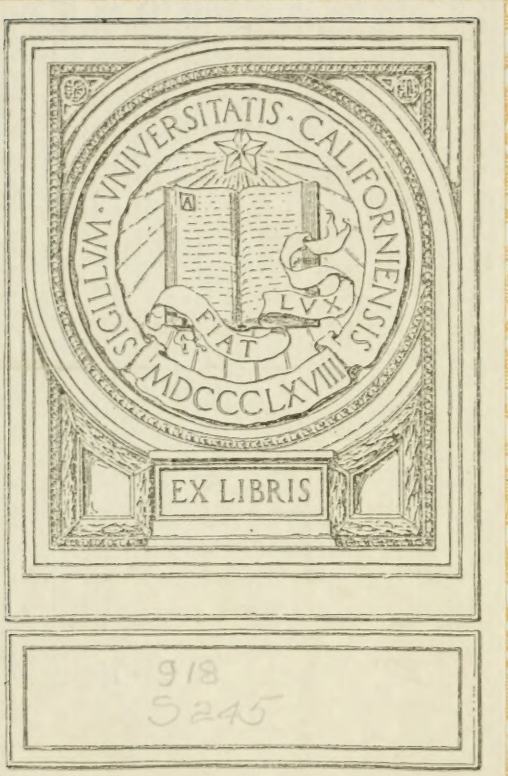

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HARPER'S CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

POETRY

EDITED BY

EPES SARGENT

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE
1881

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PREFACE.

Poets have multiplied during the present century as at no previous period. Never was the accomplishment of verse so general as now. "Weren't we in the luck of it," said Scott to Moore, "to have come before all this talent was at work?" If the remark was apt in their day, how much more so is it at the present time! Works in verse, that would have made a reputation a century ago, fall now almost unnoticed from the press. It is hard for the most diligent critic to keep pace with the fertility of our poets. The present compiler had despaired of doing this long before he had proceeded far in his labors. The consequence is that there have been omissions for which no better reason can be given than that they were unavoidable. An apology under such circumstances would be out of place.

It cannot be overlooked, too, that much of the best poetry of recent times has been the product of feminine genius. The progress of women in enlarging the sphere of their occupations, and competing with the employments of the stronger sex, is represented in no department of intellectual work more signally than in verse. Every month new poetry, far above mediocrity, if not of really superior quality, is sent forth.

This is a sign to be welcomed. True poetry, like the religious prompting itself, springs from the emotional side of man's complex nature, and is ever in harmony with his highest intuitions and aspirations. It cannot be poetry if it conflict with these. Its cultivation, therefore, apart from all calculations of profit or of reputation—since few can now realize their dream of fame—must always be an elevating pursuit. There are some great truths for the expression of which the speculative understanding is less fitted than that which is the issue of right feelings and noble impulses. That poets have not always practised what they have preached, only shows how hard it is for a man to act up to his best ideals.

It is profoundly true that poetry is to be found nowhere, unless we have it within us. Here, as throughout all nature and all art, we receive but what we give. And so it is that great poets like Goethe—of whom it was said that his praise of some of the younger poets of his day was "a brevet of mediocrity"—often detect in what

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may strike an inferior judge as commonplace, something to which the broad poetical nature may respond.

In poetry, as in other forms of art, tastes must differ widely, not only among different persons, but among the same persons at different periods of their lives. The youth, in whose estimate the verse of Byron once had the highest place, often finds himself, as he grows older, transferring his affections to Coleridge or Wordsworth. Then, too, it frequently happens that our fondness for a certain poem may lie unconsciously in some early association with it, or in the fact that it was admired by some one near and dear to us. We shut our eyes to minor flaws, and are "pleased we know not why and care not wherefore,"—wholly regardless of the critic's shrug or even the grammarian's objection. All, then, that the compiler can do is, while admitting largely what he may regard as best and highest, to remember still that in the exercise of his individual taste he must not arbitrarily rule out the representation of any legitimate style or topic. Some of our best humorous poems, like Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," have in them an element of pathos which redeems their character as poetry.

There are many minor poets who, by some felicity of subject or of treatment, have produced one successful piece, but never repeated the achievement. Like the boy who shot an arrow through a ring, but would not make a second trial lest he should fail, they have been constrained to rest their fame on the one little waif by which they have been made known. This class, and such anonymous writers as have produced pieces that the world does not allow to become obsolete, are largely represented in the present volume; and our Index of First Lines will be found a convenient concordance for the discovery of many a poem which everybody remembers, but few know where to find.

In the introductory notices of poets, in reference to the most distinguished, the aim has been to condense, or to sum up briefly, the most interesting incidents of their lives, and the choicest characteristics of their writings. In doing this, occasional forms of expression, not designated by quotation-marks, have been adopted, with alteration or abridgment, from biographer or critic; but credit has been given in cases of any importance. Original matter has been largely introduced; but, inasmuch as the license of a compiler has been used to enrich the work with all that is most apt in the way of facts and of criticism, whether new or old, no pretensions to uniform originality in these respects are made.

EPES SARGENT.

BOSTON, *December*, 1880.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The concluding pages of this volume were put in type only a few days before the genial and cultured editor passed away from the scene of his labors. It was the crowning work of a life devoted to literature. Projected several years ago, it engrossed Mr. Sargent's thoughts and time almost to the very last day of his life, and every page passed under his careful supervision. Although he did not live to see it published, he had the pleasure of putting the final touches to it, and of knowing that his work was finished.

Mr. Sargent was eminently fitted for the preparation of a work of this kind. Few men possessed a wider or more profound knowledge of English literature, and his judgment was clear, acute, and discriminating. He designed this volume especially for household use; and he could have desired no kindlier remembrance than that associated with the innocent pleasure and refining influence it will carry to many a domestic fireside.

Harper & Brothers.

Franklin Square, New York,
February 22, 1881.

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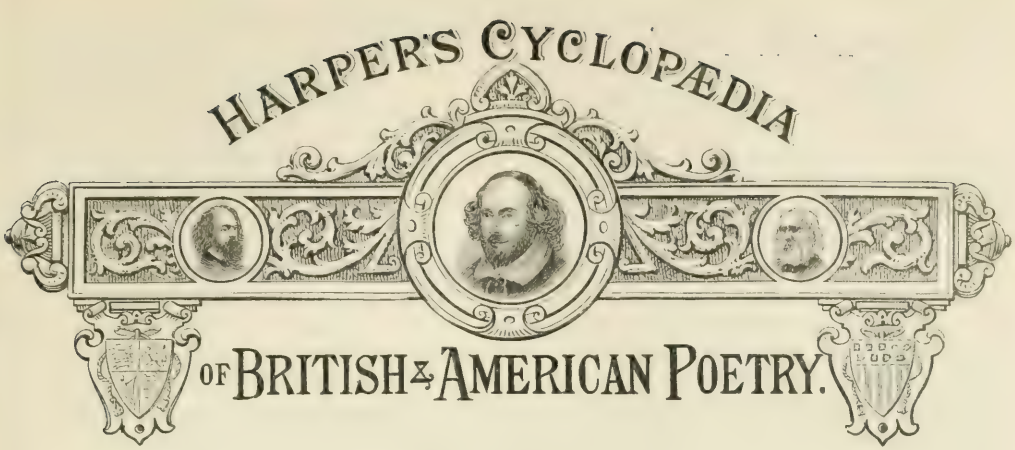
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Geoffrey Chaucer.

Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was born about the year 1328, probably in London, and educated at Cambridge. On arriving at man's estate, he joined the army with which Edward III. was trying to subjugate France. Taken prisoner at Poitiers, Chaucer, on being released, returned to England, and married a sister of the lady who became the wife of the Duke of Lancaster, better known as John of Gaunt.

King Edward regarded Chaucer with favor, and in 1372 sent him on a mission to Italy, where he made the acquaintance of Petrarch, then living at Padua. He was employed in other public services, sat in Parliament, shared in the downfall of John of Gaunt, fled to Holland, returned home in 1489, abandoned public life, and devoted himself to poetical composition. At the age of sixty-four he began the "Canterbury Tales," a picture of English life in the fourteenth century. He afterward wrote "The Romaunt of the Rose," "Troilus and Cresseide," "The Legende of Good Women," "Chaucer's Dream," "The Flower and the Leaf," "The House of Fame" (richly paraphrased by Pope), etc.

The accentuation in Chaucer's verse, by a license since abandoned, is different in many instances from that of common speech. For example, in

"Full well she saugé the serv ice divine,"

sangé is two syllables, while *service* furnishes an example of a transposed accent. This poetical license of transposing an accent is not uncommon in the later poets.

Chaucer appears to have been of a joyous and happy temperament, generous and affectionate. He had that intense relish for the beauties of Nature so characteristic of the genuine poet. His works abound with enthusiastic descriptions of spring, the morning hour, the early verdure of groves, green solitudes, birds and flowers. Nature, courts, camps, characters, passions, motives, are the topics with which he deals. He was opposed to the priests, whose hypocrisy he unmasked. A vigorous temperament, a penetrating, observing intellect, and a strong, comprehensive good-sense, are the instruments with which he fashions his poetical materials. Spenser refers to him as

> "That renowned Poet,
> Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
> On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be fyled."

In the following extracts the orthography is partially modernized. Where the change would impair either the measure or the spirit of the passage, the original spelling is retained.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

From "The Flower and the Leaf."

When that Phœbus his chair of gold so high
Had whirléd up the starry sky aloft,
And in the Bull was entered certainly;
When showers sweet of rain descended soft,
Causing the ground, feole[1] times and oft,
Up for to give many a wholesome air;
And every plainé was y-clothéd fair

With newé green, and [illegible]th smallé flowers
To springen here and there in field and mead:
So very good and wholesome be the showers
That it reneweth that was old and dead
In winter time; and out of every seed
Springeth the herbé, so that every wight
Of this season wexeth glad and light;

[1] Many; German, *viel*.

And I, so gladdé of the season sweet,
Was happéd thus: Upon a certain night
As I lay in my bed, sleep full unmeet
Was unto me; but why that I ne might
Rest I ne wist, for there n' 'as[1] earthly wight,
As I suppose, had more of hertë's ease
Than I, for I n' 'ad[2] sickness nor disease.

Wherefore I marvel greatly of myself
That I so long withouten sleepé lay,
And up I rose three hours after twelf,
About the springing of the day.[3]
And on I put my gear and mine array,
And to a pleasant grové I 'gan pass,
Long ere the sunné bright uprisen was,

In which were oakés great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass so fresh of hue
Was newly sprong; and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew
With branches broad laden with leavés new,
That sprongen out agen the sonné-sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green,

Which, as methought, was right a pleasant sight;
And eke the birdés songé for to hear
Would have rejoicéd any earthly wight,
And I, that couth[4] not yet in no manere
Hearé the nightingale of all the year,
Full busily hearkenéd with heart and ear,
If I her voice perceive could any where.

And at the last a path of little brede[5]
I found, that greatly had not uséd be;
For it forgrowén[6] was with grass and weed,
That well unneth[7] a wighté might it see.
Thought I, "This path somewhither goeth, pardé!"
And so I followéd, till it me brought
To right a pleasant herber[8] well y-wrought,

That was y-benchéd; and with turfés new
Freshly y-turved, whereof the greené grass
So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue,
That most like unto green wool wot I it was.
The hedge also that yede there in compass,[9]
And closéd in allé the green herbere,
With sycamore was set and eglatere.[10]

[1] Was not. [2] Had not.
[3] Line of imperfect measure in the copies. Some editors insert the epithet *gladsome*.
[4] Had not been able. [5] Breadth.
[6] Overgrown. [7] Scarcely.
[8] Arbor. [9] That went round about.
[10] Eglantine, or (according to Warton) sweetbrier.

TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere;
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For certes ye now make me heavy cheer;
Me were as lefë laid upon a bere
For which unto your mercie thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your color like the sunné bright,
That of yelowness had never pere.
Ye be my life, ye be my hertë's stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse that art to me my livé's light
And saviour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towné helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure.
For I am shave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

THE PARSON.

A good man there was of religioun,
That was a pooré Parson of a town;
But rich he was of holy thought and work,
He was also a learnéd man, a clerk,
That Christés gospel truély would preach;
His parishens devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was and wonder diligent,
And in adversity full patient;
And such he was y-provéd[1] ofté sithés,[2]
Full loth were him to cursen for his tithés;[3]
But rather would he given, out of doubt,
Unto his pooré parishens about,
Of his offring and eke of his substance;
He couth in little thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder;
But he ne lefte not, for rain ne thunder,
In sickness nor in mischief to visite
The furthest in his parish, much and lite,[4]

[1] *Y* is the old English prefix of the past participle; Saxon and German *ge*.
[2] Oftentimes.
[3] The *e* or *i* of the plural in old poetry is always sounded when the verse requires it.
[4] Great and small.

Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf,[1]
That first he wrought and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordés caught,
And this figure he added eke thereto,—
That, if gold rusté, what should iron do?
For, if a priest be foul on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewéd[2] man to rust.

* * * * * *

He was a shepherd, and no mercenary;
And, though he holy were and virtuous,
He was to sinful man not dispitous,[3]
Ne of his speeché dangerous ne digne,[4]
But in his teaching discreet and benign.
To drawen folk to heaven by fairness
By good ensample, this was his business.
But, it were any person obstinate,
What so he were, of high or low estate,
Him would he snibben[5] sharply for the nonés.[6]
A better priest I trow there nowhere none is.
He waited after no pomp ne reverence,
Ne makéd him a spicéd[7] conscience;
But Christés lore and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followd it himselve.

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

In one of the Cottonian MSS. (among those destroyed by fire) this poem was described as made by Chaucer "upon his death-bed, in his great anguish." The versions differ considerably.

Fly fro the press and dwell with soothfastness;[8]
Suffice unto thy good though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,[9]
Press hath envy, and weal is blent[10] over-all.
Savour no more than thee behové[11] shall.
Rede[12] well thyself that other folk canst rede;
And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.[13]

Painé thee not each crookéd to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standéth in little busyness.
Beware also to spurn against an awl;
Strive not as doth a crocké[14] with a wall;
Deemé[15] thyself that deemest others' deed;
And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent, receive in buxomness;[1]
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall.
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim! Forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thanké God of all.
Waivé[2] thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lead;
And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Gower.—Barbour.—Lydgate.

Contemporary with Chaucer, but several years his junior, was John Gower (1325–1408), a wealthy "esquire" of Kent. The grave and sententious turn of his poetry won for him from Chaucer and others the appellation of the "Moral Gower," which has become almost a synonyme for dulness. He gives little evidence of the genuine afflatus.

The Scottish poet, John Barbour, born about the year 1316, grew up in the midst of exciting political events. He was archdeacon of Aberdeen, and in 1375, when Robert III. had been king five years, he was occupied in writing a metrical history, called "The Bruce," of Robert I. It is in the octosyllabic rhymed couplet of the old romances, and is ranked as authentic history.

The most notable of Chaucer's younger contemporaries was John Lydgate (1373–1460). He was named from his birth in Suffolk, at the village of Lydgate, and became a Benedictine monk. His "Ballad of London Lyckpenny," relating the ill success of a poor countryman in the London Courts of Law, is a remarkable specimen of humorous verse. Both Gray and Coleridge seem to have been impressed by the merits of Lydgate.

MEDEA GATHERING HERBS.

Gower.

Thus it fell upon a night,
When there was naught but starrie light,
She was vanished right as she list,
That no wight but herself wist,
And that was at midnight tide.
The world was still on every side.
With open hand and foot all bare;
Her hair too spread, she 'gan to fare;
Upon her clothés girt she was,
And spechéless, upon the grass,
She glode forth, as an adder doth.

FREEDOM.

Barbour.

Ah, Freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking;[3]

[1] Gave. [2] Lay, unlearned.
[3] Without pity. [4] Domineering nor disdainful.
[5] Check, reprove, *snub*. [6] For the nonce.
[7] Disguised, as food by spices. [8] Truth.
[9] Instability. [10] Blind.
[11] Thau shall be for thy good. [12] Counsel.
[13] Doubt. [14] Piece of china. [15] Judge.

[1] Cheerfulness. [2] Cast away. [3] Enjoyment.

Freedom all solace to man gives:
He lives at ease that freely lives!
A noble heart may have none ease,
Ne ellis nocht[1] that may him please,
Gif freedom faileth; for free liking
Is yearnéd[2] o'er all other thing;
Nor he that aye has livéd free
May nocht know well the property,[3]
The anger, ne the wretched doom
That is couplit to foul thirldom.
But, gif he had assayéd it,
Then all perquere[4] he should it wit,
And should think freedom mair to prize
Than all the gold in the warld that is.

FROM THE BALLAD OF "LONDON LYCK-PENNY."

LYDGATE.

To London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in nowise should be faint;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,
To a Man of Law to make complaint,
I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint,
Pity the poor that would proceed!"
But for lack of Money I could not speed.

And as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone,
Yet for all that I stayed not long
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneeled anon,
And prayed him for God's sake take heed.
But for lack of Money I might not speed.

Beneath them sat Clerks a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent;
There stood up one and cried about
"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent!"
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thickly there indeed.
But he that lacked Money might not speed.

Unto the Common Pleas I yode[5] tho,
Where sat one with a silken hood:[6]
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I could.
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed.
And for lack of Money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
Before the clerkés of the Chancerie,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee;
They liked it well when they had it read,
But lacking Money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of ray;[1]
I crouched and kneeled before him; anon,
For Mary's love, for help I him pray.
"I wot not what thou mean'st," gan he say;
To get me thence he did me bede;
For lack of Money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught although I should die:
Which seeing, I got me out of the door
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
"Master, what will you copen[2] or buy?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

Then I conveyed me into Kent;
For of the law would I meddle no more,
Because no man to me took intent,
I dight me to do as I did before.
Now Jesus, that in Bethlehem was bore,
Save London, and send true lawyers their meed!
For whoso wants Money with them shall not speed.

---

[1] Nor anything else. [2] Desired. [3] The kind of existence. [4] Perfectly. [5] Went. [6] Badge of a sergeant-at-law.

[1] A rayed or striped cloth. [2] (Dutch "koopen"), buy.

James I. of Scotland.

This Scottish prince (1394–1437) was intercepted at sea, and made prisoner by Henry IV. in 1405. During his captivity he produced one of the most graceful poems that exist in old English. The "King's Quhair" (that is, *quire*, or little book) has for its main incident the discovery of a lady walking in the prison garden, to whom he becomes attached. This beauty is supposed to have been Lady Jane Beaufort, who became his wife, and eventually Queen of Scotland, and mother of the royal line of the subsequent Stuarts. King James returned to Scotland after the death of Henry V., was crowned at Scone in 1424, and was for twelve years a wise ruler, endeavoring to establish law and order among turbulent nobles, and to assure the rights and liberties of his people; but his firm upholding of justice led to his assassination at Perth in 1437.

THE CAPTIVE KING.

Whereas in ward full oft I would bewail
My deadly life, full of pain and penance,
Saying right thus, "What have I guilt[1] to fail
My freedom in this world, and my pleasance?
Sin every wight has thereof sufficance
That I behold, and I a creäture
Put from all this, hard is mine aventure!

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom, every in his kind,
And I a man, and lacketh liberty;
What shall I sayn, what reason may I find,
That Fortune should do so?" Thus in my mind
My folk[2] I would argüe, but all for nought;
Was none that might that on my painés rought![3]

Robert Henryson.

Henryson (*circa* 1425–1507) was the oldest of an important group of Scottish poets, who, at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, "were filling the North country with music." Admitted in 1462 to the newly-founded University of Glasgow, he became notary public and school-master at Dunfermline. In his lifetime the art of printing first came into use in England. He was a writer of ballads; and his "Robin and Mawkin" is one of the best early specimens of pastoral verse. He also wrote a metrical version of Æsop's Fables.

A VISION OF ÆSOP.

In mids of June, that jolly sweet seasoun,
When that fair Phœbus with his beamés bricht
Had dryit up the dew frae dale and down,
And all the land made with his gleamés licht,
In ane morning, betwixt mid-day and nicht,
I rase, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
And to a wood I went alone, but guide.[4]

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdés richt delicious;
The boughés blooméd broad above my head,
The ground growand with gersses gracious:
Of all pleasance that place wers plenteous,
With sweet odors and birdés harmony.
The morning mild, my mirth was mair forthy.[5]

* * * * * *

Me to conserve then frae the sunnés heat,
Under the shadow of ane hawthorn green
I leanit down amang the flowers sweet;
Syne cled my head and closéd baith my een.
On sleep I fall amang these boughés been;
And, in my dream, methocht come through the shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw.

His gown was of ane claith as white as milk,
His chimeris[1] was of chambelote purple-brown;
His hood of scarlet bordered weel with silk,
Unheckéd-wise,[2] untill his girdle doun;
His bonnet round and of the auld fassoun;
His beard was white, his een was great and grey,
With locker[3] hair, whilk over his shoulders lay.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bare,
Ane swanés pen stickand under his ear,
Ane ink-horn, with ane pretty gilt pennair,[4]
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt did bear;
Thus was he goodly graithit[5] in his gear.
Of stature large, and with a fearfull face,
Even where I lay he come ane sturdy pace;

And said, "God speed, my son;" and I was fain
Of that couth word, and of his company.
With reverence I saluted him again,
"Welcome, father;" and he sat down me by.
"Displease you nocht, my good maister, though I
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,
Why ye come here, or where ye dwell at hame?"

"My son," said he, "I am of gentle blood,
My native land is Rome withouten nay;
And in that town first to the schools I gaed,
In civil law studied full many a day,
And now my wonning[6] is in heaven for aye.
Æsop I hecht;[7] my writing and my wark
Is couth[8] and kend[9] to mony a cunning clerk."

"O maister Æsop, poet laureate!
God wot ye are full dear welcome to me;
Are ye nocht he that all those Fables wrate
Which, in effect, suppose they feignéd be,
Are full of prudence and morality?"
"Fair son," said he, "I am the samin man."
God wot gif[10] that my heart was merry than.

---

[1] Done guilty. [2] My attendants.
[3] That is, "No one took pity on my sufferings." *Rought*, past tense of *rue*, to care for.
[4] Without a guide. [5] Therefore.

[1] Short light gown. [2] Unfastened-wise.
[3] Curling. [4] Pen-holder.
[5] Arrayed. [6] Dwelling.
[7] Am called. [8] Known.
[9] Known (other form of same verb). [10] God knows if.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Among the principal successors of Henryson were William Dunbar (*circa* 1460-1520), John Skelton (1460?-1529), Gavin Douglas (1475-1522), Sir David Lyndsay (1490-1557), and Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542), who translated many of the Sonnets of Petrarch. He became M.A. of Cambridge at seventeen; was made a gentleman of King Henry VIII.'s bedchamber; was knighted in 1537; and went as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V. in Spain. In the winter of 1540–'41 he was in the Tower, charged with treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole. Acquitted in 1541, he was again befriended by the king; but in the autumn of 1542 he died of a fever, caught in riding fast through bad weather to meet an ambassador from Charles V.

PLEASURE MIXED WITH PAIN.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
  Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue.
Poison is also put in medicine,
  And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
  May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joinéd with some wealth.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

Throughout the world, if it were sought,
  Fair words enough a man shall find:
They be good cheap; they cost right nought;
  Their substance is but only wind.
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

FREE AT LAST.

Tangled I was in Lovés snare,
Oppressed with pain, torment with care,
Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,
  Clean in despair by cruelty:
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
  For I am now at liberty.

The woful days so full of pain,
The weary night all spent in vain,
The labor lost for so small gain,
  To write them all it will not be:
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
  For I am now at liberty.

* * * * *

With feignéd words which were but wind,
To long delays I was assigned;
Her wily looks my wits did blind;
  Thus as she would I did agree:
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
  For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime
That brake away in better time
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,
  And had no hurt, but scapéd free:
Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
  For I am now at liberty.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

The son of the Duke of Norfolk, the victor of Flodden in 1513, Henry Howard (*circa* 1517-1546), was from his youth associated with the Court of Henry VIII. in the capacity of companion to the Duke of Richmond, a natural son of that prince. He was subsequently employed in high military commands. But the whole family of Howard fell under Henry's hatred, after the execution of Queen Catharine, Surrey's sister. He and his father were thrown into the Tower, and condemned on frivolous accusations. He was executed in 1546, the warrant for his death being one of the latest signed by Henry VIII., then upon his death-bed. Surrey was the first translator in blank verse of the Æneid of Virgil; he likewise introduced the Petrarchan sonnet into English literature.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT.

Laid in my quiet bed,
  In study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head
  A heap of thoughts appear;
And every thought did show
  So lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
  As cause of thought did rise.

I saw the little boy,
  In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to 'scape the rod,
  A tall young man to be:
The young man eke, that feels
  His bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man,
  To live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees
  His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
  To live so much the more;

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think
The case is very strange,
That man from weal to live in woe
Doth ever seek to change.

* * * * * *

Whereat I sighed and said:
"Farewell, my wonted joy;
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me
To every little boy;
And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had
To know the truth of this."

Thomas, Lord Vaux.

Thomas, Lord Vaux (*circa* 1510–1557) of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, was Captain of the Isle of Jersey under Henry VIII. The following lines were first printed in "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," 1576. In neatness and literary skill they are far above most of the contemporary productions.

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet mind;
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life,
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour:
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
When as the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

Anne Askew.

If her poetry be not of the first order, Anne Askew (burned at the stake, 1546) deserves to be enrolled among the poets for showing that she could practise, in a heroic death, what she had preached in verse. She was cruelly tortured by the minions of Henry VIII. for denying the real presence in the eucharist. Prevailed on by Bonner's menaces to make a seeming recantation, she qualified it with some reserves, which did not satisfy that zealous prelate. She was thrown into Newgate, and there wrote her poem of "The Fight of Faith." She was condemned to be burned alive; but being so dislocated by the rack that she could not stand, she was carried to the stake in a chair, and there burned. Pardon had been offered her if she would recant; this she refused, and submitted to her fate with the utmost intrepidity.

FROM "THE FIGHT OF FAITH."

Like as the arméd knight,
Appointed to the field,
With this world will I fight,
And faith shall be my shield.

Faith is that weapon strong,
Which will not fail at need;
My foes therefore among
Therewith will I proceed.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knock,
To them wilt thou attend,
Undo, therefore, the lock,
And thy strong power send.

More enemies now I have
Than hairs upon my head;

Let them not me deprave,
  But fight thou in my stead.

Not oft I use to write
  In prose, nor yet in rhyme;
Yet will I show one sight,
  That I saw in my time:

I saw a royal throne,
  Where Justice should have sit;
But in her stead was one
  Of moody, cruel wit.

Absorpt was rightwisness,
  As by the raging flood;
Satan, in his excess,
  Sucked up the guiltless blood.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lord,
  When thou shalt judge us all,
Hard is it to record
  On these men what will fall!

Yet, Lord, I thee desire,
  For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hire
  Of their iniquity.

Sir Edward Dyer.

Born in the reign of Henry VIII. (*circa* 1540–1607), Dyer lived till some years after King James's accession to the English throne. He was a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his verses, celebrates their intimacy. Dyer was educated at Oxford, and was employed in several foreign embassies by Elizabeth. He studied chemistry, and was thought to be a Rosicrucian. Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie" (1589), commends "Master Edward Dyer for elegy most sweet, solemn, and of high conceit." The popular poem, "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is," with additions, is credited in some collections to William Byrd (1543–1623), an eminent composer of sacred music, and who published in 1588 a volume of "Psalms, Sonnets," etc. Both Byrd and Joshua Sylvester seem to have laid claim to the best parts of Dyer's poem. A collection of Dyer's writings was printed as late as 1872.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is!
  Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
  That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
  No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave:
  I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
  Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
  A cloakéd craft[1] their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clear my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by deceit to breed offense:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so, as well as I!

[1] A hidden craftiness.

George Gascoigne.

Gascoigne (*circa* 1535–1577), besides being notable as one of the earliest English dramatists, was one of the earliest writers of English blank verse. He was a native of Essex, became a lawyer, was disinherited by his father, took foreign military service in Holland under the Prince of Orange, and displayed great bravery in action. His best known work is "The Steel Glass," a satire in rather formal blank verse.

THE LULLABY.

Sing lullabies, as women do,
  With which they charm their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
  As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And, if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I
Which must be stilled with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years,
  It is now time to go to bed;
For crookéd age and hoary hairs
  Have wore the haven within mine head.
With lullaby, then, Youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next lullaby my gazing Eyes,
  Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
  To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby, then, wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face or beauty bright
Entice you eft[1] with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton Will,
  Let Reason's rule now rein thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill
  How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubt appease;
For, trust in this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby, my Youth, mine Eyes,
  My Will, my ware and all that was;
I can no more delays devise,
  But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive:
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

[1] Again.

Edmund Spenser.

The circumstances which prevent our reading Chaucer with that facility which is indispensable to pleasure, arise from the time in which he lived. But a poet of far greater genius, not more than ten years older than Shakspeare, and who lived when English literature had passed into its modern form, deliberately chose, by adopting Chaucer's obsolete language, to place similar obstacles in the way of studying his works.

Edmund Spenser (*circa* 1553–1599), the son of a gentleman of good family, but of small estate, was a native of London. Educated at Cambridge, he began, almost from the moment of his leaving the university, to publish poems. His first book, "The Shepherd's Calendar," helped to popularize pastoral poetry in England. His sonnets are still among the best in the language. The patronage of Sidney and the friendship of the Earl of Leicester obtained for him the appointment of Secretary to Grey, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Thus he was fated to spend many years of his life in Ireland, in various official posts, among a race of people with whom he had but few interests in common. Not the romantic beauty of Kilcolman Castle, in County Cork, with its three thousand surrounding acres of forfeited lands of the Earls of Desmond, granted to him by Queen Elizabeth, could compensate the poet for the loss of more familiar if less lovely English scenes; and a prevailing melancholy and discontent may be observed in most of his allusions to his own life-story.

In 1590 Sir Walter Raleigh persuaded him to accompany him to England, and presented him to Queen Elizabeth, who accepted the dedication of that marvellously beautiful poem, "The Faery Queene," of which the first three books were just finished. During a second visit to London, in 1595, the fourth, fifth, and sixth books were published, together with a re-issue of the preceding books. Of the remaining six books needed to complete the work, only one canto and a fragment of another canto exist.

Spenser had long been on ill terms with his Irish neighbors. In those days Ireland was not a residence propitious for a literary student in quest of tranquillity. In 1598 insurrections broke out, and as Spenser was Sheriff of the County of Cork for that year, he was rendered by his office a conspicuous mark for the enmity of the insurgents. They attacked and burned Kilcolman, and his infant child perished in the flames. These were evils too terrible to be borne by one of Spenser's sensitive temperament. He returned to England, and at the beginning of the next year died of a broken heart, and in extreme indigence.

Of Spenser, as a poet, Campbell says: "We shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in

the colors of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing though he speak too long."

FROM "THE EPITHALAMION."

This pure and noble sponsal tribute, the most remarkable in the language, was written by Spenser to welcome his own bride to his Irish home. It places him among the first of lyric poets.

* * * * * *

Wake now, my Love, awake; for it is time!
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb,
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise!
The merry lark her matins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ousel shrills, the ruddock[1] warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learnéd song
The dewy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimméd were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fair Hours,[2] which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair.
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian queen,[3]
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride;
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen:
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye fresh boys that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming strait.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyful'st day that ever sun did see!
Fair Sun, shew forth thy favorable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the rest be thine!
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! How the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damsels do delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confuséd noise,
As if it were one voice:
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen," they do shout,
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,
And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen" sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly[1] pace,
Like Phœbe,[2] from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.

---

[1] Redbreast. First English "rudduc," from "rude," red.

[2] Goddesses of the changing seasons of the year or day. In Greek mythology they were three—Eunomia, Good Order; Dikē, Natural Justice; and Eirēnē, Peace.

[3] The Graces—Aglaia, Radiant Beauty; Euphrosyne, Cheerful Sense; Thalia, Abounding Joy.

[1] Of good carriage.

[2] A name of Diana, sister of Phœbus; the Moon, sister of the Sun. The word means "the pure shining one."

So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been;
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire,
And being crownéd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes abashéd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixéd are:
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
* * * * * *
But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished, like to those which red[1]
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealéd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple-gates unto my Love,
Open them wide, that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make:
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare!
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

[1] Saw.

UNA AND THE LION.

From the "Faery Queene," Book I., Canto III.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shinéd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace:

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:[1]

[1] *Corse* is often applied to the living body.

But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.[1]
Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markéd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,[2]
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayéd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandément,
And ever by her looks conceivéd her intent.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

Book I., Canto VII.

At last she chancéd by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayéd meet:
His glittering armor shinéd far away,
Like glancing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appearéd bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
Athwart his breast a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare.

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath, y-carved with curious slights,[1]
Whose hilts were burnished gold; and handle strong
Of mother-pearl, and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head,
Close couchéd on the beaver,[2] seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;
And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discolored diversely,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly dressed,
Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree y-mounted high
On top of green Selinis[3] all alone,
With blossoms brave bedeckéd daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

His warlike shield all closely covered was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass
(Such earthly metals soon consuméd been),
But all of diamond perfect, pure, and clean
It framéd was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

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[1] Perceive.
[2] The Red Cross Knight (Holiness) had been seduced from her side by the witch Duessa (Falsehood).

[1] Devices.
[2] The part of a helmet that covers the face.
[3] Selinis, in Sicily.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
That Phœbus' golden face he did attaint,[1]
As when a cloud his beams doth overlay;
And silver Cynthia wexéd pale and faint,
As when her face is stained with magic arts constraint.

No magic arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call;
But all that was not such as seemed in sight
Before that shield did fade, and sudden fall;
And, when him list the rascal routs[2] appal,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,[3]
And stones to dust, and dust to naught at all;
And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them, gazing, blind, or turn to other hue.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Book II., Canto VIII.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blesséd angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

FROM THE "HYMN IN HONOR OF BEAUTY."

Thereof it comes that these fair souls which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
Their fleshly bower, most fit for their delight,
And the gross matter by a soverain might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seen
A palace fit for such a virgin queen.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

EASTER MORNING.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity:
And that thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again:
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

MISERIES OF A COURT-LIFE.

These lines, from "Mother Hubbard's Tale," though not printed till 1581, seem to have reference to that part of Spenser's life when he was a suitor for court favor. He here drops his antique phraseology, and gives expression to earnest personal feeling in the plain English of his day.

So pitiful a thing is Suitor's state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked Fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for "had I wist,"[1]
That few have found, and many one hath missed!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in sueing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope; to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

[1] Obscure. [2] The rabble. [3] Transmute.

[1] Interpreted to mean "patronage," from the customary expression of patrons to their suitors, "Had I wist, I might have done so and so."

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares:
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek,
And will to Court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself will a daw try:[1]
That curse God send unto mine enemy!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh (born 1552, beheaded 1618) was nearly of like age with Spenser. There are forty short poems on miscellaneous subjects attributed, with tolerable certainty, to Raleigh. "The Nymph's Reply," sometimes placed among these, will be found in this volume under *Marlowe*. So small a quantity of verse cannot be regarded as adequately representing Raleigh's genius and power in literature. His life was one of the busiest and fullest of results on record. From his youth he was a sailor, a warrior, and a courtier; but he was also a student. Aubrey relates that "he studied most in his sea-voyages, when he carried always a trunk of books along with him, and had nothing to divert him." From the same source we learn that the companions of his youth "were boisterous blades, but generally those that had wit." The famous Mermaid Club, frequented by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and the other wits of the day, was founded by Raleigh; who, through his whole life, had a strong sympathy with literature and learning. His verses are vigorous and original, "full of splendid courage and a proud impetuosity." It is, however, in his prose writings that we must look for the best evidence of his genius.

Urged by the King of Spain to punish Raleigh for his attack on the town of St. Thomas, James I. basely resolved to carry into execution a sentence sixteen years old, which had been followed by an imprisonment of thirteen years, and then a release. So Raleigh was brought up before the Court of King's Bench to receive sentence, and was beheaded the next morning. The night before, the brave poet, looking at his candle as it was expiring in the socket, wrote this couplet:

> "Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
> Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

The remarkable poem of "The Lie" is traced in manuscript to 1593. It exists in a MS. collection of poems in the British Museum of the date 1596. It appeared in print with alterations, in "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody," second edition, 1608. J. Payne Collier (1867) claims it for Raleigh, resting his authority on a manuscript copy "of the time," headed "Sir Walter Wrawly, his Lie." In this copy the first line is,

> "Hence, soule, the bodie's guest."

The poem has been assigned to Richard Barnfield; also, by several recent authorities, to Joshua Sylvester, in the folio edition of whose works there is an altered and inferior version, justly styled by Sir Egerton Brydges "a parody," and published under the title of "The Soul's Errand." It consists of *twenty* stanzas, all of four lines each, excepting the first stanza, which has six. "The Lie" consists of but *thirteen* stanzas, of six lines each. On Raleigh's side there is good evidence besides the internal proof, which is very strong. Two answers to the poem, written in his lifetime, ascribe it to him; as do two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth. When and by whom it was first taken from Raleigh and given to Sylvester, with an altered title, is still a matter of doubt; and why Sylvester should have incorporated into his poem of "The Soul's Errand," six stanzas belonging to "The Lie," can be explained only by the laxity of the times in regard to literary property. The versions of this poem differ considerably. The title of "The Soul's Errand" is usually given to it.

THE LIE.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless arrant:[1]
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
  Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong, but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

[1] Will prove a jackdaw, a fool.

[1] Errand.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
  Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
  Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
  Tell honor how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
  Tell favor how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
  Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
  Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
  Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
  Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pity;
  Tell, virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing;—
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
  The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
  The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
  The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
  That sues for no compassion;

Since if my plaints serve not to approve
  The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
  But from excess of duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
  A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
  A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
  Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
  Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
  For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
  Discretion doth them cover.

Yet, when discretion doth bereave
  The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
  That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
  Than words, though ne'er so witty:

A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret, passion:
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

Supposed to have been written by Raleigh in 1603, in the interval between his condemnation and his temporary respite. It manifests great mental excitement; and alternates in rising to sublimity and sinking to bathos. There are several different versions of this extraordinary production.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blesséd paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly doors.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless[1] hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser,[1] bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,—
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;[2]
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels,[3] but no fees;
And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,—
Not with a bribéd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea:
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,[4]
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ:
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

[1] Alluding to the common custom of bribery. Raleigh had himself given and taken bribes.

[1] Like Lord Cobham, at his trial *in re* Arabella Stuart.
[2] Unlike Coke, the King's attorney in Raleigh's trial.
[3] *Angel*—a play upon the word, alluding to the coin called an "angel."
[4] Alluding to his impending execution.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Sidney (1554–1586) was born at Penshurst, in Kent. He takes his rank in English literary history rather as a prose writer than as a poet. The high repute in which his verses were held among his contemporaries was due chiefly to what was esteemed their *scholarly* style; but in these days we should call it *artificial*. Some of his sonnets, however, are graceful in expression and noble in thought. "The best of them," says Charles Lamb, "are among the very best of their sort. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly, and might have been tuned to the trumpet." In 1586 Sidney took a command in the War in the Netherlands. His death occurred in the autumn of the same year, from wounds received at the assault of Zutphen. He was then only thirty-two years of age.

ON DYING.

Since Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
Since fear is vain but when it may preserve,
Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;

While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light.
Our only eyes, which dimmed with passion be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day—
Let them be cleared, and now begin to see
Our life is but a step in dusty way:
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind;
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

TRUE BEAUTY VIRTUE IS.

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starve.
True, that True Beauty Virtue is indeed,
Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade
Which elements with mortal mixture breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move:
True; and yet true—that I must Stella love.

ETERNAL LOVE.

Leave me, O Love which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my Mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see!
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy Life in me!

ON OBTAINING A PRIZE AT A TOURNAMENT.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from the sweet enemy—France;—
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this;
Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Shot forth the beams that made so fair my race.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease[1]
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thine heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

A DITTY.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

Greville (1554–1628) was born at Alcaster, in Warwickshire. He was the school-mate and intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and a court favorite during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. At the age of seven-

[1] Press, crowd.

ty-four he was assassinated by a crazy servant. Southey calls Greville "the most difficult" of English poets, and says: "No other writer of this or any other country appears to have reflected more deeply on momentous subjects." Charles Lamb says of his verse: "Whether we look into his plays, or his most passionate love-poems, we shall find all frozen and made rigid with intellect." His eulogy on Philip Sidney is a noble tribute, full of condensed thought.

REALITY OF A TRUE RELIGION.

From the "Treatise of Religion."

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more or less.

And from these springs strange inundations flow,
To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
By sects and schisms profaning Deity:
Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air, and hell,
They fit, and teach confusion to rebel.

But, as there lives a true God in the heaven,
So is there true religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but given;
Inspired, not taught; from God a second birth;
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to him, to us is he;
Without God there was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter be,
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood:
Religion stands not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly wings.

FROM "LINES ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP SIDNEY."

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stalled are my thoughts, which loved and lost the wonder of our age,
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how.
Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigor's tears abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end in whom no fault she found;
Knowledge his light hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight,—
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight.

* * * * * *

He was—wo worth that word!—to each well-thinking mind
A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever shined,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

* * * * * *

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreams!
Farewell, sometimes enjoyéd joy, eclipséd are thy beams!
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts which quietness brings forth!
And farewell, friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth!

And farewell, merry heart, the gift of guiltless minds,
And all sports which for life's restore variety assigns;
Let all that sweet is, void! In me no mirth may dwell!—
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell!

George Chapman.

Chapman (1557–1634) wrote translations, plays, and poems. His translation of Homer, in fourteen-syllable rhymed measure, is a remarkable production. From Lord Houghton's edition of the Poetical Works of John Keats, we learn that the fine folio edition of Chapman's translation of Homer had been lent to Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, and he and Keats sat up till daylight over their new acquisition; Keats shouting with delight as some passage of especial energy struck his imagination. At ten o'clock the next morning, Mr. Clarke found this sonnet by Keats on his breakfast-table.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

In his youth Chapman had for contemporaries and fellow-workers Spenser, Sidney, Shakspeare, Daniel, and Marlowe. He regarded poesy as a "divine discipline," rather than as a pastime, and in his most elevated mood he appears dignified, self-reliant, reflective, and, above all, conspicuously honest.

OF SUDDEN DEATH.

What action wouldst thou wish to have in hand
If sudden death should come for his command?
I would be doing good to most good men
That most did need, or to their children,
And in advice (to make them their true heirs)
I would be giving up my soul to theirs.
To which effect if Death should find me given,
I would, with both my hands held up to heaven,
Make these my last words to my Deity:
"Those faculties Thou hast bestowed on me
To understand Thy government and will,
I have, in all fit actions, offered still
To Thy divine acceptance; and, as far
As I had influence from Thy bounty's star,
I have made good Thy form infused in me;
The anticipations given me naturally
I have, with all my study, art, and prayer,
Fitted to every object and affair
My life presented and my knowledge taught.
My poor sail, as it hath been ever fraught
With Thy free goodness, hath been ballast too
With all my gratitude. What is to do,
Supply it, sacred Saviour; Thy high grace
In my poor gifts, receive again, and place
Where it shall please Thee; Thy gifts never die,
But, having brought one to felicity,
Descend again, and help another up."

THE HIGHEST STANDARD.

Thou must not undervalue what thou hast,
In weighing it with that which more is graced.
The worth that weigheth inward should not long
For outward prices. This should make thee strong
In thy close value: naught so good can be
As that which lasts good betwixt God and thee.
Remember thine own verse: *Should heaven turn hell*
For deeds well done, I would do ever well.

GIVE ME A SPIRIT.

Give me a Spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air:
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge, neither is it needful
That he should stoop to any other law:
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

Robert Greene.

If only for one stanza that he wrote, Robert Greene (1560–1592), playwright and poet, deserves a mention. He was born in Norfolk, got a degree at Cambridge in 1578, travelled in Italy and Spain, and wasted his patrimony in dissipation. Returning home, he betook himself to literature as a means of livelihood. He died in great poverty and friendlessness. From his last book, "The Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," we quote the following:

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,
To out-length my life, whom friends have left forlorn;—
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights, which few men shun,
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

* * * * * *

Oh that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel I would give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
But I must die of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

Samuel Daniel.

The son of a music-master, Samuel Daniel (1562–1619) was born near Taunton, in Somersetshire. Educated under the patronage of a sister of Sir Philip Sidney, he studied at Magdalene College, Oxford, but took no degree. His largest work is "The History of the Civil Wars;" he wrote also a number of Epistles, Sonnets, and

Masques; and in prose a "Defence of Rhyme" (1601) and a "History of England" (1613). The modern character of his English, as well as of his thinking, has been often noted by critics. "For his diction alone," says Southey, "he would deserve to be studied, even though his works did not abound in passages of singular beauty." He justly felicitated himself in his later days that he had never written unclean verses; that never had his

> "Harmless pen at all
> Distained with any loose immodesty,
> Nor never noted to be touched with gall,
> To aggravate the worst man's infamy;
> But still have done the fairest offices
> To Virtue and the time."

Daniel became "poet-laureate voluntary" at the death of Spenser, but was soon superseded by Ben Jonson as poet-laureate by appointment. There seems to have been ill-feeling between the two; for Jonson says of him: "He was a good, honest man, had no children, and was no poet." The slur is undeserved. Some years before his death Daniel retired to a farm, where he ended his days. His "Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland" is a noble specimen of meditative verse. It was much admired by Wordsworth, whose indebtedness to it, in tone at least, may be traced in his "Character of the Happy Warrior."

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolvéd powers: nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies:
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees (as if seducéd), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man:
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power that proudly sits on others' crimes,—
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall him not that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexéd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility,—
Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes,—he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashionéd
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast: that cannot cast that mind

Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain;
(Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests)
That lieth secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures;
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do, yet you well know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued; leaving to Him to avenge
To whom it appertains: Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark:—

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death; that when ability expires,
Desire lives still: so much delight they have
To carry toil and travail to the grave!

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory. And you know
This floating life hath but this port of rest:
A heart prepared that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consuméd are
Either in war or peace—conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,—
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man: nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

FAIR IS MY LOVE.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frown, altho' her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favors honey.
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above;
Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
Live reconciléd friends within her brow;
And had she Pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

EARLY LOVE.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well?) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed,
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look; and thus,
In that first garden of our simpleness,
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge—ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Richard Alison.

Little is known of Alison. He published in 1590 "A Plaine Confutation of a Treatise of Brownism, entitled 'A Description of the Visible Church;'" and, in 1606, "An Houre's Recreation in Musicke, apt for Instruments and Voyces;" from which the following little poems are taken.

HOPE.

From "An Houre's Recreation in Musicke."

In hope a king doth go to war,
  In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far,
  In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed:
Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
Then faint not, heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

CHERRY-RIPE.

There is a garden in her face,
  Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
  Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
  Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
  They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
  Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
  All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Robert Southwell.

The reign of Elizabeth includes, among other signs of the times, the hanging of a poet of rare purity and spirituality for his devotion to the Roman Catholic religion. Robert Southwell (1560–1595) was born near Norwich, England. He was educated at Paris for two years before he went to Rome, and was received, at the age of seventeen, into the order of Jesuits. From Rome he was sent as a missionary to England, and was attached to the household of Anne, Countess of Arundel, who perished in the Tower. Southwell shared the fate of all priests who could be found and seized at that time in England. In 1592 he was sent to prison, and during three years was subjected to the tortures of the rack no less than ten times. At length, in 1595, the Court of King's Bench condemned him as being a Catholic priest; he was drawn to Tyburn on a hurdle, was hanged, and had his heart burnt in sight of the people. A good man and a noble, of gentle disposition and blameless life, his fate reflects deepest infamy on his brutal and heartless persecutors. Southwell exhibits a literary culture far above that of some poets of larger fame, and, as he was only thirty-five at the time of his execution, he probably had not reached the maturity of his powers.

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love mistress is of many minds,
  But few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little hope
  Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
  The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
  Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
  Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief,
  A kiss,—where she doth kill.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
  Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks, sobs fuel are,
  And sighs but fan the fire.

A honey shower rains from her lips,
  Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
  The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find;
  To find, but naught enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
  She yields to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
  For fools to gather up;
Now sweet, now sour, for every taste
  She tempereth her cup.

* * * * * *

With soothing words, inthralléd souls
She chains in servile bands!
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap, immortal harms:
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds—
Love's service is in vain.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
Nor hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled[1] joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most have never all.

[1] Unmixed joys.

Joshua Sylvester.

Sylvester (1563–1618) was a laborious but unequal writer. He styles himself a merchant adventurer. Little is known of his life. His works consist principally of translations. In regard to "The Soul's Errand," a poem resembling one by Raleigh, but sometimes credited to Sylvester, see the memoir of Raleigh in this volume.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

I not believe that the great Architect
With all these fires the heavenly arches decked
Only for show, and with these glistering shields
To amaze poor shepherds watching in the fields;
I not believe that the least flower which pranks
Our garden borders or our common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming lap
Our mother Earth doth covetously wrap
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
And that the glorious stars of heaven have none.

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honor of my Love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

Michael Drayton.

Drayton (*circa* 1563–1631) was of humble parentage, and from his earliest years showed a taste for poetry. He is one of the most voluminous of the rhyming tribe. Pope somewhere speaks of "a very mediocre poet, one Drayton." The slight is undeserved. Drayton's works extend to above one hundred thousand verses. The work on which his fame rested in his own day is the "Polyolbion," a minute chorographical description of England and Wales. Most of his principal pieces were published before he was thirty years of age. His spirit-

ed "Ballad of Agincourt" has been the model for many similar productions; and there is much playful grace in the fairy fancies of "Nymphidia." May not Drake have taken a hint from it in his "Culprit Fay?"

A PARTING.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part:
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But, putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry;

And, taking many a fort
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay
With all his power,

Which, in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazéd;
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raiséd.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan;
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather:
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulder sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet, in that furious fight,
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford, the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still, as they ran up:
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry:—
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Christopher Marlowe.

Marlowe (1564–1593) ranks among the most eminent of the Elizabethan dramatists. He was the son of a shoemaker in Canterbury. After graduating at Cambridge, he became a writer for the stage and an actor. In 1587, he was known as the author of "Tamburlaine the Great." Other plays followed; and for a time Marlowe and Shakspeare were competitors. This splendid rivalry, and all it might have led to, was, however, cut short in 1593, when Marlowe, still not thirty years of age, received a stab in a brawl in some inn at Deptford, and died from its effects. The pastoral song, to which a reply, supposed to be by Raleigh, was written, is among the few specimens we have of Marlowe's non-dramatic verse. In some versions of it the following stanza (coming next before the last) is contained; but it is believed to have been inserted by Izaak Walton, and presents a very unshepherd-like image:

"Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me."

THE DEATH OF FAUSTUS.

Bad Angel. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:

* * * * * *

Those that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and loved only delicates,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates.
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. Oh, I have seen enough to torture me.

B. Ang. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all;
He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall.
And so I leave thee, Faustus. * * * [*Exit.*

The clock strikes eleven.

Faust. O Faustus!—
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live.

* * * * * *

Stand still, ye ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

* * * * * *

The stars move still,—time runs—the clock will strike.

* * * * * *

Oh, I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?

* * * * * *

Yet will I call on HIM!—Oh spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now?—'Tis gone:
And see a threatening arm—an angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No!—Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth!—Oh no; it will not harbor me.
Ye stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

Oh! half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain:
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved:
No end is limited to damnéd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or, why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh! Pythagoras,—Metempsychosis!—were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in element!

* * * * * *

Now, Faustus, curse thyself—curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes—it strikes! now body turn to air.

* * * * * *

Oh, soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields:[1]

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

ANSWER TO THE SAME.[1]

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,

[1] To avoid the bad English, the couplet is altered as follows, in some versions:

"That hill and valley, grove and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield."

[1] Archbishop Trench is of opinion that the evidence which ascribes this to Raleigh is insufficient.

All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy love.

But, could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Edward Fairfax.

The first edition of Fairfax's celebrated translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is dated 1600; the second, 1624. Dryden ranked Fairfax with Spenser as a master of English; and Waller derived from him, according to his own confession, the harmony of his numbers. The date of Fairfax's birth is unknown, but was probably about 1564. He was the natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, and had a long and happy life amidst rural scenes. He was living in 1631. The date of his death is not known. He wrote a work on "Demonology," which was not printed until 1859.

RINALDO AT MOUNT OLIVET.

It was the time when 'gainst the breaking day
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined;
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: How many bright
And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fixed and wandering stars the azure sky:
So framéd all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand,
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he muséd, to the top he went,
And there kneeled down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were:—
"The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
And purge my faults and my offences all."

Thus prayéd he: with purple wings up-flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green:
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

William Shakspeare.

The Baptismal Register of Stratford-on-Avon contains the following entry: "April 26, 1564. Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakespeare." The house in which the poet was born stands, in a restored condition, in Henley Street; and the conjectured room of his birth is scribbled over—walls, ceiling, windows—with thousands of names. His father, a wool-comber, though not opulent, seems to have been in good circumstances, to have had property in land and houses, and to have held the highest official dignities of the town. But probably a short course in the Stratford grammar-school was all the regular education Shakspeare ever received. He married, at the age of eighteen, Anne Hathaway, seven or eight years older than himself. Two or three years afterward he removed to London, where he rapidly acquired a large property in more than one theatre. We do not know the order in which his plays were produced, but he soon vindicated the immense superiority of his genius by universal popularity. He was the companion of the nobles and the wits of the time, and a favorite of Queen Elizabeth herself, at whose request some of his pieces were written. The wealth which he realized enabled him, comparatively early in life, to retire from his professional career. There had been born to him a son and two daughters. He had purchased an estate in the vicinity of his native town, but he enjoyed it only four years. He died of fever in 1616, aged fifty-two.

The works of Shakspeare consist of thirty-seven plays, tragedies, comedies, and histories; the poems, "Venus and Adonis," and "Tarquin and Lucrece," with a collection of sonnets, or, rather, fourteen-lined poems, of exquisite beauty and variety, each consisting of three quatrains of alternate rhyme and a closing couplet. His want of care in preserving and authenticating the productions of his genius before his death has been supposed to indicate either his indifference to fame or the absence of a knowledge of the magnitude of what he had achieved; and yet there are expressions in his sonnets that seem to imply a sense of his intellectual superiority. The subject of his dramatic and poetical character is so vast that it would be idle here to attempt its analysis.

His Sonnets represent him in the full maturity of manhood, and at the height of his fame. They were probably written between the years 1595 and 1603, when he was living at Stratford in dignified retirement. Of these sonnets Trench says: "They are so heavily laden with meaning, so double-shotted (if one may so speak) with thought, so penetrated and pervaded with a repressed

passion, that, packed as all this is into narrowest limits, it sometimes imparts no little obscurity to them: and they often require to be heard or read, not once, but many times—in fact, to be studied—before they reveal to us all the treasures of thought and feeling which they contain."

These remarkable and mysterious sonnets are one hundred and fifty-four in number, and, with the exception of twenty-eight, are addressed to some male person, to whom the poet refers in a style of affection, love, and idolatry almost unnatural; remarkable, even in the reign of Elizabeth, for morbid extravagance and enthusiasm. The sonnets were first printed in 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, a publisher of the day, who prefixed to the volume the following enigmatical dedication: "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T." The "W. H." alluded to by Thorpe has been conjectured to be William Herbert, afterward Earl of Pembroke, who, as appears from the folio of 1623, was one of Shakspeare's patrons. This conjecture has received the assent of Mr. Hallam and others. Many theories, none satisfactory, have been broached to account for these exceptional productions.

It has been truly remarked by an anonymous writer that no man of whom we have any knowledge in literature ever had, like Shakspeare, "the faculty of pouring out on all occasions such a flood of the richest and deepest language; no man ever said such splendid extempore things on all subjects universally. That excessive fluency which astonished Ben Jonson when he listened to Shakspeare in person astonishes the world yet. He was the greatest master of expression that literature has known. Indeed, by his powers of expression he has beggared and forestalled posterity. Such lightness and ease in the manner, and such prodigious wealth and depth in the matter, are combined in no other writer."

SILVIA.

From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

SIGH NO MORE.

From "Much Ado About Nothing."

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny:
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

ARIEL'S SONG.

From "The Tempest."

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

From "As You Like It."

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly!
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

From "Cymbeline."

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

THE SONG OF WINTER.

From "Love's Labor Lost."

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

CLOTEN'S SERENADE.

From "Cymbeline."

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

SONNETS.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,—
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LIV.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms[1] have full as deep a die,
As the perfuméd tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their maskéd buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unwept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LX.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crookéd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite;
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him:
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

[1] Canker-blooms are from the canker-roses.

CX.

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gored my own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I nevermore will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

CXI.

Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell 'gainst my strong infection:[1]
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend; and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever-fixéd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

[1] *Eysell* is an old word for vinegar. There seems to be little doubt that in this and the preceding sonnet Shakspeare expresses some of his own honest feelings respecting himself and his occupation of player, in which he must have encountered much that was humiliating, if not demoralizing.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store.
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed,—without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner than despiséd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated; as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof—and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

ULYSSES'S ADVICE TO ACHILLES.

From "Troilus and Cressida."

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'erdusted.
The present eye praises the present object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

From "The Merchant of Venice."

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

From "The Merchant of Venice."

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress's ear,
And draw her home with music.—
"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

ENGLAND.

From "Richard II."

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
This dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.

SONG FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
Oh, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?[1]
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?—Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

[1] The alarm of danger was communicated by the watchman in garrison towns by a bell. "He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather."

DETACHED PASSAGES FROM THE PLAYS.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together; who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should
teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservéd dignity.
Oh that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honor; and how much honor
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnished!

John Webster.

Webster (*circa* 1570–1640) and Thomas Dekker were partners in writing plays. Webster also wrote for the stage independently, and ranks among the chief of the minor Elizabethan tragic dramatists. Charles Lamb said of the following dirge from "The White Devil," that he knew nothing like it, except the ditty that reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father, in "The Tempest." "As that is of the water watery, so this is of the earth earthy."

A DIRGE.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

FROM "THE DUCHESS OF MALFI."

This tragedy turns on the mortal offence which the duchess gives to her two proud brothers by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

Cariola. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
Duchess. To whom? to our next neighbors? They
are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you
please.
What death?
Bosola. Strangling. Here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world.
Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.
Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way—for
heaven sake—
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death—now I'm well awake—
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay: heaven gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there

Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go, tell my brothers: when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

Sir Robert Ayton.

A Scottish courtier and poet, Ayton (1570–1638) enjoyed, like Drummond, the advantages of foreign travel, and of acquaintance with English poets. He was born in Fifeshire. Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly. An edition of Ayton's poems was published as late as 1871.

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before:
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might, perchance, have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere inthrall;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging to a beggar's door.

Alexander Hume.

Hume (*circa* 1560–1609) was a minister of the Scotch Kirk in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He published in Edinburgh, in 1599, a collection of "Hymns, or Sacred Songs," of which now only three copies are known to exist. The "Story of a Summer Day" has some precious passages, showing an original vein, but it is much too long. Campbell and Trench have both abridged it, and the same liberty has been taken in the following version. Hume died in 1609.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY.

O perfect Light, which shaid[1] away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night,—
Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively doth appear
Than at mid-day unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear!

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawés by,
While in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky;
Which soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing, and the snipe,
And tune their songs, like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, moor, and stripe.

* * * * * *

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearlés white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the ground.
The misty reek, in clouds of rain,
From tops of mountains scales;
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapors take the vales.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,
In cleanness doth surpass
The crystal and the silver pure,
Or clearest polished glass.
The time so tranquil is and still,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of piping wind.

* * * * * *

[1] Perfect of the verb to *sched*, or *shed;* German, *scheiden*, to part, or separate from one another.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.
So silent is the cessile[1] air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales and forest fair,
Again repeats them all.

* * * * * *

The sun, most like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends;
The beauty of the heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends.

* * * * * *

The herds beneath some leafy tree—
Amidst the flowers they lie;
The stable ships upon the sea
Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twenty times he crows.
The dove with whistling wings so blue
The winds can fast collect,—
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went; gone is mid-day;
The heat doth slake at last;
The sun descends down west away,
For three o'clock is past.
The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength,
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

* * * * * *

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.
What pleasure were to walk and see,
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear!

Oh, then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm!

All laborers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
"Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Which sent this summer day!"

[1] An unauthorized word, probably the equivalent of *cessible*, yielding, giving way; from the Latin, *cedo, cessum*.

Thomas Heywood.

The dates of this writer's birth and death are unknown. He is found writing for the stage in 1596, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1640. He lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. He had, as he informs his readers, "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote, also, several prose works, besides attending to his businesss as an actor. Of his plays only twenty-three have come down to us; and among the best is "The Woman killed with Kindness." He seems to have been a man of genius; and his "Search after God" is a very noble poem, showing that, in his higher moods, the true spirit of poesy animated the humble playwright.

FANTASIES OF DRUNKENNESS.

From "The English Traveller."

This gentleman and I
Passed but just now by your next neighbor's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth; his father now at sea:
And there, this night, was held a sumptuous feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warmed with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
Of ships and storms at sea; when, suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaffed to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel. This conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover. He
Climbs by the bedpost to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards,
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this,
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand—
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain: one lies struggling

Upon the floor, as if he swam for life;
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the hollow on't, labors, and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played;
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to escape,
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by the ears about it.
The constable is called to atone the broil;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion; they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they called his watch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

SONG: PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing!
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought thee round about, O thou, my God!
In thine abode:
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou he?"
She answered me,
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general,
Contained therein: they with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles and whatever is
In the abyss:—
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Inquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were he; but lo!
It told me "No."
I from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then,
If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such;
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full choir,
Answered, "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars; but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear,—
What in the world I might descry or know
Above, below;
With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass,
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied,
"I am not he, O man! for know that I
By him on high
Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
And swayed by him by whom I was created."

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
In the country, craft in simpleness arrayed;
And then I said,—
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great;
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then
Even thus began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say
Than dust and clay,—

Frail mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Formed from that earth to which I must return?

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me?
I answered: The all-potent, sole, immense,—
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for he doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being; he is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list,—
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face
(So far forth as it may discovered be)
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite
To human sight,
Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest,
In which, to our weak sense, thou comest nearest.

Oh, make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith, in thee to trust,
Thou God, most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most good! most great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy, quest
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

King James I. of England.

James VI. of Scotland and I. of England (1566–1625), the only offspring of Mary, queen of Scots, by her second husband, Henry Stuart (Lord Darnley), was a prolific author, and wrote both prose and verse. The following sonnet from his pen will compare not unfavorably with the verses of some contemporary poets of fame. It is noteworthy that Mary, her son James, and her grandson, Charles I., all wrote poetry.

SONNET: TO PRINCE HENRY.

God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne his sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If, then, you would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
And from his law make all your law to spring.
If his lieutenant here you would remain,
Reward the just; be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in His sight
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane;
And so shall you in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

Thomas Nash.

Nash (*circa* 1564–1600) wrote a comedy called "Summer's Last Will and Testament," which was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He was also concerned with Marlowe in writing the tragedy of "Dido." He was the Churchill of his day, and famed for his satires. He speaks of his life as "spent in fantastical satirism, in whose veins heretofore I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours."

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witt a-woo.

The palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witt a-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old-wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witt a-woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring!

THE COMING OF WINTER.

Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure:
Gone is our sport, fled is our Croydon's pleasure!
Short days, sharp days, long nights, come on apace.
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?

Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague, and pestilence,
Good Lord, deliver us!

London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn!
Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were born!
The want of term is town and city's harm:
Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.
Long banished must we live now from our friends:
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, and pestilence,
Good Lord, deliver us!

THE DECAY OF SUMMER.

Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts, therefore;
So fair a summer look for nevermore:
All good things vanish less than in a day;
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year;
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.
What! shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source!
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course!
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year;
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

Sir Henry Wotton.

Wotton (1568–1639), a gentleman of Kent, was ambassador at Venice, under James I., and afterward Provost of Eton. He wrote a short poem "in praise of angling," and was the friend of Izaak Walton. As an early discoverer of Milton's transcendent genius, he showed his superior literary culture. Of the famous little poem, "The Happy Life," Trench tells us there are at least half a dozen texts, with an infinite variety of readings, these being particularly numerous in the third stanza, which is, indeed, somewhat obscure as it now stands. The *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, in which the poem was first published, appeared in 1651, some twelve years after Wotton's death; but much earlier MS. copies are in existence: thus one, in the handwriting of Edward Alleyn, apparently of date 1616. In some versions the word *accusers* is changed to *oppressors* in the last line of the fourth stanza. A little reflection will show that the former is the preferable word. Both Trench and Palgrave so regard it, and adopt it as the more authentic reading.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,—
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the Rose is blown?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents,—what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

John Lilly.

Lilly (*circa* 1554–1601) was a native of Kent. His principal work was a prose romance called "Euphues." The name of the book has passed, as an abstract term, into our language; but the book itself is no longer read, and the *euphuistic* method of expression is chiefly known to us in these days by caricatures. Lilly wrote nine plays, in which some songs occur. The following is from his play of "Campaspe," 1584.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on his cheek, but none knows how;
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me!

Henry Constable.

Born about 1560, and educated at Oxford, Constable published, in 1584, "Diana, or the excellent conceitful sonnets of H. C." The volume was reprinted for the Roxburghe Club in 1818. The following is from "England's Helicon," first published in 1600.

DIAPHENIA.

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh-ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,
When all thy praises are expressèd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Joseph Hall.

Hall (1574–1656), bishop successively of Exeter in 1627, and of Norwich in 1641, is remembered chiefly for his prose theological works, written in the reigns of James and Charles. His only poems were a collection of Satires, composed at Cambridge University before his twenty-third year. They were condemned to be burnt in 1599, by an order of Bishop Bancroft. Hall's satire on the amatory poets of his day, of which we give a specimen, is coarse, but apt and pithy.

ANTHEM FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF EXETER.

Lord, what am I? A worm, dust, vapor, nothing!
What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasy clothing!
What is my time? A minute ever flying!
My time, my flesh, my life, and I—
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Down in a vale of death!
What is my trade? Sin, my dear God offending;
My sport, sin too! my stay a puff of breath!
What end of sin? Hell's horror never-ending!
My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
Help to make up my doleful case.

Lord, what art thou? Pure life, power, beauty, bliss!
Where dwell'st thou? Up above in perfect light.
What is thy Time? Eternity it is.
What state? Attendance of each glorious spirit.
Thyself, thy place, thy days, thy state
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
Ambitious soul! But which way should I fly?
Thou, Lord, art way and end. What wings have I?
Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love.
Oh, let these wings that way alone
Present me to thy blissful throne!

ON LOVE POETRY.

SATIRE III., BOOK II.

Great is the folly of a feeble brain
O'erruled with love and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best,
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulséd is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame
With public plaints of his conceivéd flame.
Then pours he forth in patchéd sonnetings
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings;
As though the staring world hanged on his sleeve,
When once he smiles to laugh, and when he sighs to grieve.
Careth the world thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair one be?
Fond wit-wal, that wouldst load thy witless head
With timely horns before thy bridal bed!
Then can he term his dirty, ill-faced bride
Lady and queen and virgin deified:
Be she all sooty-black or berry-brown,
She's white as morrow's milk or flakes new-blown:
And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room
Amidst the well-known stars; or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his Kalendere.

John Marston.

Marston, a rough but vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, produced his "Malcontent," a comedy, prior to 1600. He was educated at Oxford, became lecturer at the Middle Temple, and died in 1633. He wrote eight plays, and three books of Satires, called "The Scourge of Villany."

THE SCHOLAR AND HIS SPANIEL.

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, while I turned leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept;
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept:
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. Oh, hold, hold! at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together: still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixed,
Ex traduce; but whether 't had free-will
Or no; hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propped,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stuffed noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked, and yawned; and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

TO DETRACTION I PRESENT MY POESIE.

Foul canker of fair virtuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest blooms on earth,
Envy's abhorréd child, Detraction,
I here expose to thy all-tainting breath
The issue of my brain: snarl, rail, bark, bite;
Know that my spirit scorns Detraction's spite.

Know that the Genius which attendeth on
And guides my powers intellectual,
Holds in all vile repute Detraction.
My soul—an essence metaphysical,
That in the basest sort scorns critic's rage,
Because he knows his sacred parentage,—

My spirit is not puffed up with fat fume
Of slimy ale, nor Bacchus' heating grape.
My mind disdains the dungy, muddy scum
Of abject thoughts and Envy's raging hate.
True judgment slight regards Opinion,
A sprightly wit disdains Detraction.

A partial praise shall never elevate
My settled censure of my own esteem:
A cankered verdict of malignant hate
Shall ne'er provoke me worse myself to deem.
Spite of despite and rancor's villany,
I am myself, so is my poesy.

Dr. John Donne.

Donne (1573–1631) was born in London, and as a child was a prodigy of learning. He became Chaplain in Ordinary to James I., and Dean of St. Paul's. Much against the wishes of his devoted wife, he accompanied Sir Robert Drury on an embassy to Paris. While there, Donne

had a singular vision, which is often reproduced among stories of psychical or supersensual power. He saw (as Izaak Walton narrates) the apparition of his wife enter his room, bearing a dead child; and shortly after he heard that his wife had been delivered of a still-born child at the very moment. The best known poetical writings of Donne are his "Satires," and "The Progress of the Soul." His poems are characterized by brilliant wit, depth of reflection, and terseness of language; but his versification is generally rugged and uncouth, and he is often so obscure as to task the closest attention.

SONNET.

Death, be not proud, though some have calléd thee
Mighty and dreadful; for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow.
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
Or better, than thy stroke: why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie!
* * * * * *
But think that Death hath now enfranchised thee!
And think this slow-paced Soul which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day,
Despatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth! She stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether the air's middle region is intense;
For the element of fire, she doth not know
Whether she passed by such a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die;
Venus retards her not to inquire how she
Can, being one star, Hesper and Vesper be.
He that charmed Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her who now is grown all eye;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till her course be run;
Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard;
Nor is by Jove, nor by his father, barred;
But, ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through, the firmament:
And, as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
Her through those spheres, as through those beads a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the Soul doth Death string Heaven and Earth.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

She of whose soul, if we may say 'twas gold,
Her body was the Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that—we understood
Her by her sight: her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.
She, she, thus richly, largely housed, is gone,
And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, Earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our little shell.
* * * * * *
—She whom we celebrate is gone before:
She who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so
(Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree
Better than when in images they be;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first Parent's fault, and not her own;
Who, being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe pre-contract;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray;
Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given. She to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.

Ben Jonson.

Jonson (1574–1637) was thirty years old at the death of Queen Elizabeth. He was ten years younger than Shakspeare, and survived him twenty-one years, living on almost to the troubled close of the reign of Charles I. Born in the North of England of humble parentage, Jonson, after a period of soldier life in the Low Countries, where he fought bravely, settled in London, married, and took to literature and the stage as a means of livelihood. He tried his fortune as an actor, but did not succeed. A duel with a brother actor, whom, unhappily, he killed, caused his confinement for a time in jail. While there, he was visited by a priest; and his mind being turned to religious subjects, he became a Roman Catholic, and continued one for twelve years. After that, when at the height of his fame and prosperity, he once more professed himself a member of the Church of England. But an estimate of the quality of his religious feeling may be formed from the fact that, on partaking of the Holy Communion for the first time after this event, he quaffed off the entire contents of the chalice! "He did everything lustily," says one of his recent biographers, as a comment on this incident. Whether "lustily" or through simple love of good liquor, and in unconcern as to the proprieties, may remain a question. Probably it was done in the spirit of the reply of Theodore Hook, who, when asked by the College functionary if he could sign the Thirty-nine Articles, said, "Yes, *forty*, if you wish it."

On his release from prison, Jonson sprang at once into fame by his still-acted play of "Every Man in his Humor," in the representation of which no less a person than Shakspeare took a part. Jonson's works consist mainly of dramas and masks, of which he produced, in all, more than fifty. Poverty cast a gloom over his last years; he was obliged to solicit assistance from old friends; and so the bright life dimmed, and flickered, and went out. His mortal remains were buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey; and Sir John Young, a gentleman from Oxford, visiting the spot, gave eighteen-pence to a mason, to cut upon the flag-stone covering the poet's clay this epitaph: "*O Rare Ben Jonson!*" Such, at least, is the tradition.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.

* * * * * *

I, therefore, will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

* * * * * *

Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not for an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or, like a Mercury, to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines.

* * * * * *

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That did so take Eliza and our James!
But stay! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there.
Shine forth, thou star of poets! and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

SEE THE CHARIOT AT HAND.

From "A Celebration of Charis."

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's-down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

THE SONG OF HESPERUS.

From "Cynthia's Revels."

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb has made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

ON A PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.[1]

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
Oh could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

[1] The attestation of Ben Jonson to the first engraved portrait of Shakspeare seems to prove its fidelity as a likeness. The portrait corresponds with the monumental effigy at Stratford.

AN ODE: TO HIMSELF.

Where dost thou careless lie?
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
And this security
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and [so] destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius'[1] harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on Fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to Virtue still,—her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's[2] line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And, since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

[1] A surname of Apollo, derived from his famous temple at Claros, in Asia Minor.

[2] Prometheus, son of Iapetus, is here referred to; identified by Jonson with Japhet, the son of Noah. According to the legend, it was by the aid of Minerva, the "issue of Jove's brain," that Prometheus ascended to heaven, and there stole from the chariot of the Sun the fire which he brought down to earth.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter where it died to tell
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

SONG TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Sir John Davies.

Davies (1570–1626), an English barrister, was the author of "Nosce Teipsum" (Know Thyself), a poem on the immortality of the soul. It bears the date of 1602, when Davies was about thirty-two years old. It was printed five times during his life. In 1598 Davies was ejected from membership in the Society of the Middle Temple, for having thrashed a man within the sacred precincts of that Inn of Court. But he was an able lawyer; and having won the favor of King James, he rose from one legal distinction to another, and was knighted in 1607.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATIONS.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

* * * * * *

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet in honor, wealth,
  Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health;
  Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
  Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
  But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
  And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
  And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

MYSELF.

From "Nosce Teipsum."

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
  As force without, fevers within, can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind;
  But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
  Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
  Yet to the least and vilest thing am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
  I know my sense is mocked in everything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man;
  Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Francis Beaumont (1586–1616) and John Fletcher (1576–1625) were intimate friends; "the Orestes and Pylades of the poetical world." Both were of good descent. Beaumont's father was a Judge of the Common Pleas; Fletcher was the son of the Bishop of London, and had for cousins Phineas and Giles Fletcher, the one the author of "The Purple Island," a tedious allegorical poem; the other the author of "Christ's Victory and Triumph," a work from which Milton is said to have borrowed a feather or two.

There was a difference of ten years between the ages of Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter, who was the elder, survived his friend nine years, continued to write, and died at the age of forty-nine. Beaumont died at thirty, in 1616, the same year as Shakspeare. Beaumont's poetical taste, it was said, controlled, in their joint work, Fletcher's luxuriance of wit and fancy. Their united works amount to about fifty dramas, and were very popular in their day, even more so than those of Shakspeare and Jonson. As lyrical and descriptive poets they are entitled to high praise. Their dramas are sprightly, and abound in poetical ornament, but are often censurable for looseness of plot, repulsiveness of subject, and laxity of moral tone.

MELANCHOLY.[1]

From "Nice Valor; or, The Passionate Madman."

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
  But only melancholy:
  O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
  A midnight bell, a parting groan,
  These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy!

CÆSAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY'S HEAD.

From "The False One."

Oh thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?—
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honorable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was?—
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures?—to a boy
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?—

[1] Milton seems to have taken some hints for his "Il Penseroso" from this song.

And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee—
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee,
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

* * * * * *

Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him.

SONG FROM "VALENTINIAN."

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones!
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits, sealed with dust,
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died."
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

SONG FROM "ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY."

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

FROM "THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT."

Seleucus. Let no man fear to die: we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep: all ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls pressed with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales forgotten:
High, high, we come, and hearty to our funerals;
And as the sun, that sets in blood, let's fall.

Lysimachus. 'Tis true they have us fast: we cannot 'scape 'em;
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.
Dishonorable ends we can escape, though,
And worse than those, captivities: we can die;
And, dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too massy burdens,
Our living souls fly crowned with living conquests.

FROM "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY."

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

FROM "THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY."

What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger of more dreadful look than death,
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so nobly great no power can ruin:
Most blessèd maid, go on: the gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the Child of Heaven,
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompense.

Philip Massinger.

Massinger (*circa* 1584–1640) began to write plays in the reign of James I. Like many of his literary brethren, he was poor, and one morning was found dead in his bed at Southwark. No stone marks his neglected resting-place, but in the parish register appears this brief memorial: "March 20, 1639–1640.—Buried Philip Massinger, a STRANGER." His sepulchre was like his life—obscure. Like the nightingale, he sang darkling—it is to be feared, like the nightingale of the fable, with his breast against a thorn. Eighteen of his plays are in print; and one of these, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," is still often played at our theatres. Sir Giles Overreach, a greedy, crafty money-getter, is the great character of this powerful drama. This part was among the best personations of Kean and Booth.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

FROM "THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold.
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave
Is quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel
If thou end not my tedious misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

FROM "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

Mary. Your pleasure, sir?
Overreach. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not: it should have been
Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which, being well-proportioned, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art.
How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?
Mary. Well for a companion,
Not for a servant. * * * I pity her fortune.
Over. Pity her? Trample on her!
Mary. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Over. In birth? Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was 't not to make thee great
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labor to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honorable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care! do not provoke me!

John Ford.

Ford (1586–1639), a Devonshire man, belonged to the brilliant dramatic brotherhood of his period. He united authorship with practice as a lawyer. Hallam says that Ford has "the power over tears;" but his themes are often painful and even revolting.

MUSICAL CONTEST WITH A NIGHTINGALE.

From "The Lover's Melancholy."

Menaphon. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or, rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variëty and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

Amet. And so do I. Good! On—

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own.
He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did, with her various notes,
Reply to; for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy,—in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears:
That, trust me, my Amethus—I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness—that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes; then sighed and cried,
"Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall nevermore betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:"—and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.[1]

William Drummond.

Drummond (1585–1649), "the first Scotch poet who wrote well in English" (according to Southey), was born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. His father, Sir John Drummond, held a situation about the person of James VI. (afterward James I. of England). The poet studied law, but relinquished it, as his delight was in literature. Drayton and Ben Jonson were among his friends; and he says of the latter, "He dissuaded me from poetry for that she had beggared him when he might have been a rich lawyer, physician, or merchant." Drummond reproduced the conventional Italian sonnet with success. He died, it is said, of grief at the execution of Charles I.

THE UNIVERSE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care,—
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and period of the same.

[1] Crashaw has versified this incident in his "Music's Duel," which, like most imitations, is far inferior, in simplicity and point, to the original.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best;
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

MAN'S STRANGE ENDS.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot decked with a pompous name,—
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

THE HUNT.

This world a hunting is;
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are,
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we, panting, die.

George Wither.

Wither (1588–1667) was a native of Hampshire, and a prolific writer in James's reign. In 1613 he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea for having written a satire called "Abuses Stript and Whipt." He was a Royalist under Charles I., but changed his politics, and, having sold his estate, raised a troop of horse for the Parliament. Taken prisoner by the Royalists in 1642, he is said to have owed his life to Sir John Denham, who requested the king not to hang Wither, because, while he lived, Denham would not be thought the worst poet in England. Wither has been highly praised by Campbell, Sir Egerton Brydges, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb. He was styled by Philips (1675) "a most profuse pourer forth of English rhyme." A vein of honesty, or at least earnestness in present conviction, seems to run through his inconsistencies. He died in misery and obscurity, at the age of seventy-nine.

COMPANIONSHIP OF THE MUSE.

While in the Marshalsea, Wither composed his poem of "The Shepherd's Hunting," from the Fourth Eclogue of which the following extract is made. In it Roget (Wither) exhorts his friend Willy (William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals") not to give up poetry. The scene is supposed to be in prison, where Browne visits him.

* * * * * *

And, though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost;
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For, though banished from my flocks,
And, confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.

* * * * * *

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling.
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

By her help, I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;

The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals that give light,
More to terror than delight;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect;
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this:
Poesie, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee;
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born,—
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

THE HEAVENLY FATHER AND HIS ERRING CHILD.

Yet I confess in this my pilgrimage,
I like some infant am, of tender age.
For as the child who from his father hath
Strayed in some grove thro' many a crookéd path,—
Is sometimes hopeful that he finds the way,
And sometimes doubtful he runs more astray;
Sometime with fair and easy paths doth meet,
Sometime with rougher tracts that stay his feet;
Here goes, there runs, and yon amazéd stays,
Then cries, and straight forgets his care, and plays:
Then, hearing where his loving father calls,
Makes haste, but, thro' a zeal ill-guided, falls;
Or runs some other way, until that he
(Whose love is more than his endeavors be)
To seek the wanderer, forth himself doth come,
And take him in his arms and bear him home:—
So in this life, this grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward, I myself advance,
Sometimes aright, and sometimes wrong I go,
Sometimes my pace is speedy, sometimes slow:
One while my ways are pleasant unto me,
Another while as full of cares they be.
I doubt and hope, and doubt and hope again,
And many a change of passion I sustain,
In this my journey, so that now and then
I lost, perhaps, may seem to other men,—
Yea, to myself, awhile, when sins impure
Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure!
But whatsoe'er betide, I know full well
My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
An eye upon his wandering child doth cast,
And he will fetch me to my home at last.

VANISHED BLESSINGS.

* * * * * *

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day—
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

I WILL SING AS I SHALL PLEASE.

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins;
As if we in later days
Know to love, but not to praise;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please,
Who as well new paths may run,
As the best before have done.
I disdain to make my song
For their pleasure short or long:
If I please I'll end it here,
If I list I'll sing this year,

And, though none regard of it,
By myself I pleased can sit,
And with that contentment cheer me,
As if half the world did hear me.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheek with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Should my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her merit's value known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of *best*,
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who, without them, dare to woo—
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be!

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be!

Thomas Carew.

Carew (1589–1639), of an ancient Gloucestershire family, was one of the courtier poets who clustered round the throne of Charles I. He produced some light but eminently beautiful poems, and was one of the first who gave grace and polish to English lyrical verse. Late in life he became very devout, and deplored the licentiousness of some of his poems.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away!

ON RETURNING HER LETTERS.

So grieves the adventurous merchant, when he throws
All the long-toiled-for treasure his ship stows
Into the angry main to save from wrack
Himself and men, as I grieve to give back
These letters: yet so powerful is your sway,
As, if you bid me die, I must obey.
Go then, blest papers! You shall kiss those hands
That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands;
Which with a touch did give you life; but I,
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.

* * * * * *

Tell her, no length of time, no change of air,
No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,

No, nor her steadfast constancy, can deter
My vassal heart from ever honoring her.
Though these be powerful arguments to prove
I love in vain, yet I must ever love.
Say, if she frown when you that word rehearse,
Service in prose is oft called love in verse:
Then pray her, since I send back on my part
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

Give me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.[1]

SONG.

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downward fall in dead of night;
For, in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixéd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

[1] The idea may be found in an old French saying, quoted by Lovelace: "Donne moi plus de pitie ou plus de creaulte, car sans ce je ne puis pas vivre, ne morir."

William Browne.

Born in Devonshire (1590-1645), Browne was educated at Oxford. He wrote "Britannia's Pastorals," "The Shepherd's Pipe," "The Inner Temple Masque," and other poems. These were popular in his own day, but fell afterward into neglect. The best of them were written before he was twenty years of age, and he published none after thirty. "The Siren's Song" is one of the most precious felicities of genius. It is rare in literary history that so much promise is found so inexplicably stunted and silenced by time. George Wither seems to have had a high estimate of Browne's gifts, and wrote:

> "Thou art young, yet such a lay
> Never graced the month of May,
> As (if they provoke thy skill)
> Thou canst fit unto the quill."

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?

Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
As ne'er yet embraced a heart:
So much good, so truly tried,—
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath:
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath:
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

THE SIREN'S SONG.

From "The Inner Temple Masque."

Steer, hither steer your winged pines,
All beaten mariners!
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
A prey to passengers,—
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phœnix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships;
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves,—our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,—
Exchange, and be a while our guests;
For stars, gaze on our eyes;
The compass, Love shall hourly sing;
And, as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

Robert Herrick.

Herrick (1591–1674) was the son of a goldsmith of London. He was educated for the Church, and obtained from Charles I. the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. From this he was ejected during the civil wars. His works consist chiefly of religious and Anacreontic poems in strange association; and his rank among the lyric writers of his day is with the highest. He seems to have repented of the impure character of some of his verse, for he writes:

"For those my unbaptizèd rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times—
For every sentence, clause, and word
That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine."

Herrick's vein of poetry is of a high quality when he is at his best; but sometimes he sinks to mere doggerel. His verses to flowers, for which he seems to have had a genuine love, are masterpieces of tenderness and grace.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything:
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

NOT A PROPHET EVERY DAY.

'Tis not every day that I
Fitted am to prophesy:
No, but when the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles;
Full of fire, then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus enraged, my lines are hurled,
Like the Sibyl's, through the world:
Look how next the holy fire
Either slakes or doth retire;
So the fancy cools, till when
That brave spirit comes again.

ODE TO BEN JONSON.

Ah, Ben!
Say, how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad,
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine?

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fight a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When God knows I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,—
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves, also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee!
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past

But you may stay yet here a while
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

TO CORINNA, TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, get up! for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air!
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest—
Nay, not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden, home;
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys' betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die,
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

TO DIANEME.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives—yours yet free;

Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee on my knee,
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearled with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mixed with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

Francis Quarles.

Quarles (1592–1644), though quaint and fantastic in his style, is the author of some genuine poetical utterances. He seems to have disobeyed the advice he gave to others—"Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation." He was extravagantly lauded in his day. Phillips (1675) calls him "the darling of our plebeian judgments." Another admirer styles him "that sweet seraph of our nation, Quarles." Numerous editions of his "Emblems" have appeared even during this century. His poetry is strongly tinctured with religious feeling. This does not seem to have saved him from Puritan prosecution. He had his heart broken by the destruction of his property, and especially of his rare library. He had, by the first of his two wives, eighteen children, and died, much troubled, in 1644. John Quarles, his son, who died of the plague in 1665, inherited much of his father's poetical ability.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

False world, thou liest: thou canst not lend
The least delight;
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight;
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou suppliest,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou viest
With heaven. Fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou suppliest,
There's none can give where thou deniest.
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou liest.

What well-adviséd ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest still thou viest;
If seen, and then revied, deniest:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure;
A paradise that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure.
Vain earth! that falsely thus compliest
With man! Vain man! that thou reliest
On earth! Vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth, thou liest.

What mean, dull souls! in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash!
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash!
Are these the goods that thou suppliest
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou liest!

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Maker's creature—therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food.
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire;
The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pains, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee.

Henry King.

King, bishop of Chichester (1591–1669), was the author of poems, elegies, and sonnets. His monody on his wife, who died before her twenty-fifth year, is beautiful and tender, containing the germ of some famous passages by modern poets.

FROM THE EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE.

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.
Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task has been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library, whereon I look,
Though almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes,
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvéd into showers.

* * * * * *

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;

Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life almost by eight hours' sail
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears,
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.
'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime!), I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot!

Barten Holyday.

A native of Oxford (1593–1661), Holyday became chaplain to Charles I., and Archdeacon of Oxford. He translated Juvenal, and wrote a "Survey of the World," a poem containing a thousand distichs, from which we cull the following specimens, taken from Trench's collection. They will repay study.

DISTICHS.

River is time in water; as it came,
Still so it flows, yet never is the same.

I wake, and so new live: a night's protection
Is a new wonder whiles a resurrection.

The sun's up, yet myself and God most bright
I can't see; I'm too dark, and he's too light.

Clay, sand, and rock seem of a different birth;
So men: some stiff, some loose, some firm—all earth!

By red, green, blue, which sometimes paint the air,
Guilt, pardon, heaven, the rainbow does declare.

The world's a prison; no man can get out:
Let the atheist storm then; Heaven is round about.

The rose is but the flower of a brier;
The good man has an Adam to his sire.

The dying mole, some say, opens his eyes:
The rich, till 'tis too late, will not be wise.

Pride cannot see itself by mid-day light;
The peacock's tail is farthest from his sight.

The swallow's a swift arrow, that may show
With what an instant swiftness life doth flow.

The nightingale's a quire—no single note.
Oh, various power of God in one small throat!

The silkworm's its own wonder: without loom
It does provide itself a silken room.

Herodotus is history's fresh youth;
Thucydides is judgment, age, and truth.

In sadness, Machiavel, thou didst not well
To help the world to faster run to hell.

Down, pickaxe! to the depths for gold let's go;
We'll undermine Peru. Isn't heaven below?

Who gripes too much casts all upon the ground;
Too great a greatness greatness doth confound.

All things are wonder since the world began:
The world's a riddle, and the meaning's man.

Father of gifts, who to the dust didst give
Life, say to these my meditations, Live!

James Shirley.

Shirley (1596–1666), born in London, was the last of the Elizabethan dramatists. Indications of the true poet flash out in many passages of his plays. But his narrow circumstances probably prevented him from giving his genius fair scope. He wrote for bread, and lived on into the reign of Charles II. The great fire of 1666 burnt him out of house and home; and a little after, in one of the suburbs of London, his wife and he died on the same day. Shirley took orders in the English Church, but left his living on being converted to the Church of Rome. "Gentle, modest, and full of sensibility," says his biographer, "he seems to have conciliated the affection of all his associates."

DEATH'S CONQUESTS.

This famous little poem appears in Shirley's one-act drama of "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," and is supposed to be recited or sung by Calchas before the dead body of Ajax. Oldys refers to it as "the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to King Charles II., and which he has often sung to me."

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

George Herbert.

Herbert (1593–1633) was the brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the deistic mystic. Disappointed in court advancement by the death of James I., George took holy orders, and earned the appellation of "Holy" by his exemplary discharge of his sacred office. His style, like that of so many of his brother poets, is founded on the manner of his friend Donne. The volume of his poems, still often republished, is entitled "The Temple." He died at the early age of thirty-nine.

MAN.

My God! I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing has got so far
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure his flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow:

Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being;—to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters, united, are our navigation;
Distinguishéd, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of; in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since, then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

THE ELIXIR.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossessed,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

SWEET DAY.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!
My music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

William Strode.

This accomplished divine was born in Devonshire about 1598; died 1644. His scattered poetical pieces have never been collected into a volume. He was installed Canon of Christchurch in 1638.

MUSIC.

When whispering strains with creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the heart;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heartstring ache,

Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host,
Whose lays, we think,
Make stars to wink;
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet!
Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

Anonymous and Miscellaneous Poems of the 15th and 16th Centuries.

CHEVY CHASE.

ANONYMOUS.

A "chevauchée" (corrupted into *Chevy Chase*) is the French word for a raid over the enemy's border. It represented such attacks as were often made by the Scots against England. The famous battle of Otterburn, in 1388, came of a "chevauchée." The corrupted name was translated into the "Hunting of the Cheviot," a confusion easily made, since there are Cheviot Hills in Northumberland as well as in Otterburn. In the oldest extant version of "Chevy Chase," the name means "the Cheviot hunting-ground." It is claimed that the old ballad of "The Hunting of the Cheviot" has priority over this, which is probably not older than the time of James I. It is the version of which Addison said, "The old song of *Chevy Chase* is the favorite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather been the author of it than of all his works."

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way:
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day!

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay,

Who sent Earl Piercy present word
He would prevent the sport.
The English Earl, not fearing him,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow-deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain.
Then, having dined, the drivers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear with special care
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Earl Piercy to the quarry went
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised once
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Oh, cease your sports," Earl Piercy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland nor in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here;
That without my consent do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Piercy, he,—
Who said, "We list not to declare
Nor show whose men we be;

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
The chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will outbravéd be
One of us two shall die!
I know thee well! an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy! So am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst be he," Lord Piercy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,—
Witherington was his name,—
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stand looking on:
You two be Earls," said Witherington,
"And I a Squire alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand!
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand!"

Our English archers bent their bows—
Their hearts were good and true,—
At the first flight of arrows sent
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captains moved with mickle might—
Their spears in shivers went.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was great grief to see
How each man chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear!

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved, they laid on load,
They made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steel,
Till blood upon their cheeks, like rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Oh, yield thee, Piercy!" Douglas said,
"And in faith I will thee bring
Where thou shall high advancéd be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas!" quoth Lord Piercy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born!"

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why? my life is at an end;
Lord Piercy sees my fall."

Then, leaving strife, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, "Earl Douglas! for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake!
For sure a more renownéd knight
Mischance did never take!"

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

He passed the English archers all
Without a dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
His body he did gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both those nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain,
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain:

He had a bow bent in his hand
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun,
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Piercy there were slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barón;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliffe too,—
His sister's son was he,—
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh, heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he!"

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him!" said our king,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he!

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revengéd on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After on Humble Down;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus ended the hunting in Chevy Chase
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace!
And grant henceforth that foul debate
Twixt noblemen may cease!

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

ANONYMOUS.

There has been much dispute as to the historical grounds for this ballad, styled by Coleridge "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." The weight of testimony is in favor of its referring to the fate of an expedition which in 1281 carried one Lady Margaret to Norway, as the bride of King Eric. Mr. Robert Chambers translates from Fordoun this account of the incident: "In 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to the King of Norway; leaving Scotland on the last day of July, she was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home, after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinock, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons were drowned." But why, if the expedition sailed "the last day of July," should Sir Patrick object to "the time of the year?" Perhaps the best answer will be, We must not hold ballad-makers to too strict an account. Percy's version differs considerably from the following, which will be found to conform pretty closely to Walter Scott's edition, "made up from two MS. copies, collated with several verses recited by a friend." The versions given by Scott, Jamieson, Buchan, Motherwell, Allingham, and Roberts all seem to differ.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"Oh where will I get a skeely skippér,[1]
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

Then up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailór
That ever sailed the sea."

The king has written a braid lettér,
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughéd he;
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,
Has tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year
To sail upon the sea?

"Be 't wind or weet, be 't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughtér of Noroway,
'Tis we maun fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
And they ha'e landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

[1] A skilful captain.

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leears loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lee!

"For I brought as much o' the white monie
As gane[1] my men and me,
And a half-fou[2] o' the gude red gowd,
Out o'er the sea with me.

"Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm!"

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailór
Will tak' the helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall top-mast—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' the gude ship's side,
And the saut sea it cam' in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our gude ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them into the gude ship's side,
But aye the sea cam' in.

Oh laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was o'er,
They wat their gowden bands.

Oh laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam' hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they'll see nae mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

[1] Served, sufficed.
[2] The eighth of a peck.

GIVE PLACE, YOU LADYES ALL.

BALLAD OF 1566.

Give place, you ladyes all,
Unto my mistresse faire,
For none of you, or great or small,
Can with my love compare.

If you would knowe her well,
You shall her nowe beholde,

If any tonge at all may tell
Her beauties manyfolde.

She is not high ne lowe,
But just the perfect height,
Below my head, above my hart,
And than a wand more straight.

She is not full ne spare,
But just as she sholde bee,
An armfull for a god, I sweare;
And more—she loveth mee.

Her shape hath noe defect,
Or none that I can finde,
Such as indeede you might expect
From so well formde a minde.

Her skin not blacke, ne white,
But of a lovelie hew,
As if created for delight;
Yet she is mortall too.

Her haire is not too darke,
No, nor I weene too light;
It is what it sholde be; and marke—
It pleaseth me outright.

Her eies nor greene, nor gray,
Nor like the heavens above;
And more of them what needes I say,
But that they looke and love?

Her foote not short ne long,
And what may more surprise,
Though some, perchance, may thinke me wrong,
'Tis just the fitting size.

Her hande, yea, then, her hande,
With fingers large or fine,
It is enough, you understand,
I like it—and 'tis mine.

In briefe, I am content
To take her as she is,
And holde that she by heaven was sent
To make compleate my blisse.

Then, ladies, all give place
Unto my mistresse faire,
For now you knowe so well her grace,
You needes must all dispaire.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

ANONYMOUS.

The following is printed by Roberts as it appears in the "Tea-table Miscellany," with the addition of the second stanza from Percy's version, which is undoubtedly genuine, and is required if the gudeman is to answer his wife stanza for stanza. The ballad must have been common to both countries at an early period, as Shakspeare makes Othello quote a stanza of it. The simplicity is marked.

In winter, when the rain rained cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld
Was threatening a' our kye to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
"Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou ken'st my cloak is very thin;
It is so bare and over worn,
A crick he thereon canna rin.
Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend;
For anes I'll new appareled be;
To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me."

"My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come o' a gude kine;
Aft hath she wet the bairnies' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was anes a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I ha'e worn't this thirty year.
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me."

"In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king, that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man o' laigh degree:

'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklin'[1] in the ase?
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me."

"Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty year
Since we did ane anither ken:
And we ha'e had atween us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now they are women grown and men;
I wish and pray weel may they be!
And if you'd prove a good husbánd,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Bell my wife she loves na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

ANONYMOUS.

This ballad, with three or four slight variations that appear in other versions, is from Percy's "Reliques." There is a Scotch version of it; but it differs much from the following, and is far inferior.

PART FIRST.

Lithe[2] and listen, gentlemen;
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotlánd,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him fro,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar;
To alway spend and never spare:
I wot an' he were the king himsel',
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad—
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewárd,
And John o' Scales was calléd he;
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got baith gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne!
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee;
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-pennie;[1]
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board;
He was right glad the land to win:
"The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen;
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

"But swear to me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend:

---

[1] Crouching.

[2] Wait, stay.

[1] Earnest-money.

For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
And, "Come with me, my friends," said he;
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares ne'er mote he thri've."[1]

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxéd thin;
And then his friends they slunk away,
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
And one was brass, another was lead,
And t'other it was white monie.

"Now well-a-day!" said the heir of Linne;
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dule or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And sharply bade him wend his way.

"Now well-a-day!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I had my land so broad,
On me they lived right merrilie.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame;
To rob and steal, it were a sin;
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He lookéd up, he lookéd down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls:
"Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed;
Nought save a rope with a running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah, graceless wretch! hast spent thy all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave;
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent[1] with this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spak' the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spak' but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his bodie;
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonied lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead:
At length he looked and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and looked it on;
Straight good comfort found he there;

[1] Thrive.

[1] Shamed, mortified.

It told him of a hole in the wall
In which there stood three chests in-fere.[1]

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white monie;
And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:—

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
"And let be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This rede[2] shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheer;
I wis, he neither stint nor staid,
Till John o' the Scales' house he cam' near.

And when he cam' to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere[3] then lookéd he:
There sat three lords at the board's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespak' the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales then spak' he:
"I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence to lend to me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
Away, away! this may not be;
For a curse be on my head," he said,
"If ever I lend thee one pennie!"

Then bespak' the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spak' he:
"Madam, some alms on me bestow,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we suld hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then up bespak' a good fellów,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a right good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty, if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargáin it was to thee."

Then up bespak' him John o' the Scales,
All wud[1] he answered him again:
"Now a curse be on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargáin."

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said:
With that he gave him a god's-pennie.
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monie."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din:
"The gold is thine, the land is mine;
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellów!
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-day!" quoth Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-a-day, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but Joan o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales," said he;
"When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

[1] Together.
[2] Advice.
[3] An aperture in the wall; a shot window.

[1] Furious.

THE NUT-BROWN MAIDE.

ANONYMOUS.

This famous old ballad appears in "Arnold's Chronicle," printed about 1502. On it Prior founded his versified story of "Henry and Emma," much inferior to this in simplicity and force. We have adhered quite closely to the old spelling, inasmuch as it could hardly be dissevered from the style without injury to the latter. The "banished man" and the "nut-brown maid" are well contrasted.

Be it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complaine;
Affirmyng this, how that it is
A labour spent in vaine
To love them wele, for never a dele
They love a man agayne;
For lete a man do what he can
Their favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue,
Their first trew lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banysshed man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and sayde
That woman's fayth is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayed;
But, nevertheless, right good witnés
In this case might be layd:
That they love trew, and contynew,
Record the Nut-browne Maide,
Whiche from her love, whan her to prove
He cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe; for in her harte
She lovyd but hym allone.

Then betweene us lete us discusse
What was all the manér
Betwene them too; we wyl also
Tell all the peyne and fere
That she was in. Nowe I begynne,
So that ye me answére;
Wherefore, all ye that present be,
I pray you, geve an eare.
I am the knyght; I cum be nyght,
As secret as I can,
Saying, "Alas! thus stondyth the case—
I am a banysshed man."

SHE.

And I your wylle for to fulfylle
In this wyl not refuse;
Trusting to shewe, in wordís fewe,
That men have an ille use
(To their owne shame) wymen to blame,
And causeles them accuse:
Therefore to you I answere now,
Alle wymen to excuse,—
Mine owne herte dere, with you what chiere?
I pray you, tell anoon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you allon.

HE.

It stondeth so: a deed is do
Whereof moche harme shal growe;
My desteny is for to dye
A shamful dethe, I trowe,
Or ellis to flee: the one must be:—
None other wey I knowe
But to withdrawe as an outlaw,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherefore, adieu, my own hert trewe
None other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse,
That chaungeth as the mone?
My somer's day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.
I here you say farewel: Nay, nay,
We départe not so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
Alle my welfáre to sorrow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve it shal you greve,
And somewhat you distrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynés harde
Within a day or tweyne
Shall sone aslake, and ye shal take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can;
For I must to the greene wode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shal me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wole not leve behynde;
Shal never be sayd the Nut-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkind:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Although it were anoon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede,
What men wyl think and say:
Of yonge and olde it shal be told
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle,
In greene woode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me
Be called an ill womán,
Yet wolde I to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Though it be sunge of old and yonge
That I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large
In hurting of my name;
For I wyl prove that feythful love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your distresse and heavinesse
To parte wyth you, the same:
And sure all tho' that do not so,
Trewe lovers ar they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counsel you, remembre how
It is no mayden's lawe
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outláwe;
For ye must there in your hande bere
A bowe, to bere and drawe;
And, as a theef, thus must you lyeve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Whereby to you gret harme meghte grow:
Yet had I lever than
That I had to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

I thinke not nay, but as ye saye,
It is no mayden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte, and shote,
To gete us mete and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to parte it makith my herte
As colde as ony ston;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outláwe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde,
Without pitee hangéd to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had neede (as God forbede!),
What rescue coude ye finde?
For sothe, I trow, ye and your bowe
Shuld drawe for fere behynde;
And no merveyle, for lytel avayle
Were in your councel than:
Wherefore I to the woode will go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee
But febyl for to fyght;
No womanhed is it, indeede,
To bee bolde as a knight:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
Among enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde with bowe in hande,
To greeve them as I myght,
And you to save—as wymen have
From deth men many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the deep valléys,
The snowe, the frost, the reyn,

The colde, the hete: for, drye or wete,
We must lodge on the playn;
And us aboove none other roof
But a brake bussh or twayne;
Whiche sone shuld greve you, I beleve,
And ye wulde gladly than
That I had to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here been partynére
With you of joy and blysse,
I must alsó parte of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet am I sure of one pleasúre;
And, shortly, it is this:
That where ye bee, me semeth, perdé,[1]
I colde not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf ye go thyder, ye must consider,
Whan ye have lust to dine,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, nor wine.
No shetis clene to lye betwene,
Made of thred and twyne;
None other house but levys and bowes
To kever your hed and myn:
So, myne herte swete, this evil diéte
Shuld make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archére
As men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitáyle,
Where is so grete plenté.
And watir cleere of the ryvére
Shal be ful swete to me:
Wyth whiche in hele[2] I shal right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or too
I can provide anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[1] Par dieu.

[2] Health.

HE.

Lo, yet before ye must do more,
Yf ye wyl go with me:
As cutte your here up by your ere,[1]
Your kirtle by the knee;
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde
Your enmys, yf nede be;
And this same nyght, before daylight,
To woodward wyl I flee.
And yf ye wyl all this fulfylle,
Do it shortly as ye can;
Ellis wyl I to the greene woode go
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

I shal as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete moder! before all other
For you have I most drede!
But now adiew! I must ensue
Wher fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now lete us flee;
The day cums fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shal not go,
And I shal telle you whye,—
Your appetyte is to be lyght
Of love, I wele aspie.
For like as ye have sayd to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayde of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
And so is a womán.
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Suche wordis to say bee mee;
For oft ye preyd, and long assayed,
Or I you lovid, perdé:
And though that I of auncestry
A baron's doughter be,

[1] As cut your hair up by your ear.

Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degree—
And ever shal, whatso befalle;
To dey[1] therefore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

A baron's childe to be begyled!
It were a cusséd dede!
To be felow with an outláwe!
Almyghty God forbede!
You bettyr were the pouer squyér
Alone to forest yede,[2]
Than ye shulde saye another day
That be my wyked dede
Ye were betrayed: Wherefore, good maide,
The best rede that I can
Is that I to the greene woode go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

SHE.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shal
Of this thing you upbraid;
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele how that ye dele;
For yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
Your love, the Nut-brown Maide,
Trust me truly that I shall dey
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went ye shulde repente,
For in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrér than ever ye were,
I dare it wel avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherefore I to the woode wyl go,
Alone, a banysshed man.

[1] To die.

[2] Went.

SHE.

Though in the wode I understode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought
But that I will be your:
And she shall fynd me softe and kynde,
And courteis every our;
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Yet wolde I be that one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Mine ounne dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kynde and trene;
Of mayde and wyf in all my lyf
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaungéd newe;
For it were ruthe that for your truthe
You shulde have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed whatsoever I sayd
To you whan I began;
I will not to the greene woode go,
I am no banysshed man.

SHE.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure;
But it is often seen,
When men wil breke promyse, they speke
The wordis on the splene.[1]
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele fro me, I wene:
Then were the case wurs than it was,
And I more wo-begone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shal not nede further to drede;
I wyl not disparáge
You (God defende!), sith you descende
Of so gret a lineáge.
Nou understonde: to Westmerlande,
Which is mine herytage,

[1] On a sudden.

I wyl you bringe; and wyth a ryng,
Be wey of maryáge,
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have ye wone an erlé's son,
And not a banysshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see that wymen be
In love, meke, kinde, and stable;
Let never man repreve them than,
Or calle them variáble;
But rather prey God that we may
To them be comfortáble;
Which somtyme provyeth suche as he loveth,
Yf they be charitáble.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde
Be meke to them eche one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Hym alone.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

ANONYMOUS.

This favorite old ballad, often attributed to Burns because of his alteration of some of the lines, is an anonymous production, and believed to be anterior to 1646.

There came three men out of the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath
Poor Barleycorn should die.
They took a plough and ploughed him in,
And harrowed clods on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath
Poor Barleycorn was dead.
There he lay sleeping in the ground
Till rain from the sky did fall;
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.

There he remained till midsummer,
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.
Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn
They served him barbarously:
Then they sent men with pitchforks strong,
To pierce him through the heart;
And, like a dreadful tragedy,
They bound him to a cart.

And then they brought him to a barn,
A prisoner, to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor:
Then they set men with holly clubs
To beat the flesh from his bones;
But the miller he served him worse than that,
For he ground him betwixt two stones.
Oh, Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That ever was sown on land!
It will do more than any grain
By the turning of your hand.

It will make a boy into a man,
And a man into an ass;
It will change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass:
It will make the huntsman hunt the fox
That never wound his horn;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks,
That people may him scorn:
It will put sack into a glass,
And claret in the can;
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stan'.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

ANONYMOUS.

The following is from a black-letter copy, reprinted in Evans's "Old Ballads," London, 1777.

FIRST PART.

Over the mountains,
And under the waves;
Over the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
But if Love come, he will enter,
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,

Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse;
But if he whom Love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind:
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love (if you so call him)
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the East:
With fear the tiger's movéd
To give over his prey,
But never stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy, Earl of Warwick,
That champion so stout,
With his warlike behavior
Through the world he did stray,
To win his Phillis' favor:
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After adventures
And policy brave,
To see whom he desired,
His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired:
Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot
Which true-lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it:
Make use of your inventions
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions;
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar,
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may;
Yet, be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes
And greatest emperors;
In any provinces
Such is Love's power.
There is no resisting
But him to obey;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare;
Winds, that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

THE TWA SISTERS O' BINNORIE.

ANONYMOUS.

This ballad was popular in England before 1656. There are several versions of it. Jamieson gives one taken down from the recitation of a Mrs. Brown, "who had it from an old woman;" but he interpolates it with several stanzas of his own. There are numerous parodies of the piece. Both Scott and

Jamieson adopted the "Binnorie" burden without saying distinctly where it came from. We have selected the version in Allingham's collection as the best and probably the most authentic. Opinions differ as to the pronunciation of *Binnorie*. Lockhart and Aytoun say the accent should be on the first syllable; other and equally good authorities say *Binno'rie*.

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r:
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexéd sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And sair envíed her sister fair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, tak' my hand,"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And let's go down to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And down they went to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And ye sall be heir o' half my land"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And sweet Williám sall be your love"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Out then cam' the miller's son
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid soummin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There's either a mermaid or a swan,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drowned womán,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Round about her middle sma'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
There went a gowden girdle bra',
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

All amang her yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A string o' pearls was twisted rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers, lily-white,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harpéd to nobles when they dine,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sighed and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"Fareweel, my father and mither dear!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist when the harp began to sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Twas "Fareweel, sweetheart!" said the string,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then, as plain as plain could be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There sits my sister who drownéd me!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

ANONYMOUS.

Of this ballad there are various versions. We have chosen that collated by Mr. Allingham. It is supposed to be founded on fact, but there is little except loose tradition by which to verify it. The river Yarrow, much famed in song, runs through a wide vale in Selkirkshire, between lofty green hills, and joins the Tweed above the town of Selkirk. The "Tennies" is a farm below the Yarrow Kirk.

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,[1]
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"What though ye be my sister's lord?
We'll cross our swords to-morrow."
"What though my wife your sister be?
I'll meet ye then on Yarrow."

"Oh, stay at hame, my ain gude lord!
Oh, stay, my ain dear marrow![2]
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie[3] banks o' Yarrow."

"Oh, fare ye weel, my lady dear!
And put aside your sorrow;
For if I gae, I'll sune return
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She belted him wi' his gude brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

When he gaed up the Tennies bank,
As he gaed many a morrow,
Nine armed men lay in a den,
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow.

"Oh, come ye here to hunt or hawk
The bonny Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow?"

"I come not here to hunt or hawk,
As oft I've dune before, O;
But I come here to wield my brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow."

"If ye attack me nine to ane,
That God may send ye sorrow!—
Yet will I fight while stand I may,
On the bonny banks o' Yarrow."

Two has he hurt, and three has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, you brither John,
And tell your sister sorrow,—
To come and lift her leafu' lord
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

Her brither John gaed o'er yon hill,
As oft he'd done before, O;
There he met his sister dear,
Cam' rinnin' fast to Yarrow.

"I dreamt a dream last night," she says;
"I wish it binna sorrow;
I dreamt I pu'd the heather green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow."

"I'll read your dream, sister," he says;
"I'll read it into sorrow:
Ye're bidden go take up your love;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."

She's torn the ribbons frae her head
That were baith braid and narrow;
She's kilted up her lang claithing,
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her armes twa,
And gi'en him kisses thorough;
She sought to bind his many wounds,
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

"Oh, haud your tongue," her father says,
"And let be a' your sorrow;
I'll wed you to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

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[1] Reckoning.
[2] Married; husband or wife.
[3] Doleful.

"Oh, hand your tongue, fathér," she says;
"Far warse ye mak' my sorrow:
A better lord could never be
Than him that lies on Yarrow."

She kissed his lips, she kaimed his hair,
As aft she'd done before, O;
And there wi' grief her heart did break,
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

ROBIN HOOD'S RESCUE OF WILL STUTLY.

ANONYMOUS.

This is but one of the numerous Robin Hood ballads, popular in England early in the 15th century, perhaps earlier. It is from an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony Wood. Robin Hood was born about 1160, in the reign of Henry II.

When Robin Hood in the greenwood lived,
Derry, derry, down,
Under the greenwood-tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty,
Hey down, derry, derry, down,

That Will Stutly surpriséd was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired,
Did likely him betray:

I, and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as it is day;
Before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutly slay.

When Robin Hood he heard this news,
Lord! he was grievéd sore;
And to his merry men he did say
(Who altogether swore),

That Will Stutly should rescued be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.

He clothed himself in scarlet red,
His men were all in green;
A finer show, throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.

Good Lord! it was a gallant sight
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the greenwood are they gone,
Yea, all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutly home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle near,
Whereas Will Stutly lay,
"I hold it good," saith Robin Hood,
"We here in ambush stay,

"And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands undér the castle wall,
Some news he may declare."

With that steps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold,
Thus did he speak to the old man:
"I pray thee, palmer old,

"Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth prisoner lie?"

"Alack! alas!" the palmer said,
"And forever wo is me!
Will Stutly hanged must be this day,
On yonder gallows-tree.

"Oh, had his noble master known,
He would some succor send;
A few of his bold yeomandrie
Full soon would fetch him hence."

"I, that is true," the young man said;
"I, that is true," said he.
"Or, if they were near to this place,
They soon would set him free.

"But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee;
If Stutly hangéd be this day,
Revenged his death will be."

He was no sooner from the palmer gone,
But the gates were opened wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every side.

When he was forth of the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say to the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly:

"Now seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon," said he,
"For my noble master ne'er had a man,
That hanged was on the tree:

"Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground."

But his desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain;
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be,
And not by the sword be slain.

"Do but unbind my hands," he says;
"I will no weapons crave;
And if I hangéd be this day,
Damnation let me have."

"Oh no, oh no," the sheriff said,
"Thou shalt on the gallows die,
I, and so shall thy master too,
If ever in me it lie."

"Oh, dastard coward!" Stutly cries,
"Thou faint-heart peasant slave!
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.

"My noble master doth thee scorn,
And all thy coward crew;
Such silly imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue."

But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush leaps Little John,
And comes Will Stutly to:

"I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave;
I needs must borrow him for a while,
How say you, master shrieve?"

"Now, as I live," the sheriff he said,
"That varlet well I know;
Some sturdy rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go."

Then Little John most hastily
Away cut Stutly's bands,
And from one of the sheriff's men
A sword twitcht from his hands.

"Here, Will, take thou this same, my lad,
Thou canst it better sway;
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straightway."

And there they turned them back to back,
In the middle of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approachéd near,
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
I wist from Robin Hood.
"Make haste, make haste," the sheriff he said,
"Make haste, for it is good."

The sheriff is gone, his doughty men
Thought it no boot to stay,
But as their master had them taught,
They ran full fast away.

"Oh stay, oh stay," Will Stutly said;
"Take leave ere you depart;
You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him meet."

"Oh ill betide you," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you so soon are gone;
My sword may in the scabbard rest,
For here our work is done."

"I little thought," Will Stutly said,
"When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face."

Thus Stutly was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe:
"Oh thanks, oh thanks to my mastér,
Since here it was not so.

"And once again, my fellows all,
We shall in the green woods meet,
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
Music for us most sweet."

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

ANONYMOUS (before 1689).

Begone, dull care!
I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull care!
Thou and I can never agree.

Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man gray;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it is the wisest thing
To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care!
I'll none of thy company;
Hence, dull care!
Thou art no pair for me.
We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
So merrily pass the day;
And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
We'll drive dull care away.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

SIMON WASTELL (1560–1630).

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;—
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearléd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span not long;
The swan near death; man's life is done.

* * * * * *

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN-A-DALE.

ANONYMOUS.

Come, listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outláw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.
As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.
The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.
The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh—
"Alack, and a well-a-day!"
Then steppéd forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

"Stand off, stand off!" the young man said;
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"
"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."
"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood;
"Come, tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allin-a-Dale."
"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,

To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man.
"No ready gold nor fee;
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servánt for to be."
"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come, tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor bin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north countree."
"O welcome, O welcome!" the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."
With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."
Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three,
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping o'er the lea.
And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The very first man was Allin-a-Dale
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."
"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."
Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it on Little John:
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire
The people began to laugh:
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.
"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allin-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."
And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

WALY, WALY.

ANONYMOUS.

First published as an old song in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," in 1724. Part of it (by Robert Chambers all of it) has been pieced into a later ballad on the Marchioness of Douglass; married 1670, and deserted by her husband.

Oh waly, waly,[1] up the bank,
Oh waly, waly, doun the brae,[2]
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,[3]
Where I and my love were wont to gae!
I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree,
But first it bowed, and syne it brak',—
And sae did my fause love to me.

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.
Oh, wherefore should I busk[4] my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Noo Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be pressed by me;
Saint Anton's Well[5] sall be my drink;
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
Oh gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weariе.

[1] An exclamation of sorrow, the root and the pronunciation of which are preserved in *eiderawaul*.
[2] Hill-side. [3] Brook. [4] Adorn.
[5] Saint Anton's Well was at the foot of Arthur's Seat, by Edinburgh.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glas-gow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cramasie.[1]

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been so ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case o' goud,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel' were deid and gone,
And the green grass growing over me!

EDWARD.

ANONYMOUS.

This remarkable little dramatic ballad was first printed in Percy's "Reliques," from a manuscript transmitted by Lord Hailes. There are several versions, and a good German translation of it by Herder.

"Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
"Oh, I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither:
Oh, I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude,
And I ha'e nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward:
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."
"Oh, I ha'e killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither:
Oh, I ha'e killed my red-roan steed,
That was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye've plenty mair,
Edward, Edward:
Your steed was auld, and ye've plenty mair;
Some ither dule ye dree,[2] O."
"Oh, I ha'e killed my father dear,
Mither, mither:
Oh, I ha'e killed my father dear!
Alas! and wae is me, O!"

"What penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
What penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither:
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare o'er the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your towers and ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
I'll let them stand till they doun fa';
For here I maunna be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and wife,
When ye gang o'er the sea, O?"
"The warld's room: let them beg through life,
Mither, mither:
The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them I ne'er maun see, O."

"And what will ye leave to your mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your mither dear?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,—
Sic counsels ye gied me, O!"

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ANONYMOUS (1570).

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
'Twill not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.

[1] Crimson.

[2] Some other grief you suffer.

I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures:
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth
As now, in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore;
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel:
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain—
So to thee farewell!

TRUE LOVELINESS.

ANONYMOUS.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:
* * * * * *
Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find,—
One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—
My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit wonned above,
Hers could not stay for sympathy.

LINES WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING YOUNG, AND CONDEMNED TO DIE.

CHIDIOCK TYCHBORN.

Chidiock Tychborn, the author of these lines, shared in Babington's conspiracy, and was executed with him in 1586. For more about him, see an article in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my good is but vain hope of gain:
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in the womb;
I looked at life, and saw it was a shade;
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb;
And now I die, and now I am but made:
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

ANONYMOUS.

Mr. Motherwell supposes that this ballad is probably a Lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivat, October, 1594.

Hie upon Hielands, and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled and gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his horse, but never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither, greeting fu' sair;
And out cam' his bonnie bride, riving her hair.
Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;
Toom[1] hame cam' the saddle, but never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to bigg,[2] and my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;
Toom cam' the saddle, but never cam' he!

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[1] Empty. [2] Build.

SILENT MUSIC.

The following is found in "Observations on the Art of English Poesy" (London, 1602), by Thomas Campion. The purpose of the book is mainly to prove that rhyme is altogether an unnecessary appendage to English verse. The lines are so graceful, it is a wonder that we have nothing more from the same pen.

Rose-cheeked Laura, come!
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing,
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord;

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
Selves eternal.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

ANONYMOUS.

This old poem, which was altered and enlarged by David Dickson, a Scotch clergyman (1583–1662), seems to have been by no means improved by the enlargement; and we give it here in its earlier form. Probably the hymn has received contributions from various hands, and it would seem to be partly derived from translations from the Latin.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
Nor hurt, nor ache, nor sore;
There is no death, nor ugly dole,
But Life for evermore.
There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold;—
O God, that I were there!
Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case.
We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure, and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

ANONYMOUS.

Helen Irving, daughter of the laird of Kirkconnell, in Dumfriesshire, was beloved by two gentlemen. The name of the one suitor was Adam Fleming; that of the other has escaped tradition. The addresses of the latter were, however, favored by the lady, and the lovers were obliged to meet in the church-yard of Kirkconnell. During one of these interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between the rivals, in which Fleming was cut to pieces. The graves of the lovers are still shown in the church-yard of Kirkconnell.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries.
Oh that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd[1] Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

Oh, think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lea,—

I lighted down, my sword did draw;
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

[1] Maid.

King Charles I.

Charles I., King of England, grandson of Mary, Queen of Scots, was born at Dunfermline, in Scotland, in 1600, and executed in London, January 30th, 1649. The poem from which the following twelve triplets are taken consists of twenty-four, most of them quite inferior to the following. Archbishop Trench does "not doubt that these lines are what they profess to be, the composition of King Charles; their authenticity is stamped on every line." They are creditable to his literary culture, and show that he inherited some of the poetical faculty of his grandmother.

A ROYAL LAMENTATION.

Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings.

Nature and law by Thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous royalty),
With this dim diadem invested me.

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe;
Yet am I levelled with the life of Job.

* * * * *

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrownéd head,
Are they that owe my bounty for their bread.

Great Britain's heir is forcéd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps at his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the King's name the king's himself uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears—such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, to advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the State.

Felons obtain more privilege than I;
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st do not know what they do.

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this Church and State!

Sir William Davenant.

A native of Oxford, Davenant (1605–1668) succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate. He was the son of an innkeeper, and educated at Oxford. In 1643 he was knighted by King Charles. His works consist of dramas, masques, addresses, and an unfinished epic called "Gondibert," which he dedicates to Hobbes. He left a son, Charles, who sat in Parliament, and distinguished himself somewhat as a literary man.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expense of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb:

For I must go, where lazy peace
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft;
Can I in war delight,
Who, being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
Ordained a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stolen away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
Oh, then, with speed resign
My own seducéd heart to me,
Accompanied with thine.

TO THE QUEEN.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are;—
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much-injured sphere;
And, to ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Sir Thomas Browne.

Browne (1605–1682) is known chiefly for his prose writings. His "Religio Medici" is still in demand at the book-stores. Of his poems we have one favorable specimen. He was born in London, became a practising physician at Norwich, and was knighted by Charles II. in 1671.

THE NIGHT IS COME.

The night is come: like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away!
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.

Keep still in my horizon: for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep!
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close;
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigor run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; oh! make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die:
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
Oh! come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

Edmund Waller.

Waller (1605–1687) flourished under the rule of Charles I. and Charles II. His mother was aunt of the celebrated John Hampden, who was first cousin both of Edmund Waller and Oliver Cromwell. Rich and well-born, Waller was educated at Eton, and became a member of Parliament at eighteen. His political life was eventful, and not wholly to his credit. He sat in all the parliaments of Charles II., and was the delight of the House: even at eighty years of age he was the liveliest and wittiest man within its walls. His verses are smooth and polished, but superficial. Overpraised in his day, his fame has, not undeservedly, declined. He was left heir to an estate of £3500 in his infancy, and was either a Roundhead or a Royalist, as the time served. At twenty-five he married a rich heiress of London, who died the same year. Easy and witty, he was yet cold and selfish.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

William Habington.

Habington (1605–1645) was a Roman Catholic. He was educated at St. Omer's and Paris, and after his return to England married the lady who is the "Castara" of his volume of poems. He had no stormy passions to agitate him, no unruly imagination to control. His verses are often of a placid, tender, elegant description, but studded with conceits.

NOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES.

No monument of me remain,—
My memory rust
In the same marble with my dust,—
Ere I the spreading laurel gain
By writing wanton or profane!

Ye glorious wonders of the skies!
Shine still, bright stars,
The Almighty's mystic characters!
I'd not your beauteous lights surprise
To illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet:
The untouched flowers may grow and die
Safe from my fancy's injury.

Open my lips, great God! and then
I'll soar above
The humble flight of carnal love:
Upward to thee I'll force my pen,
And trace no paths of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded souls
Worthy to be
Their object find, excepting thee?
Where can I fix? since time controls
Our pride, whose motion all things rolls.

Should I myself ingratiate
To a prince's smile,
How soon may death my hopes beguile!
And should I farm the proudest state,
I'm tenant to uncertain fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfeit of our lust
Distaste us when resolved to dust!

But thou, eternal banquet! where
Forever we
May feed without satiety!
Who harmony art to the ear,—
Who *art*, while all things else *appear!*

While up to thee I shoot my flame,
Thou dost dispense
A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all pomps that aim
At other triumphs than thy name.

It crowns me with a victory
So heavenly,—all
That's earth from me away doth fall:
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vows even part of thee.

John Milton.

Milton (1608–1674) was the younger son of a London scrivener in good circumstances. At sixteen he entered Christ's College, Cambridge; taking his degree of M.A. in 1632, about which time he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas," and other of his shorter poems. Afterward he travelled in Italy for some fifteen months, and visited blind old Galileo. Returning to England, he kept school for awhile. He strongly advocated the Republican cause, and, on the death of Charles I., was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State. At the Restoration he retired into private life; and it was then, in his old age, when he had become totally blind, that he wrote his immortal poems, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."

Milton was married three times—first, in 1643, to Mary Powell. It was a hasty marriage, and an unhappy one. Six years after her death he was united to Catherine Woodcock, with whom he lived happily for a year, when, to his great grief, she died. It is of her he speaks in one of his sonnets as "his late espouséd saint." In 1660 he married Elizabeth Minshull, who proved an excellent wife. Milton's English sonnets, seventeen in number, are happily described by Wordsworth as "soul-animating strains, alas! too few." Johnson, however, could not see their grandeur, and explained what he considered Milton's "failure" by remarking to Hannah More, "Milton's was a genius that could hew a Colossus out of a rock, but could not carve heads on cherry-stones." In his youth Milton was remarkable for his beauty of countenance. His life was the pattern of simplicity and purity, almost to austerity. He acted from his youth as "under his great Taskmaster's eye."

Milton's two juvenile poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," hardly deserve the reputation they have long held. He evidently took his hints for them partly from a forgotten poem prefixed to Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and partly from the song, by Beaumont and Fletcher, "Hence, all you vain delights!" (which see). The poem in Burton's book has these lines:

> "When I go musing all alone,
> Thinking of diverse things foreknown;
> When I build castles in the air,
> Void of sorrow, void of fear,
> Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
> Methinks the time runs very fleet.
> All my joys to this are folly;
> Naught so sweet as Melancholy!"

The remainder of the poem is still more suggestive of resemblance, both in the measure and the general tone. The following tribute to the nobility of Milton's character is paid by Macaulay: "If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience." The fame of this eminent poet seems to have been undisturbed by the lapse of time.

L'ALLEGRO.[1]

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven y-cleped Euphrosyne,[2]
And by men, heart-easing Mirth!
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing—
As he met her once a-Maying—
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,—
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathéd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;—
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free;—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;[1]
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before;—
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;—
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead
To the tanned hay-cock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks[2] sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade;

[1] The man of mirth.
[2] *Euphrosyne* (*Gr.*), Cheerfulness: one of the Graces.

[1] Warton says: "Sweetbrier and eglantine are the same plant; by the 'twisted eglantine' he therefore means the honeysuckle."
[2] A sort of fiddle.

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;—
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friars' lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend!
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out-of-doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled to sleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,—
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnéd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce;
In notes with many a winding bout[1]
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,—
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

[1] A fold or twist.

IL PENSEROSO.[1]

Hence, vain, deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain):
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress[2] lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commércing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:

[1] The melancholy man.
[2] A thin transparent texture.

There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's[1] drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm:—
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,[1]
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced,[2] as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute[3] drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

[1] Anciently the watchman, who cried the hours, used sundry benedictions.—Warton.

[1] A reference to the "Squire's Tale," by Chaucer.

[2] From the French *froncer*, to curl, and refers to an excessive dressing of the hair.

[3] That is, drops at intervals, by minutes.

There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aëry stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

This noble monody was written in memory of a dear and learned friend, Mr. Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College, and first appeared in a Cambridge collection of verses on the subject, 1638.

Yet once more, oh ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn;
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus, to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set-off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain;
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah, who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Beside what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus! the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams. Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount

Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While still the Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

THE MESSENGER'S ACCOUNT OF SAMSON.

From "Samson Agonistes."

Occasions drew me early to this city;
And as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had despatched
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games:
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold:
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armèd guards,
Both horse and foot: before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission' sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He, unsuspicious, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved.
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed:
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

SCENE FROM "COMUS."

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure, something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself:
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that, in rural shrine,
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan; by blessed song
Forbidding every bleak, unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears:
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lad. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

Lad. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss beside the present need?

Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Com. Two such I saw what time the labored ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And, as I passed, I worshipped: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven
To help you find them.

Lad. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of starlight,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till farther quest.

Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly shed
With smoky rafters than in tapestry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, blessed Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength.—Shepherd, lead on!

SATAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH.

From "Paradise Lost," Book II.

The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,

For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not feared; God and his Son except,
Created thing[1] naught valued he, nor shunned;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven."

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:
"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood,
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus[2] huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frowned the mighty combatants that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood,
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe:[1] and now great deeds
Had been achieved whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

[1] "Created thing." This species of grammatical, or, rather, logical, error occurs more than once in Milton.

[2] Or, Serpentarius, the serpent-bearer, a conspicuous constellation in the northern hemisphere.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

From "Paradise Lost," Book V.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies day without night
Circle his throne, rejoicing: ye, in heaven;
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet! praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb, that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things: let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,—
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,

[1] The Messiah.

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

ONE FIRST MATTER ALL.

From "Paradise Lost," Book V.

To whom the wingéd Hierarch replied:
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves
More aery: last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding: whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive or intuitive: discourse
Is oftest yours; the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporeal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and, winged, ascend
Ethereal, as we; or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

WHAT IS GLORY?

Christ's Reply to the Tempter, "Paradise Regained," Book III.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
And what delight to be by such extolled,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise—
His lot who dares be singularly good?
The intelligent among them, and the wise,
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.

* * * * * *

They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,

Without ambition, war, or violence—
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure:
Who names not now with honor patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?),
By what he taught and suffered for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffered; if young Africane for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unpraised—the man, at least—
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument;
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,—
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

WRITTEN ABOUT MAY, 1652.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownéd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued;
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold:
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil—what each means,
What severs each—thou hast learned, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED DECEMBER 16TH, 1646.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss forever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

SONG: ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

FROM THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE IN "COMUS."

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crispéd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring:
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

* * * * * *

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Richard Crashaw.

Crashaw (about 1610–1650) was educated at Cambridge, and took holy orders. In France he became a Roman Catholic. His religious poetry and his translations from Latin and Italian are of a high order, though marred by the affectations fashionable in his day. In the same year that he graduated he published a volume of poems, chiefly religious, in Latin. They contain one memorable line. Referring to Christ's miracle of turning water into wine, he wrote:

"Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."
(The modest water saw its God, and blushed.)

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS'S[1] RULE OF HEALTH.

* * * * * *
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader! would'st thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with what she should be dressed;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Would'st see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunéd humors be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Would'st see December smile?
Would'st see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends:—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see?
Hark, hither! and—thyself be he!

[1] Leonard Lessius was not a physician, but a famous Jesuit. He was born near Antwerp in 1554, taught philosophy and theology at Louvain, and died in 1623. Among his works was one on the True Rule of Health, in which he recommends hygienic remedies, and disapproves of drugs.

FROM "WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS."

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth:

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistering shoe-tie;—

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan:

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile:

A face that's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest:

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope:

* * * * * *

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

* * * * * *

Eyes that displace
The neighbor diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

* * * * * *

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow:

Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night;

* * * * * *

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Sidnean[1] showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers:

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all—nothing within that lowers:

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

* * * * * *

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here,
Lo, I unclothe and clear
My Wish's cloudy character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My Fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but—her story.

TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

[1] Either in allusion to the conversations in the "Arcadia," or to Sir Philip Sidney himself, as a model of gentleness in spirit and demeanor.

Marquis of Montrose.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612–1650), descended from an ancient Scotch family, was a famous royalist under Charles I. He won a series of brilliant victories as commander of the royal forces. Under a commission from Charles II., then in exile, he landed in

Scotland, but his little invading army was routed, and he was seized, conveyed to Edinburgh, and there hung and quartered, May 21st, 1650, after the barbarous fashion of the times. Of the following spirited poem there are several corrupt versions.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm, or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me,—
Or com'mittees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword:
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Sir John Suckling.

Suckling (1609–1641) was born at Witham, in Middlesex. His father was Secretary of State to James I. The young poet went abroad, and served under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Returning to England, he attempted with others to deliver Strafford from the Tower; for this he was ordered to appear at the bar of the House of Commons, whereupon he set out for France. While stopping at an inn, he was robbed by a servant, who, to prevent pursuit, stuck the blade of a penknife inside his master's boot, and when Suckling, in haste, tried to draw it on, he received a wound, of which he died.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

Sir John Denham.

Denham (1615–1668), son of the Chief-baron of Exchequer in Ireland, was born at Dublin. He was made Governor of Farnham Castle by Charles I., who told him, on seeing one of his poems, "that when men are young, and have little else to do, they may vent the overflowings of their fancy in that way; but when they are thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it looked as if they minded not the way to any better." The poet stood corrected, and his Muse was dumb for a time. His marriage was an unhappy one, and his closing years were darkened by insanity, from which, however, he recovered. His principal poem is "Cooper's Hill," which was highly praised for a few generations, but would hardly have escaped oblivion if produced in these days; but Dryden said of it: "For the majesty of the style it is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing;" and Pope extolled it. We quote the well-known passage descriptive of the Thames: it is far above anything else in the poem.

DESCRIPTION OF THE THAMES.

From "Cooper's Hill."

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays:
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs:
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind,—
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tours
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

Samuel Butler.

The son of a Worcestershire farmer, Samuel Butler (1612-1680) is not known to have had a university education. Having lost his wife's fortune through bad investments, he became an author, and published in 1663 the first part of his "Hudibras," a satire launched at the Puritan party. It is indebted for much of its celebrity to public sympathy with its partisan hits. It had a large success, and has been praised as "the best burlesque poem in the English language"—which is not saying much for it. It now has few readers. But it contains several epigrammatic expressions which have become proverbial, and it is rich in wit and wisdom. Butler died obscurely in his sixty-eighth year, having suffered deeply from that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side:
On either which he could dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument,—a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl:
A calf an alderman; a goose a justice;
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric—he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope.
And when he happened to break off
I' the middle of his speech, or cough,
He'd hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnéd pedants much affect.
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages.
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he'd talked three parts in one.
Which made some think when he did gabble
They'd heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

FROM "MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS."

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honor, built to show
How humble honor ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gained by losing of their way.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity and pride and arrogance,
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

Jeremy Taylor.

Known chiefly as a theologian, Taylor (1613–1667) was also in the highest sense a poet, as his devotional writings, though in prose, abundantly show. He was a native of Cambridge, and having taken his degree at Caius College, was admitted to holy orders when he was little more than twenty. His wife was said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I. Taylor attached himself to the royal cause, and after encountering many vicissitudes of fortune, incident to civil wars, was made a bishop by Charles II. in 1661. He seems to have been thoroughly estimable as a man, and faithful in the discharge of his clerical duties.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Lord! come away!
Why dost thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet!
Ride on triumphantly! Behold, we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in thy way!
Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts! Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too; and full as dear
As that of Sion, and as full of sin:
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein:
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane that holy place
Where thou hast chose to set thy face!
And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy Deity,
The stones out of the temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet! Amen!

Henry More.

Henry More (1614–1687), who published in 1642 a "Platonical Song of the Soul," in four books, was six years younger than Milton. He lived a hermit-life at Cambridge, was a great admirer of Plato, a correspondent of Descartes, and a friend of Cudworth. He wrote various prose works, and in his "Immortality of the Soul" showed that he was a full believer in apparitions and various psychical phenomena. He fully sympathized with Glanvil in his belief that there was a substantial basis of spiritual agency in witchcraft; and he believed that he himself had had superhuman communications. He seems to have adopted the Platonic notion of the soul's pre-existence.

THE PRE-EXISTENCY OF THE SOUL.

Rise, then, Aristo's son, assist my Muse!
Let that high sprite which did enrich thy brains
With choice conceits, some worthy thoughts infuse
Worthy thy title and the reader's pains.
And thou, O Lycian sage! whose pen contains
Treasures of heavenly light with gentle fire,
Give leave awhile to warm me at thy flames,
That I may also kindle sweet desire
In holy minds that unto highest things aspire.

For I would sing the pre-existency
Of human souls, and live once o'er again,
By recollection and quick memory,
All that is past since first we all began;
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point, and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter. But thou, more than man,
Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear;
Tell me what mortals are—tell what of old they were.

* * * * * *

Show fitly how the pre-existent soul
Enacts, and enters bodies here below,

And then, entire unhurt, can leave this mould,
And thence her airy vehicle can draw,
In which by sense and motion they may know
Better than we what things transacted be
Upon the earth, and, when they list, may show
Themselves to friend or foe—their phantasie
Moulding their airy orb to gross consistency.

* * * * * *

Wherefore the soul, possessed of matter meet,
If she hath power to operate thereon,
Can eath transform this vehicle to sight,
Dight with due color figuration;
Can speak, can walk, and then dispear anon,
Spreading herself in the disperséd air;
Then, if she please, recall again what's gone:
Those the uncouth mysteries of fancy are,
Than thunder far more strong, more quick than lightning far.

FROM "THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION."

Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

* * * * * *

God is good, is wise, is strong—
Witness all the creature-throng!
Is confessed by every tongue—
All return from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.
Now myself I do resign:
Take me whole, I all am thine.
Save me, God, from self-desire,
Death's dark pit, hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire!
Let not lust my soul bemire!
Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!

* * * * * *

Rise at once—let's sacrifice!
Odors sweet perfume the skies!
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires:
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else?—
Or a hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre.
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe!

Richard Baxter.

Born at Rowdon, in Shropshire, Baxter (1615–1691), after some desultory work at school, and a course of private theological study, passed into the ministry of the Church of England. But when the Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662, he left that Church and spent several years in active literary work. His "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and his "Call to the Unconverted" had vast success. His published writings (1830) fill twenty-three volumes. He believed in intercommunication with the spirit-world, and relates what he regarded as well authenticated instances of supersensual power. He suffered much for his non-conformist principles, and was brought (1684) before the notorious Jeffreys on a frivolous charge of seditious utterances in his Notes on the New Testament. The brutal judge, on Baxter's attempting to speak, roared out: "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy."

A poem of 168 lines, by Baxter, entitled "The Valediction," appears in several collections: but it is inferior to the hymn we publish; and of which eight only of the eleven four-line stanzas are here given.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Now it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If death shall bruise the springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.

* * * * * *

Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long?
Would I long sin against my God,
And his dear mercy wrong?

How much is sinful flesh my foe,
That doth my soul pervert
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steals from God my heart!

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;

For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Henry Vaughan.

A native of Wales, Vaughan (1614–1695) studied at Oxford, first became a lawyer, then a physician; but in neither profession was he successful in earning a competency. Poverty seems to have dogged his steps. In the latter part of his life he became devout. Amidst the obscurities of his verse there are beauties that bespeak the genuine poet. Campbell, who had little partiality for pious poets, compares these beauties to "wild flowers on a barren heath." In his own "Rainbow," he has, perhaps, unwittingly borrowed a "wild flower" or two from poor Vaughan.

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh, how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

THE RAINBOW.

Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished, flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see him
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt *all* and *One*.

* * * *

THEY ARE ALL GONE!

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!

These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's-nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass,—
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

THE REQUEST.

Thou who didst deny to me
This world's adored felicity,
And every big imperious lust,
Which fools admire in sinful dust;
With those fine subtle twists that tie
Their bundles of foul gallantry;—
Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
Of those gay things which are not Thine!
And shut my ears against the noise
Of wicked, though applauded, joys!
For Thou in any land hast store
Of shades and coverts for Thy poor;
Where from the busy dust and heat,
As well as storms, they may retreat.
A rock, a bush are downy beds,
When Thou art there, crowning their heads
With secret blessings, or a tire
Made of the Comforter's live fire,
And, when Thy goodness, in the dress
Of anger, will not seem to bless,
Yet dost thou give them that rich rain
Which as it drops clears all again.
O what kind visits daily pass
'Twixt Thy great self and such poor grass!
With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine
On these low violets of Thine,
While the tall tulip is accurst,
And crowns imperial die with thirst!
O give me still those secret meals,
Those rare repasts which Thy love deals!
Give me that joy which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth relieve.
This is the portion thy child begs;
Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs.

LIKE AS A NURSE.

Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two;
But when she finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up and kisses him withal:
So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand
Awhile to teach his infant faith to stand:
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, he gently takes him up again.

Richard Lovelace.

Lovelace (1618–1658), born in a knightly mansion, was educated at Oxford. Of remarkable physical beauty, he was the most unhappy of the Cavalier poets. For his gallant struggles in the royal cause he suffered imprisonment, during which he published his "Odes and Songs." He spent his fortune in the service of the King and in aid of poorer friends. The Lucasta (*Lux casta*, pure light) of his verse was Lady Sacheverell, whom he loved, but who married another, after false reports that Lovelace had been killed at Dunkirk. Under Cromwell he was set free, but lived in extreme poverty, and died of consumption, in great distress, in an alley in Shoe Lane. Much of his poetry is of little value, and disfigured with the obscurities and affectations which were the fashion of the day. Two at least of his poems are likely to last as long as the English language. They breathe the knightly spirit of a true nobility.

TO ALTHEA (FROM PRISON).

When Love with unconfinéd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds that curl the flood
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
  Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA (ON GOING TO THE WARS).

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honor more.

Abraham Cowley.

In the period of his reputation, Cowley (1618–1667) precedes Milton; he died in the year of the publication of "Paradise Lost." He was the posthumous son of a London stationer; entered Cambridge University, and at the age of fifteen published a volume of poems, showing marvellous precocity. During the Civil War he was ejected from Cambridge, and went to Oxford. In 1646 he went with the Queen to Paris, and was active in managing the cipher correspondence between King Charles and his wife. In 1647 appeared Cowley's love poems, under the title of "The Mistress." They are pure works of imagination. He never married; and it is said that although he was once, and only once, in love, he was too shy to tell his passion. He had "the modesty of a man of genius and the humility of a Christian." In his style he belongs to the metaphysical school, of which Donne was the founder: its chief characteristic being the affectation of remote and uncommon imagery and obscure conceits, often drawn from scientific sources, and attenuated to exhaustion. His praise of Brutus in one of his odes lost him the favor of Charles II. His "Davideis", is an unfinished epic in four books, written while he was at Cambridge. He died in his forty-ninth year, and was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, between Chaucer and Spenser. No poet of his day was more popular than Cowley, though he is now but little read.

MY PICTURE.

Here, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;
For when from hence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this picture draw
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your presence will such vigor give
(Your presence which makes all things live!)
And absence so much alter me,
This will the substance, I the shadow be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it,
Ah, be not frighted if you see
The new-souled picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
For those are the first things that it will do.

My rival-image will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossest;
But thou, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for me,
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

TENTANDA EST VIA.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labor, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on. What sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear;
It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
Raise up the buried man.
Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way!
Hence, the desire of honors or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagyrite![1] and teach me now
All I was born to know;
Thy scholar's victories thou dost far outdo;
He conquered th' earth, the whole world you.
Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climbed the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upwards go,
See us, and clouds, below.

[1] Aristotle was born at Stagyra, in Macedonia, near the mouth of the Strymon. He was the instructor of Alexander the Great.

A HAPPY LIFE.

PARAPHRASE FROM MARTIAL, BOOK X.

Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me,
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call;
Let this estate from parents' care descend,
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry;
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame:
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw;
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbéd peace, yet not in sleep:
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee;
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep;
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art,
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part,
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish, the approaches of the last.

MARK THAT SWIFT ARROW.

Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back or stay it there,
That way it went; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou;
Of all the time thou 'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?

Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a wingéd whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, thou art mine heir,—
That man extends life's natural brevity
To outlive Nestor in a day.

ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses, banished slaves, abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their Holy Land.
Ah, wretched we! poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now,
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old:
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.

FROM "THE WISH."

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.
Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say, each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

Andrew Marvell.

The friend of Milton, and his assistant in the Latin Secretaryship, Marvell (1620–1678) was born in Lincolnshire, and educated at Cambridge. His education was superior. He wrote both poetry and prose, and was Member of Parliament for Hull. A man of inflexible integrity, he was a strenuous foe of the Roman Catholic religion, and as a political pamphleteer took a high rank. Repeatedly threatened with assassination, he died suddenly—from the effects of poison, it was believed. There is a vein of elegance and pathos in his poems, and they reveal the genuine, high-hearted thinker. His Latin poems are his best. The familiar poem, "The Spacious Firmament on High," is confidently attributed by many to Marvell. That he was equal to it is evident; but the proofs are insufficient to authorize us to take from Addison what has so long been ascribed to him. The simplicity and directness of the style are Addisonian rather than Marvellian. The piece first appeared anonymously in the *Spectator*, edited by Addison. The *Spectator* was begun in 1711, and Marvell died in 1678. If the piece was from his pen, what good reason was there, after his death, for withholding his name? It was in no spirit of boasting that, in a letter to one of his correspondents, Marvell wrote:

> "Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
> Fortunam ex aliis."

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.[1]

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,

[1] Emigrants supposed to be driven to expatriate themselves by the government of Charles I.

From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:
"What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh, let our voice his praise exalt
'Til it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, then, perhaps, rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

COURAGE, MY SOUL!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE.

Courage, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air!
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvéd heart.

Pleasure. Welcome, the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir!
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of nature's banquet share,
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

Soul. I sup above, and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure. On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly;
On these roses, strewed so plain
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

Soul. My gentler rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure. If thou be'st with perfumes pleased
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show
Like another god below.

Soul. A soul that knows not to presume
Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure. Everything does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye;
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

Soul. When the Creator's skill is prized,
The rest is all but earth disguised.

Pleasure. Hark how music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

Soul. Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease, tempter! None can chain a mind,
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

CHORUS.

Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The battery of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere! for still new charges sound:
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crowned!

Pleasure. All that's costly fair and sweet
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul. If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see!

Pleasure. Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie,

Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

Soul. Were't not for price who'd value gold?
And that's worth naught that can be sold.

Pleasure. Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

Soul. What friends, if to myself untrue?
What slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure. Thou shalt know each hidden cause
And see the future time,
Try what depth the centre draws,
And then to heaven climb.

Soul. None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

CHORUS.

Triumph, triumph, victorious soul!
The world has not one pleasure more:
The rest doth lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.

A DROP OF DEW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF MARVELL.

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born),
Round in itself incloses;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But, gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.[1]

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

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[1] This poem is printed as a translation in Marvell's works; but the original Latin is obviously his own. Here is a specimen of it:

"Alma Quies, teneo te! et te germana Quietis
Simplicitas! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes
Quæsivi, regum perque alta palatia frustra:
Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longe
Celarunt plantæ virides, et concolor umbra."

When we have run our passion's heat
Love hither makes his best retreat:
The gods who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!

Thomas Stanley.

Stanley (1625–1678) edited Æschylus, wrote a creditable "History of Philosophy," and, in 1651, published a volume of verse. He was educated at Oxford, and spent part of his youth in travelling. His poems, though deformed by the conceits fashionable at the time, give signs of a rich and genuine poetical vein.

THE DEPOSITION.

Though when I loved thee thou wert fair
Thou art no longer so;
Those glories, all the pride they wear,
Unto opinion owe:
Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire;
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return;
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implored or wooed;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestowed;
And thy despised disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

Charles Cotton.

The friend of good old Izaak Walton, Cotton (1630–1687) was a cheerful, witty, and accomplished man, but improvident in worldly matters. His father, Sir George, left him the encumbered estate of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, near the river Dove. Cotton was thenceforth always in money difficulties, and died insolvent. To get money, he translated several works from the French and Italian, and among them Montaigne's Essays. He made a discreditable travesty of Virgil, remarkable only for its obscenity. But some of his verses show a genuine vein.

NO ILLS BUT WHAT WE MAKE.

From "Contentation: directed to my dear Father and most worthy Friend, Mr. Izaak Walton."

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man, to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
By cultivating his own woe!

We call that sickness which is health,
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonor which is praise.
Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.
The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.
It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

John Dryden.

One of the most celebrated of English poets, Dryden (1631–1700) was born in Northamptonshire, of Puritan parents. He received his school education at Westminster, under Dr. Busby, of birchen memory; his college education, at Cambridge. When Cromwell died, he wrote laudatory stanzas to his memory; but this did not prevent his greeting Charles II., at his restoration, with a salutatory poem, entitled "Astræa Redux." Dryden's veerings in religion, politics, criticism, and taste exhibit a mind under the dominion of impulse. His marriage, which took place in 1665, was not a happy one, though he seems to have been warmly susceptible of domestic affection. In 1668 he succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet-laureate. For many years he had supported himself by writing for the stage. He wrote some twenty-eight plays. His tragedies are stilted and ineffective; while his comedies are execrably impure and licentious, and not to be palliated even by the laxity of that corrupt and shameless age. He lacked some of the greatest elements of poetic genius, and in moral earnestness was sadly deficient. His "Annus Mirabilis" is a poem on the great fire. His "Absalom and Achitophel" is regarded as one of the most powerful of modern satires. His "Religio Laici" exhibits the poet convulsed with religious doubts.

After the death of Charles II. Dryden became a Roman Catholic, had his children brought up in that faith, and lived and died in it. Macaulay calls him an "illustrious renegade." Scott takes a less uncharitable view of his motives. When William and Mary ascended the throne Dryden lost his laureateship, and thenceforth became a bookseller's hack. For translating Virgil into English verse he received £1200; for his "Fables," about £250. After a life of literary toil, productive of many splendid works, but dishonored by some which it were well for his memory if they could be annihilated, Dryden let fall his pen. He died at sixty-eight, and his body was buried in Westminster Abbey. In terms of extreme exaggeration, Johnson says of him that "he found the English language brick, and left it marble."

Dryden was sixty-six years old when he wrote his "Alexander's Feast," one of the finest lyrics in all literature. "I am glad," he wrote to his publisher, "to hear from all hands that my Ode is esteemed the best of all my poetry by all the town. I thought so myself when I writ it; but being old, I mistrusted my own judgment." Let it be added in Dryden's behalf that he had the grace to submit with meekness to Collier's severe criticism of the moral defects of his plays. Undoubtedly, the recollection of them caused him many bitter regrets. His prose style is excellent. "In his satire," says Scott, "his arrow is always drawn to the head, and flies directly and mercilessly to his object."

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

St. Cecilia, a Roman lady born about A.D. 295, and bred in the Christian faith, was married to a Pagan nobleman, Valerianus. She told her husband that she was visited nightly by an angel, whom he was allowed to see after his own conversion. They both suffered martyrdom. The angel by whom Cecilia was visited is referred to in the closing lines of Dryden's "Ode," coupled with a tradition that he had been drawn down to her from heaven by her melodies. In the earliest traditions of Cecilia there is no mention of skill in music. The great Italian painters fixed her position as its patron saint by representing her always with symbols of harmony—a harp or organ-pipes. Then came the suggestion adopted in Dryden's "Ode," that the organ was invented by St. Cecilia. The practice of holding Musical Festivals on Cecilia's Day (the 22d of November) began to prevail in England at the close of the 17th century.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around:
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned):

The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love.
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A present deity!" they shout around:
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The Master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty Master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned: but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries:
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand:
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

VENI CREATOR.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on humankind;

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gifts with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thine hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

SHAFTESBURY DELINEATED AS ACHITOPHEL.

From "Absalom and Achitophel."

Of these the false Achitophel was first—
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crookéd counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed its tenement of clay:
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide:
Else, why should he, with wealth and honors blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son!

BUCKINGHAM DELINEATED AS ZIMRI.

From "Absalom and Achitophel."

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,—
Nothing went unrewarded but desert;
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:—
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Paraphrase from Horace, Book I., Ode XXIX.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless, gentle course

It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown;
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered
honors mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day!
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine;
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine!
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away!
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
If the mast split and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

Katharine Phillips.

Daughter of Mr. John Fowler, a London merchant, Katharine Phillips (1631–1664) showed genuine poetical taste and ability. She was a friend of Jeremy Taylor, who addressed to her a "Discourse on Friendship." She wrote under the name of Orinda, was praised by Roscommon and Cowley, and had the friendship of many of the eminent authors of her day. She translated two of the tragedies of Corneille, and left a volume of letters, which was published after her death. Her poems were very popular in her lifetime, but their fame has been evanescent.

TO MRS. M. A., AT PARTING.

I have examined, and do find,
Of all that favor me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee!
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting separate for aye.

Our changed and mingled souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume her own,
(Alas! we know not how!)
We have each other so engrossed
That each is in the union lost.

* * * * * *

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity,
And only like my happiness
Because it pleaseth thee:
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou or I be sick or well.

Thy lieger soul in me shall lie,
And all my thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine shall fly,
And thence to me shall steal,—
Thus still to one another tend:
Such is the sacred tie of friend!

ON CONTROVERSIES IN RELIGION.

Religion which true policy befriends,
Designed by God to serve man's holiest ends,
Is by the old Deceiver's subtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that eagle's destiny whose breast
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers drest.

Earl of Roscommon.

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1634–1685), was the nephew of the great Earl of Strafford, after whose fall on the scaffold he was sent to Caen to pursue his studies. While there he succeeded to the title of Roscommon. Aubrey tells a story that the youth had a presentiment of his father's death, and exclaimed, "My father is dead!" one day while he was engaged with some boys at play, at least a fortnight before the intelligence arrived from Ireland. Roscommon's chief work is called "An Essay on Translated Verse;" he also translated Horace's "Art of Poetry," and wrote minor poems. Just before he died he uttered two lines of his own paraphrase of Thomas de Celano's "Dies Iræ:"

> "My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end!"

His mortal remains were interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. To his honor let it be said that he well deserved this tribute from Pope:

> "Unhappy Dryden! In all Charles's days,
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

Living in the foul times of the second Charles, he refused to soil his pages with the ribaldry and grossness which the popular taste seemed then to demand. He wrote this couplet:

> "Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of decency is want of sense."

Benjamin Franklin, in no hypercritical spirit, suggested not a bad amendment of the couplet, thus:

> "Immodest words admit but this defence:
> That want of decency is want of sense."

POETIC INSPIRATION.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men
Compelled by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead.

* * * * * *

No poet any passion can excite
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And, panting, "Lo, the god, the god!" she cries:
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep, trembling, through the ground.
But though we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspired ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favors, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun a glimmering lamp,
Adult'rate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines
Compared with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There cold salutes, but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide
With foaming waves the passive Saône divide,
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force urged his impetuous way.

Thomas Ken.

Ken (1637–1711) was educated at Oxford, became chaplain to Charles II., and was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower for resisting the tyranny of James II. A meeker and a braver man than Ken never lived. His hymns are still deservedly esteemed. He published an epic poem entitled "Edmund," and was the author of several approved devotional works.

FROM THE "EVENING HYMN."

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

* * * * * *

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep! of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it a Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds.
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

* * * * * *

Oh, may my Guardian,[1] while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Otway.

The son of a clergyman, Otway (1651–1685) was born in Sussex. Leaving Oxford without a degree, he appeared on the stage in 1672 as an actor, but failed. He then got a commission in the army in Flanders, but was cashiered. He wrote for the stage, and several of his pieces were quite successful; but he was continually in the direst poverty, and he is alleged by some to have died of voraciously eating a piece of bread after a long compulsory fast. His fame rests chiefly on his "Venice Preserved," in which there are passages of great dramatic power. He wrote some miscellaneous poems, but their merit is very humble.

FROM "VENICE PRESERVED."

ACT IV., SCENE II.

Pierre. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not!
Jaff. Not know me, Pierre!
Pierre. No, know thee not! What art thou?
Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend!
Tho' now deservedly scorned and used most hardly.
Pierre. Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend!
By heavens, thou liest! The man so called my friend
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee, avoid, no longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.
Jaff. I have not wronged thee; by these tears, I have not.
Pierre. Hast thou not wronged me? Dar'st thou call thyself Jaffier,
That once loved, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonor but from thee, thou false one?
Jaff. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.
Pierre. What's that?
Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
The council have proposed: thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pierre. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this curséd city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, maybe, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.
Jaff. By all that's just—
Pierre. Swear by some other power,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath already.
Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.
Pierre. Not leave me!
Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head: I'll bear it all with patience;
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
Pierre. Art thou not—
Jaff. What?

[1] That is, my Guardian Angel.

Pierre. A traitor?
Jaff. Yes.
Pierre. A villain?
Jaff. Granted.
Pierre. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honor; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?
Jaff. All, all, and more, much more; my faults are numberless.
Pierre. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false —
Jaff. No. 'Tis to me that's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pierre. I scorn it more because preserved by thee;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortune, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
All I received, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated
Never, from this cursed hour, to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaff. Say thou wilt live, then.
Pierre. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt; because 'tis what I'm tired with.
Jaff. O Pierre!
Pierre. No more.
Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.
Pierre. Leave me:—nay, then, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee!

John Norris.

A learned metaphysician and divine, Norris (1657–1711) was a Platonist, and sympathized with the views of Henry More. He published a "Philosophical Discourse concerning the Natural Immortality of the Soul;" an "Essay toward the Theory of the Ideal or Unintelligible World;" "Miscellanies, consisting of Poems, Essays, Discourses, and Letters;" and other productions. He became rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury. Hallam pronounces him "a writer of fine genius, and of a noble elevation of moral sentiments."

THE ASPIRATION.

How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie,
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My soul must watch to have intelligence;
Where but faint gleams of thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night?
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here thy influence.
Even here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel,—
To lower good and beauties less divine
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline;
But yet (so strong the sympathy)
It turns, and points again to thee.

I long to see this excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Wouldst thou, great Love, this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be linked with thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

SUPERSTITION.

I care not though it be
By the preciser sort thought popery;
We poets can a license show
For everything we do:
Hear, then, my little saint, I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind
Amid its various joys can leisure find
To attend to anything so low
As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blessed above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove.
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee;
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah! what delight 'twould be
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with me!
How should I thine sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise!
Come, then; I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below:
Before thou'rt missed thou shouldst return again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve;
Come, then, and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light:
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate's so severe
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so),
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

Matthew Prior.

Of obscure parentage, Prior (1664–1721) owed his advancement in life to the friendship of the Earl of Dorset, through which he rose to be ambassador to the Court of Versailles. His best-known poems are his light lyrical pieces of the artificial school. Thackeray says, with some exaggeration, that they "are among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous in the English language;" but Prior's poetical fame, considerable in his day, has waned, and not undeservedly. His longest work is the serious poem of "Solomon," highly commended by Wesley and Hannah More, but now having few readers. His "Henry and Emma," called by Cowper "an enchanting piece," is a paraphrase of "The Nut-brown Maide," and a formidable specimen of "verse bewigged" to suit the false taste of the day. Compared with the original it is like tinsel to rich gold in the ore. Like many men of letters of his day, Prior never ventured on matrimony.

A SIMILE.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
The cage, as either side turned up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?—
Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But, here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades,
In noble song and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY FIVE YEARS OLD (1704), THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silk-worms' beds
With all the tender things I swear,—
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair,—

She may receive and own my flame;
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

Jonathan Swift.

Swift's is one of the great names in English literature (1667–1745). A Dublin man by birth, his parents and his ancestors were English. He was educated at Kilkenny School and Trinity College, but did not distinguish himself as a student. For some years he lived with Sir William Temple, with whom his mother was slightly connected. Here he ate the bitter bread of dependence, and became restive and soured. Having graduated as M.A. at Oxford, he entered into holy orders, and became prebend of Kilroot, in Ireland, at £100 a year. Returning to the house of Sir William Temple, he became involved in the mysterious love-affair with Hester Johnson, daughter of Sir William's house-keeper (and believed to be his child), better known by Swift's pet name of *Stella*. Having become Vicar of Laracor, Swift settled there, but with the feelings of an exile. Miss Johnson resided in the neighborhood, and in the parsonage during his absence. He is said to have fulfilled his clerical office in an exemplary manner.

From 1700 till about 1710 Swift acted with the Whig party. Dissatisfied with some of their measures, he then became an active Tory, and exercised prodigious influence as a political pamphleteer. From his new patrons he received the deanery of St. Patrick's, in Dublin. The coarseness of his "Tale of a Tub" had cut him off from a bishopric. "Swift now, much against his will," says Johnson, "commenced Irishman for life." He soon became an immense favorite with the Irish people. Few men have ever exercised over them so formidable a personal influence. In 1726 he visited England for the publication of his "Travels of Gulliver." Here he had enjoyed the society of Pope (who was twenty years his junior), Gay, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke. He returned to Ireland to lay the mortal remains of Stella in the grave: she is believed to have been his real though unacknowledged wife. Excuse for his conduct is found in his anticipations of the insanity which clouded his last days. After two years passed in lethargic and hopeless idiocy, he died in 1745. His death was mourned by an enthusiastic people as a national loss. His fortune was bequeathed to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

Swift's fame rests on his clear and powerful prose. He is a satirical versifier, but not in the proper acceptation of the term a poet. Dryden, whose aunt was the sister of Swift's grandfather, said to him, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." And the prophecy proved true, though Swift resented it by a rancorous criticism on his illustrious relative. Swift's verses, however, made their mark in his day, and they are still interesting for the intellectual vigor, pungency, and wit by which they are distinguished.

FROM "THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT."[1]

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size:
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end, when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation!
I have no title to aspire,
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:—
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous, biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,

[1] This singular poem was prompted by the following maxim of Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose que ne nous deplait pas."

Which I was born to introduce,
Refined at first, and showed its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside,—
If with such talents Heaven hath blessed 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore with our poem.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

"For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to some men!"

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine:
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"

They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course;
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better than to tell
That, "God be praised, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbor feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,—
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last!

* * * * * *

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1720.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign;
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decayed,
The house will never lose its trade;
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little cracked
(Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six):
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humor, wit, and sense,
And puts them to but small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives;
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrowed trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold forever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

Ambrose Philips.

The word *namby-pamby* was introduced into the language through its having been first applied to Ambrose Philips (1671-1749) by Harry Carey, author of "Sally in our Alley," etc. Pope snatched at the nickname as suited to Philips's "eminence in the infantile style;" so little did he appreciate the simplicity and grace of such lines as those "To Miss Georgiana Carteret." But Pope had been annoyed by Tickell's praise of Philips's "Pastorals" as the finest in the language. Philips won some little success as a dramatic writer; but as he advanced in life he seems to have forsaken the Muses: he became a Member of Parliament, and died at the ripe age of seventy-eight; surpassing, in longevity at least, most contemporary poets.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

TO MISS GEORGIANA CARTERET.

Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
Numbering years, a scanty nine,
Stealing hearts without design,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
Yet a novice in disdain,
Pleasure giving without pain,
Still caressing, still caressed,
Thou and all thy lovers blessed,
Never teased, and never teasing,
Oh forever pleased and pleasing!
Hither, British Muse of mine,
Hither, all the Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your promised nursling see!
Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refined;
Make it as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought display,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture shall appear,

Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
All to human sense surprising.
Is the silken web so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Can the lily and the rose
Such unsullied hue disclose?
Are the violets so blue
As her veins exposed to view?
Do the stars in wintry sky
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding sweeter than her note?
Whoe'er knew the like before thee?—
They who knew the nymph that bore thee!

* * * * * *

Colley Cibber.

Though remembered as a poet by only one simple little piece, Cibber (1671–1757) was made poet-laureate in 1730. He had considerable success both as an actor and a writer of plays, and was severely satirized by Pope in "The Dunciad." Cibber's "Apology for his Life" is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language.

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he,
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Joseph Addison.

Addison (1672–1719), one of the most beloved characters in English literature, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Wiltshire. His success at the University of Oxford, the friendships he had formed, his genial disposition and general culture, brought him early into the sphere of fortunate patronage. In reward for some complimentary verses on King William, he got, at the age of twenty-three, a pension of £300 a year. This enabled him to travel. His epistle from Italy to Lord Halifax belongs to the artificial school. The publication of the *Tatler*, and its successors, the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*, brought out Addison as one of the most graceful of English prose writers. He and Steele contributed the greater portion of the papers. In 1713, Addison produced his tragedy of "Cato," and added largely thereby to his literary reputation. In 1716, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick. It was not a happy union. In 1717, he was made Secretary of State; but he broke down as a public speaker, and the next year retired on a pension of £1500 a year. He did not live long to enjoy it. The room in which he died at Holland House has a large bay-window overlooking the Park in the direction of Notting Hill. He died at the age of forty-eight, leaving an only child, a daughter, by the countess. Born in 1718, this daughter died in 1797.

The biographer of Andrew Marvell has made it appear probable that the well-known lines, "The Spacious Firmament on High," also "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," were by Marvell. In the notice of that poet will be found the reasons for crediting them to Addison. The internal evidences are decidedly in favor of his authorship. They were both inserted in the *Spectator*, without the name of the author, and have accordingly always passed as Addison's.

HYMN.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

ODE FROM THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O God, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well:
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
—'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold:—If there's a Power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy:
But—when?—or where?—*This* world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures:—This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus I am doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, oh my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Isaac Watts, D.D.

This eminent writer (1674–1748) was born at Southampton. His parents were Protestant dissenters, who had suffered severely for their faith during the arbitrary times of Charles II. Watts read Latin at five years of age. He was well instructed, and became an Independent minister; but weak health prevented his devoting himself actively to his profession. The last thirty-six years of his long life were spent in the house of his friend, Sir Thomas Abney. Watts wrote "Divine Songs, Attempted in Easy Language for the Use of Children;" but in his later years he is said to have abandoned the extreme Calvinistic views expressed in those once-popular productions, and to have leaned almost to Universalism. His "Logic," and his work on "The Improvement

of the Mind," show that he could write English prose with clearness and force. He was the author of some eight hundred hymns, most of them of little account in a literary respect, though in some he manifests genuine poetic feeling. Many of them still retain their high place among devotional effusions. The character of Watts was amiable and beautiful to the last. His poem of "True Riches" is alone sufficient to justify his claim to be ranked among true poets.

TRUE RICHES.

I am not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possessed myself to-day:
Then, if, haply, midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir of the best part of me.
  Glittering stones and golden things,
Wealth and honors, that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own.
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
  I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crowned.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless[1] grows;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see:
Notions in the bloom of light
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refined of noble taste,—
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up:
I rejoice to raise my feet;
Both rejoice when there we meet.
  There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole;
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are:
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half-way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.
  Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loath to be too much confined,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores—
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her;
Foreign visits still receiving,
And to herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native shore;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

[1] Apparently implying *not to be used in this world.*

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Hast thou not seen, impatient boy?
  Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
  On every mortal joy,—
Pleasure must be dashed with pain?
  And yet with heedless haste
  The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere;
  Earth has no unpolluted spring:
From the cursed soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
  The world has false but flattering charms;

Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye:
In our embrace the visions die;
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colors and false light:
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confused the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rds the eternal hills;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem:
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills;
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream:
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No curséd soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey bears a sting.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

From all that dwell beneath the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare him room,
And Heaven and Nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ!
While fields and woods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

John Philips.

Son of an archbishop, John Philips (1676–1708) was born in Oxfordshire, and educated at Oxford. He had early studied, and attempted to imitate, the style of Milton. This led to the production, in 1703, of the burlesque poem by which he is now remembered—"The Splendid Shilling." It would not have created much of a sensation had it been published a century later; but in its day it had rare success, and is still read with pleasure. Philips also wrote a creditable poem on a most unpromising theme—"Cider." He led a blameless life, was much esteemed, and died young.

FROM "THE SPLENDID SHILLING."

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs,
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he, each circling glass,
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love:
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polished jet
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent.
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he

O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum,[1] or the ancient town
Yeleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men!
To my aërial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs; and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode: in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes: ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men! Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endued. If he his ample palm
Should, haply, on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of money Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware!
Be circumspect! Oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch.

* * * * * *

[1] *Maridunum*, Caermarthen: *Brechinia*, Brecknock; *Vaga*, the Wye; *Ariconium*, Hereford.

Thomas Parnell.

Of English descent, Parnell (1679–1718) was born in Dublin. He became archdeacon of Clogher, and Swift got for him the appointment of vicar of Finglas. He was the friend of Pope, and assisted him in the translation of Homer. "The Hermit" is the poem for which Parnell still maintains a respectable rank among English poets; but there are other poems of considerable merit from his pen. Pope collected and published them all in 1721, dedicating them to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who had been Parnell's friend. In his dedication, Pope says:

> "Such were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
> Till death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.
> O just beheld and lost! admired and mourned!
> With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned!
> Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
> Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!"

"The Hermit" is a modern version of a tale from the "Gesta Romanorum," which was the name of a mediæval collection of Latin tales, moralized for the use of preachers, each tale having a religious "application" fitted to it.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he passed the days.
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose:
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey—
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives, imprest,
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow;—
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run!

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an agéd elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose.
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home,
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good;
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished, for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered, stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part:
Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds,
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but call or knock in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest),
Slow creaking, turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager[1] wine
(Each hardly granted), served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed
In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

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[1] French, *aigre*, sharp, acid. "With eager compounds we our palate urge."—SHAKSPEARE, Sonnet 118.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride
(Oh strange return!) grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors! What! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplexed with roads: a servant showed the way.
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find: the servant trod before.
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and, rising, lifts his head;
Then, flashing, turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke):

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the Throne.
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made:
In this the Right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor—
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God:
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun—
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Edward Young.

The author of the "Night Thoughts" (1684–1765) was educated at Oxford, and on finishing his education became, after the example of other poets of the time, an assiduous aspirant to court favor. But neither Queen Anne nor George I. rewarded his zeal. The patronage of the "notorious Wharton," a friend of Young's father, did the son no honor. He accompanied Wharton to Ireland in 1716. It was during this visit that Young took a walk with Dean Swift, when the dean, looking at the withered upper branches of an elm, remarked, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top." Personal acquaintance does not seem to have warded off the satire of Swift; for after Young was appointed a king's chaplain in 1727, Swift described the poet as compelled to

> "Torture his invention
> To flatter knaves, or lose his pension."

But it does not appear that there was any other reward than the chaplaincy. When fifty years old, Young married Lady Elizabeth Lee, a widow. By her he had a son. She had two children by her former marriage, and to these Young became warmly attached. Both died; and when the mother also followed, Young composed his "Night Thoughts," a work of unquestionable power, exhibiting rare skill in giving condensed force to language, and, amidst all its gloom, occasionally lit up with flashes of genuine poetical feeling. Sixty years had elevated and enriched Young's genius, and augmented even the brilliancy of his fancy. The extremity of age could not arrest his indomitable mental activity. He died in the midst of his literary employments, at the age of eighty-four.

The foundation of his great poem was family misfortune, colored and exaggerated for effect:—

> "Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
> Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
> And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

This rapid succession of bereavements was a poetical license; for in one of the cases there was an interval of four years, and in another of seven months.

In spite of the artificial, antithetical, and epigrammatic style of parts of the great poem—in spite of what Hazlitt calls "its glitter and lofty pretensions"—it still leaves for our admiration many noble passages, where the poet speaks, as from inspiration, of life, death, and immortality. The more carefully it is studied the more extraordinary and weighty with thought will it appear. But there is no plot or progressive interest in the poem. Each of the nine books is independent of the other. Hazlitt thinks it "has been much over-rated from the popularity of the subject;" but this we do not admit. The wonder is in that mastery of language that could float a theme so vast and so unpromising.

Young wrote satires under the title of the "Love of Fame, the Universal Passion;" also plays, among which "Busiris" and "The Revenge" had considerable success on the stage. But his "Night Thoughts" is a work that so towers above them all, as to leave his other poems in merited obscurity. The lapse of time has enhanced rather than detracted from the fame of this extraordinary production. Lord Lytton has left his testimony to its greatness.

Young, who had become acquainted with Voltaire (thirteen years his junior) during the latter's residence in England (about the year 1728), dedicated some of his verses to him in a poem of fifty-four lines, highly complimentary to the rising French author.

INVOCATION TO THE AUTHOR OF LIGHT.

NIGHT I.

Thou who did'st put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising vale;—
O thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun,—strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe),
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:

Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour!
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures, marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

THE DEPARTED LIVE.

NIGHT I.

E'en silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
E'en silent night proclaims eternal day;
For human weal heaven husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live, they greatly live—a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived—and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude,

* * * * *

The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed!

* * * * * *

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;

* * * * * *

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite—and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time and pain and chance and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?—
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

HOMER, MILTON, POPE.

NIGHT I.

How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire:
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
Or *his*, who made Mæonides[1] our own:
Man too he sung; *immortal* man I sing:
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What now but immortality can please!
Oh, had he pressed the theme, pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
Oh, had he, mounted on his wings of fire,
Soared where I sink, and sung *immortal* man,
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

[1] By Mæonides is meant Homer: and by him "who made Mæonides our own" is meant Pope, who wrote the "Essay on Man," and translated Homer.

WELCOME TO DEATH.

NIGHT III.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease; disease, though long my guest;
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life,
Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory!

* * * * * *

Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall, we rise, we reign—
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;—
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I *die?*—When shall I live forever?

I TRUST IN THEE.

NIGHT IV.

O thou great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive but my bliss; and hast ordained
A rise in blessing!—with the patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust:
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs:
All weight is this—O let me live to thee!

HUMANITY OF ANGELS.

NIGHT IV.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Though yet unsung, as deemed perhaps too bold?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains winged in flight;
And men are angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While here, of corps ethereal, such enrolled,
And summoned to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign; and are these, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?

NO ATOM LOST.

NIGHT VI.

The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall forever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Imperial man be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?

IMMORTALITY DECIPHERS MAN.

NIGHT VII.

If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels?
He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
Unconscious bears, Bellerophon, like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself.
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life,
Or Nature, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a lie.

* * * * * *

His immortality alone can solve
The darkest of enigmas, human hope,—
Of all the darkest, if at death we die!

* * * * * *

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,—

* * * * * *

Why whispers Nature lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name

Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?
Or at his peril imitate his God?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true, or man survives the grave!

* * * * * *

Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all,—what find we? Knowledge, love,
As light and heat essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And why, if souls expire?

* * * * * *

This cannot be. To love and know, in man
Is boundless appetite and boundless power;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.

* * * * * *

'Tis immortality deciphers man,
And opens all the mysteries of his make:
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle:
Without it, all his virtues are a dream.

* * * * * *

Still seems it strange that thou should'st live forever?
Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning can exclude an end.
Deny thou art, then doubt if thou shalt be.
A miracle with miracles inclosed,
Is man; and starts his faith at what is strange?
What less than wonders from the wonderful;
What less than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme—
That cause uncaused!—all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides:
Millions of mysteries! each darker far
Than that thy wisdom would unwisely shun.
If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing know but what is marvellous,—
Yet what is marvellous we can't believe!

EXISTENCE OF GOD.

NIGHT IX.

Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;
Wake all to reason;—let her reign alone;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run:—
"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been naught,
Naught still had been; eternal there must be.—
But what eternal?—Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived, since every link
Of that long-chained succession is so frail.
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence Earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father;—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allowed than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learned
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill.
Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.
Grant, then, invisible, eternal Mind;
That granted, all is solved."

George Berkeley.

Although Berkeley (1684–1753) is known in poetical literature by only a single piece, yet that seems to have in it the elements of a persistent vitality. Born in Kilkenny County, Ireland, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was intimate with Swift, Pope, Steele, and their "set," and Pope assigned to him "every virtue under heaven." By these friends he seems to have been

sincerely beloved. In 1713, he published his most important philosophical work, "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," in which his system of ideality is developed with singular felicity of illustration, purity of style, and subtlety of thought. It gave him a reputation that is still upon the increase. In 1729, he sailed for Rhode Island, fixed his residence at Newport, and remained there, or on the farm of Whitehall in the vicinity, some two years. To the libraries of Harvard and Yale he made important donations of books. Returning to England, he was appointed, in 1734, Bishop of Cloyne. In 1752, he removed to Oxford to superintend the education of one of his sons, and died there very suddenly the next year while sitting on a couch in the midst of his family, while his wife was reading to him.

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Allan Ramsay.

Ramsay (1686–1758) was a native of Lanarkshire, Scotland. Most of his long life was passed in Edinburgh, where he was a wig-maker, and then a book-seller and keeper of a circulating library. His pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd," first published in 1725, and written in the strong, broad Doric of North Britain, is the finest existing specimen of its class. His songs, too, have endeared him to the Scottish heart.

THE CLOCK AND DIAL.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus, "My neighbor, pray,
Can'st tell me what's the time of day?"
The Dial said, "I dinna ken."—
"Alake! what stand ye there for, then?"—
"I wait here till the sun shines bright,
For naught I ken but by his light:"
"Wait on," quoth Clock, "I scorn his help,
Baith night and day my lane[1] I skelp.[2]
Wind up my weights but anes a week,
Without him I can gang and speak;
Nor like an useless sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my hand:
Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour;
And I am right, ane—twa—three—four."
  Whilst thus the Clock was boasting loud,
The bleezing sun brak throw a cloud;
The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,
Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride.
"Ye see," said he, "I've dung you fair;
'Tis four hours and three-quarters mair.
My friend," he added, "count again,
And learn a wee to be less vain:
Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
And that you answers never want;
For you're not aye to be believed:
Wha trusts to you may be deceived.
Be counselled to behave like me;
For when I dinna clearly see
I always own I diuna ken,
And that's the way of wisest men."

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I ha'e mony day
  been!
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on war,

[1] By myself. [2] Beat as a clock.

Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse:
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win honor and fame;
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

Daughter of Sir Richard Kingsmill, and wife of Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, this lady (*circa* 1660–1720) published a volume of poems in 1713, and left many in manuscript. Her fable of "The Atheist and the Acorn" is well known, and is still often reprinted. Wordsworth says of her: "She is one of the very few original observers of nature who appeared in an artificial age;" and Leigh Hunt says: "She deserves to have been gathered into collections of English verse far more than half of our minor poets." She was the friend of Pope, who addressed an "Impromptu" to her, complimentary in its character. The following beautiful poem is not a continuous extract, but is made up of passages, the omissions in which are not indicated by the usual marks.

FROM "A WISHED-FOR RETREAT."

Give me, O indulgent Fate,
Give me yet, before I die,
A sweet but absolute retreat,
'Mong paths so lost, and trees so high,
That the world may ne'er invade,
Through such windings and such shade,
My unshaken liberty!
No intruders thither come
Who visit but to be from home,—
None who their vain moments pass,
Only studious of their glass!
Be no tidings thither brought!
But, silent as a midnight thought,
Where the world may ne'er invade,
Be those windings and that shade!
Courteous Fate! afford me there
A table spread without my care
With what the neighboring fields impart,
Whose cleanliness be all its art.—
Fruits, indeed (would Heaven bestow),
All that did in Eden grow
(All but the *forbidden* tree),
Would be coveted by me;—
Grapes, with juice so crowded up
As breaking through their native cup;
Figs (yet growing) candied o'er
By the sun's attracting power;
Cherries, with the downy peach,—
All within my easy reach!
Whilst, creeping near the humble ground,
Should the strawberry be found,
Springing wheresoe'er I strayed
Through those windings and that shade!
Give me there (since Heaven has shown
It was not good to be alone),
A partner suited to my mind,—
Solitary, pleased, and kind,—
Who, partially, may something see,
Preferred to all the world, in me;
Slighting, by my humble side,
Fame and splendor, wealth and pride.
Rage, and jealousy, and hate,—
Transports of man's fallen state
When by Satan's wiles betrayed,—
Fly those windings and that shade!
Let me, then, indulgent Fate,
Let me, still in my retreat,
From all roving thoughts be freed,
Or aims that may contention breed;
Nor be my endeavors led
By goods that perish with the dead!
Fitly might the life of man
Be, indeed, esteemed a span,
If the present moment were
Of delight his only share;
If no other joys he knew
Than what round about him grew:—
But, as those who stars would trace
From a subterranean place,
Through some engine lift their eyes
To the outward glorious skies,—
So the immortal spirit may,
When descended to our clay,

From a rightly governed frame
View the height from whence she came:—
To her Paradise be caught,
And things unutterable taught!
Give me, then, in that retreat,—
Give me, O indulgent Fate!
For all pleasures left behind
Contemplations of the *mind*.
Let the fair, the gay, the vain
Courtship and applause obtain;
Let the ambitious rule the earth;
Let the giddy fool have mirth;
Give the epicure his dish,
Every one his several wish;
Whilst *my* transports I employ
On that more extensive joy,
When all heaven shall be surveyed
From those windings and that shade!

Thomas Tickell.

Poet and essayist, Tickell (1686–1740) was born near Carlisle, and educated at Oxford. Through the friendship of Addison, he became Under-secretary of State, and was afterward appointed Secretary to the Lord-justices of Ireland. He wrote the ballad of "Colin and Lucy," one stanza from which is still often quoted:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

He wrote an allegorical poem, called "Kensington Gardens," besides many papers in the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. His lines on the death of Addison are the best of his poems. Gray calls him "a poor, short-winded imitator of Addison."

FROM LINES "TO THE EARL OF WARWICK," ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own!
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir:
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!

* * * * * *

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown),
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long, laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms;
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

* * * * * *

Alexander Pope.

The only child of a London linen-draper, Pope (1688–1744) was bred a Roman Catholic: hence he was disqualified for entering an English university. He spent his childhood on the small estate of Binfield, in Windsor Forest. A delicate and deformed youth, he received instruction at two Catholic schools; but after twelve years of age became his own instructor, and at fifteen went to London alone, to take lessons in French and Italian. He had "lisped in numbers" so early that he could not recollect the time when he did not write poetry. Before he was twelve, the little invalid had written his "Ode on

Solitude." His father encouraged his tastes; and Pope's life as an author dates from his sixteenth year, when he wrote his "Pastorals," which were praised far beyond their deserts. His "Essay on Criticism," published when he was twenty-three, is in a higher strain. It has lived, and will continue to live, in spite of the depreciatory estimates of De Quincey and Elwin.

Other works followed in quick succession, the principal of which were his "Messiah," "Odes," "Windsor Forest," "Essay on Man," "Rape of the Lock," the matchless "Eloïsa to Abelard," and "The Dunciad." His most laborious literary undertaking was his translation of Homer. Of this the great scholar, Bentley, remarked, in return for a presentation copy, "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." By this work Pope realized above £5000, part of which he laid out in the purchase of a house with five acres at Twickenham, to which he removed with his aged mother in 1715. He was never married.

Pope is a poet of the intellect rather than of nature and the emotions. The nineteenth century raised the question, contested by Bowles on the adverse side, and Roscoe on the other, whether Pope was a poet at all. Wordsworth thought poorly of him; but Wordsworth had no wit, and wit is the predominant element in Pope. "There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times," says Byron, "than the depreciation of Pope, the most perfect of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. * * * In my mind, the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth."

"In spite of the influences," says Mr. John Dennis (1876), "at work during the earlier years of this century, tending to lessen the poetical fame of Pope, his reputation has grown, and is still growing." And Mr. John Ruskin, in his lectures on Art, after referring to Pope as one of the most accomplished artists in literature, adds: "Putting Shakspeare aside as rather the world's than ours, I hold Pope to be the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind."

The "Rape of the Lock" is a brilliant specimen of the mock-heroic style. The "Essay on Man" is a singularly successful effort to weave ethical philosophy into poetry. The argument seems directly intended to meet the form of doubt prevalent at the time, and which brought into question not only the divine justice, but the divine existence.

Jealousy of his marvellous success involved Pope in a literary warfare, the evidences of which are abundantly exhibited in his later writings. By some critics his "Dunciad" is regarded as his greatest effort. Full of wit and power as it is, however, it is little read in our day. Such a war upon the dunces should have been beneath the nature and the dignity of a true poet. Pope ought never to have soiled his hands with the dirt of Grub Street.

A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a feeble frame, completely exhausted the powers of Pope before his fifty-seventh year. He complained of his inability to think; yet a short time before his death he said, "I am so certain of the soul's being immortal that I seem to feel it in me, as it were, by intuition." Another of his dying remarks was, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

Pope's example teaches us that the patient labor of the artist must supplement genius for the production of works of enduring fame. This is a lesson which some even of the popular poets of our day, who "say what they feel without considering what is fitting to be said," very much need.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN BEFORE POPE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Happy the man whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
  In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
  In winter fire:

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
  Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
  Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
  With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown:
  Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
  Tell where I lie.

FROM "THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

PART II.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song:
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep;"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow,
And praise the easy vigor of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

From "The Essay on Man," Epistle I.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man:
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert, yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,—
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And, drawn, supports, upheld by God or thee?
Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less.
Ask of thy mother Earth why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above
Why Jove's satellités are less than Jove.
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this—If God has placed him wrong.
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must, be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second, too, some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering; checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.

* * * * * *

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being, which from God began,—
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect—what no eye can see,
No glass can reach,—from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing! On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let Earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly;
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky:
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God!
All this dread order break? For whom? for thee?
Vile worm! O madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees:
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease, then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit!—in this or any other sphere
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

FROM THE "EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT."

"Shut, shut the door, good John," fatigued I said;
"Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead!"
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint[1] walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twickenham, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),

[1] A place to which insolvent debtors retired to enjoy an illegal protection.

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound;
"My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound."
Pitholeon sends to me; "You know his grace:
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me,—"But here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him, Curll invites to dine?
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine!"

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage;"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends;
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the fools,—your interest, sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more!"

* * * * * *

Why did I write? What sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink,—my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

Canto I.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches,[1] Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

Canto II.

Nor with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youth around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore;
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends:
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:

[1] Strangely among our grandmothers reckoned ornaments to beauty.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:—

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,—
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

This ode was partly suggested by the following lines, written by the Emperor Adrian:

ADRIANI MORIENTIS.—AD ANIMAM SUAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

Pope's lines were composed at the request of Steele, who wrote: "This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful, dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music." Pope replied with the three stanzas below, and says to Steele in a letter, "You have it, as Cowley calls it, warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning."

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

FROM "ELOÏSA TO ABELARD."

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
Oh, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name forever sad! forever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quenched th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor Fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

* * * * * *

CONCLUSION OF THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind;
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!

Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

* * * * * *

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say, where greatness lies:
"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take;
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great;
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring, then, these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbons, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!

* * * * * *

Know, then, this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below:"
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears;
Good, from each object, from each place, acquired,
Forever exercised, yet never tired;

Never elated while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know?
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals all began,
All end in love of God and love of man.
For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till, lengthened on to Faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find):
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love, thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part.
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along!
Oh master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease;
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh, while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Showed erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know?[1]

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

FROM "TO A LADY," EPISTLE II.

Ah! friend, to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So, when the Sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.
Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys;
Lets fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

[1] The "Essay on Man" is in four epistles, addressed to Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favorite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fixed principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who gold and wit refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humor, and a poet.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF "CATO."

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to Virtue wondered how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays.
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceased, tears gushed from every eye;
The world's great victor passed unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honored Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approved,
And show you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warmed with your own native rage;
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

THE MOON.

Translated from Homer.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

FROM "THE TEMPLE OF FAME."

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice,—
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way,—
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame,—
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown:
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

LINES ON ADDISON.

When Pope first came to town, a boy and little known, he courted Addison, and wrote an admirable prologue for his "Cato." Gradually a coolness arose between them. Some think that Addison was jealous of Pope's brightening fame; but it is far more probable that Pope, whose peevish temper was the accompaniment of a sickly frame, took offence at fancied wrongs. His "portrait" of Addison must, therefore, be regarded more as a literary curiosity than as an honest likeness. The lines are from the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot."

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
Whilst wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh if such a one there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

CONCLUSION OF "THE DUNCIAD."

She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eye, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus, at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth, to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine:
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

John Gay.

A Devonshire man of good family (1688–1732), Gay was first apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London. Not liking the business, he got his discharge, and commenced writing poetry. As domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, he found leisure for literary pursuits. He is best known by his "Fables" and his "Beggars' Opera." This last, produced in 1727, was the great success of his life. Swift had suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral. This gave rise to the "Beggars' Opera." It was offered to Cibber, at Drury Lane, and refused. It was then offered to Rich, at Covent Garden, and accepted. Its success gave rise to the saying that "it made Rich gay, and Gay rich." It was composed in ridicule of the Italian Opera, and had such a run that it drove the Italians away for that season.

As a poet, Gay hardly rises above mediocrity; but he was the inventor of the English Ballad Opera, and some of his "Fables" are excellent, having a philosophical and moral purpose far beyond that of ordinary verses. His "Trivia, or The Art of Walking the Streets of London," has some witty lines; and his "Epistle to Pope on the Completion of his Translation of Homer's Iliad" is still worth reading as a rapid sketch of Pope's fashionable acquaintances. The fable of "The Hare and Many Friends" is supposed to be drawn from Gay's own experience; for he sought court favor, and was grievously disappointed.

Pope says that Gay "was a natural man, without design, who spoke what he thought, and just as he thought it." Swift was deeply attached to him, and Pope characterizes Gay as

> "Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
> In wit, a man; simplicity, a child."

Gay's mortal remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
"Oh, where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FROM THE "FABLES."

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain:
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew
When first the Horse appeared in view!

"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may without offence pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But, see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained;

Said he was slow; confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by.
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For, see, the hounds are just in view."

John Byrom.

Byrom (1691–1763) was born near Manchester, was educated at Cambridge, and studied medicine in France. His poetical reputation seems to have originated in a pastoral poem, "My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent," published in the *Spectator*, October 6th, 1714, and mildly commended by Addison. In reading it now, one is surprised to find that so slender a literary investment could have produced such returns of fame. Byrom, however, proved himself capable of better things. He invented a system of stenography, in teaching which he had Gibbon and Horace Walpole for pupils. By the death of a brother he at last became heir to the family property in Manchester, where he lived much respected. His poems were included by Chalmers in his edition of the poets.

MY SPIRIT LONGETH FOR THEE.

My spirit longeth for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Although I be unworthy
Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from thee.

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in thy blesséd love:
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

THE ANSWER.

Cheer up, desponding soul!
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee.

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the cross.
Oh, were my love but known,
No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,
But, filled with love divine,
Would die on its own cross,
And rise forever mine.

AN EPIGRAM ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught.
Now, Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
Believe? expect? I *know* it to be so.

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And, being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. P. N. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Youth. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. P. N. And when you are one, what do you intend?

Youth. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. P. N. Suppose it so, what have you next in view?

Youth. That I may get to be a canon too.

St. P. N. Well, and how then?

Youth. Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.
St. P. N. Be it so,—
What then?
Youth. Why, cardinal's a high degree,
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
St. P. N. Suppose it was,—what then?
Youth. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
St. P. N. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Youth. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
St. P. N. What! *must* you die, fond youth? and at the best
But wish, and hope, and *maybe* all the rest?
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which *must* be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which *may* be; and, indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
Who knows but you may then be, as you hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope?

JACOBITE TOAST.

God bless the king!—I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is king,—
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

Matthew Green.

Little is known of Matthew Green (1696–1737) except that he had his education among the Dissenters, and his employment in the London Custom-house. He is remembered by his poem of "The Spleen;" less known than it deserves to be to modern readers. It contains less than nine hundred lines; is full of happy expressions, and evidently the production of a profound, original, and independent thinker. Gray recognized his genius, and said of him, "Even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music." Aikin, while naively objecting to Green's speculating "very freely on religious topics," remarks: "It is further attested that he was a man of great probity and sweetness of disposition, and that his conversation abounded with wit, but of the most inoffensive kind. * * * He passed his life in celibacy. Few poems will bear more repeated perusals than his: and with those who can fully enter into them, they do not fail to become favorites." The motto on the title-page of the original edition (1737) of "The Spleen" is: "Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano." It is "inscribed by the author to his particular friend, Mr. C. J."

FROM "THE SPLEEN."

This motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapored Muse;
Nor to a narrow path confined,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stolen: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon[1] sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

* * * * * *

Such thoughts as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common-sense,
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask;
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder, in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throned in whiskered hair.

"To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great!"

[1] Gildon published (1718) a "Complete Art of Poetry." He seems to have been a literary pretender. Macaulay speaks of him as "a bad writer," and as pestering the public "with doggerel and slander." Pope mentions him contemptuously.

Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly;
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,
Unfeathered arrows far to throw
Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colors faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who, features veiled by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by the unequal theme,
Nor runs, with Wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwrecked thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.

In One, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resigned, I fix my trust;
To Him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home:
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.

Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know:
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, passed,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doomed to dance the eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution, soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of power bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposéd to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way:
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepared to reef;
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end!),
Neither becalmed nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

Robert Blair.

Blair (1699–1746) was a native of Edinburgh, became a clergyman, and wrote a poem, vigorous in execution, entitled "The Grave." In it he ignores the poetical aspects of his subject, and revels much in the physically repulsive. It was written before the "Night Thoughts" of Young, but has little of the condensed force of that remarkable work. There are, however, occasional flashes of poetic fire in Blair's sombre production. He died young, of a fever, leaving a numerous family.

DEATH OF THE STRONG MAN.

Strength, too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
With anguish heavy-laden! Let me trace it.
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabored, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built, sinewy limbs and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,

Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
Oh, how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still.

Anonymous and Miscellaneous.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER.

This old ditty was a favorite with George IV., and it is said that he often had it sung for his amusement by a band of Berkshire ploughmen. It was once a favorite also at American theatres, where Henry J. Finn, the estimable comedian, used to sing it with great applause.

When I was bound apprentice
In famous Lincolnsheer,
Full well I served my master
For more than seven year,
Till I took up with poaching,
As you shall quickly hear:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

As me and my comrades
Were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we seed the game-keeper—
For him we did not care;
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys,
And jump o'er everywhere:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

As me and my comrades
Were setting four or five,
And taking on him up again,
We caught the hare alive;
We caught the hare alive, my boys,
And through the woods did steer:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

Bad luck to every magistrate
That lives in Lincolnsheer;
Success to every poacher
That wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every game-keeper
That will not sell his deer:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

THE TWA CORBIES.

This weird little ballad belongs, probably, to the 17th century. It was communicated to Scott by Mr. Sharpe, as written down from tradition by a lady.

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies[1] making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail[2] dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate;
So we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause[3]-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek[4] our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

STILL WATER.

THOMAS D'URFEY (1638-1723).

Damon, let a friend advise you,
Follow Clores, though she flies you,
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,
Her kind eyes you'll find inviting:
Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature;
When the stream seems rough and frowning,
There is then least fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,
In our calmness lies our danger;
Like a river's silent running,
Stillness shows our depth and cunning:
She that rails you into trembling,
Only shows her fine dissembling;
But the fawner to abuse you
Thinks you fools, and so will use you.

[1] Crows. [2] Turf. [3] Neck. [4] Thatch.

THE JOVIAL BEGGARS.

From "Playford's Choice Aires," 1660. The authorship is attributed to Richard Brome.

There was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forcéd for to beg.
And a-begging we will go, will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt,
And a pair of crutches
To show that he can halt.
And a-begging we will go, etc.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye,
And a little bottle by his side
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a-begging we will go, etc.

Seven years I begged
For my old master *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a child.
And a-begging we will go, etc.

I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf,
But Jove now be praiséd,
I'm begging for myself.
And a-begging we will go, etc.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent—
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a-begging we will go, etc.

Of all the occupations
A beggar's life's the best,
For, whenever he's a-weary,
He can lay him down to rest.
And a-begging we will go, etc.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell:
Then who would be a king,
When beggars live so well?
And a-begging we will go, etc.

HARVEST-HOME SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

Our oats they are howed, and our barley's reaped;
Our hay is mowed, and our hovels heaped:
Harvest-home! harvest-home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest-home!
Harvest-home! harvest-home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest-home!

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
One in ten! one in ten!
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot:
Burnt to pot! burnt to pot!
The pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot!
Burnt to pot! burnt to pot!

We'll drink off the liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honor of old England!
Old England! old England!
And hey for the honor of old England!
Old England! old England!

TIME'S CURE.

ANONYMOUS.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying!
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying.
The chill, dark night draws near;
The sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing.
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast!
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until, at last,
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past!
Rejoice, then, grieving heart!
The hours fly fast!

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

ANONYMOUS.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again!

GOD SAVE THE KING.

ANONYMOUS.

The English National Anthem (which, as a merely literary production, is hardly entitled to notice) is generally attributed to Dr. John Bull (1591), professor of music, Oxford, and chamber musician to James I. Henry Carey's son claimed it as the production of his father, whose granddaughter, Alice Carey, was the mother of Edmund Kean, the actor. The germ of the song is to be found in one which Sir Peter Carew used to sing before Henry VIII.—Chorus:

> "And I said, God Lord, defend
> England with thy most holy hand,
> And save noble Henry our King."

God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks:
On him our hopes we fix—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

WINIFREDA.

This poem Bishop Percy believes to have been first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems by Different Hands," by David Lewis (1726). The authorship, though much discussed, is as yet unknown.

Away! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous title grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from Fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess?
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand-in-hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL FOR RICHES.

The chorus of this old and favorite song, taken from "Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany," has become almost proverbial.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honor and honesty true;
And would not commit a bad action
For power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys;
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the world, my brave boys!

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enriched with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But industry ever steers right.
Then why should we quarrel, etc.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the State,
Than we that to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should we quarrel, etc.

THE FAIRY QUEENE.

These lines (1635), from "Percy's Reliques," indicate a popular belief got from Saxon ancestors long before they left their German forests: a belief in a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Duergars or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances far exceeding human art.

Come follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the greene,
Come follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard, and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their armes and thighs;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroome's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet,[1] which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;
Tailes of wormes, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we passe;
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

---

[1] A loaf or cake of fine bread. Tennyson has this couplet:

"And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,
And, in her veil infolded, *manchet* bread."

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754).

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic—
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,—
But ever true!

THE WHITE ROSE: SENT BY A YORKSHIRE LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

ANONYMOUS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou may'st deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

FROM MERCILESS INVADERS.

ANONYMOUS.

From a manuscript bearing date 1588. Probably written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada.

From merciless invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God, arise and help us
To quell our enemies!
Sink deep their potent navies,
Their strength and courage break!
O God, arise and save us,
For Jesus Christ his sake!

Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathen legions come,
O God, arise and arm us!
We'll die for our home.
We will not change our *credo*
For pope, nor book, nor bell;
And if the devil come himself,
We'll hound him back to hell.

WILLIE'S VISIT TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

ANONYMOUS.

We cannot give the origin of this spirited little poem. We find it quoted in William Black's novel of "Madcap Violet," where it is mentioned as "the good, old, wholesome ballad of 'Willie's Visit to Melville Castle.'"

O Willie's gane to Melville Castle,
Boots and spurs and a',
To bid the ladies a' farewell,
Before he gaed awa'.

The first he met was Lady Bet,
Who led him through the ha',
And with a sad and sorry heart
She let the tears doon fa'.

Near the fire stood Lady Grace,
Said ne'er a word ava;[1]
She thought that she was sure of him
Before he gaed awa'.

The next he saw was Lady Kate;
Guid troth, he needna craw,
"Maybe the lad will fancy me,
And disappoint ye a'."

Then down the stair skipped Lady Jean,
The flower among them a';
Oh, lasses, trust in Providence,
And ye'll get husbands a'.

As on his steed he galloped off,
They a' came to the door;
He gayly raised his feathered plume;
They set up sic a roar!

Their sighs, their cries, brought Willie back,
He kissed them ane and a':
"Oh, lasses, bide till I come hame,
And then I'll wed ye a'!"

[1] At all.

OUR GUDE-MAN.

In this humorous ballad, the wife hides a rebel relative in the house, and endeavors to guard her husband's loyalty at the expense of her own veracity, and the "gude-man's" sense of sight.

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a saddle-horse,
Whaur nae horse should be.
"Oh, how cam' this horse here,
How can this be?
How cam' this horse here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A horse!" quo' she.
"Ay, a horse," quo' he.
"Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
'Tis naething but a milk cow
My minnie sent to me."
"A milk cow!" quo' he.
"Ay, a milk cow," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But a saddle on a cow's back
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
Whaur nae boots should be.
"What's this now, gude-wife?
What's this I see?
How cam' these boots here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"Boots!" quo' she.
"Ay, boots," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see!
It's but a pair o' water-stoups
The cooper sent to me."
"Water-stoups!" quo' he.
"Ay, water-stoups," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And far'er ha'e I gane;
But siller spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a sword,
Whaur nae sword should be.
"What's this now, gude-wife?
What's this I see?

Oh, how cam' this sword here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A sword!" quo' she.
"Ay, a sword," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see!
It's but a parritch spurtle[1]
My minnie sent to me."
"A spurtle!" quo' he.
"Ay, a spurtle," quo' she.
"Weel, far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But siller-handled spurtles
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
There he spied a pouthered wig,
Whaur nae wig should be.
"What's this now, gude-wife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this wig here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A wig!" quo' she.
"Ay, a wig," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see!
'Tis naething but a clockin' hen
My minnie sent to me."
"A clockin' hen!" quo' he.
"Ay, a clockin' hen," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But pouther on a clockin' hen
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a riding-coat,
Whaur nae coat should be.
"Oh, how cam' this coat here?
How can this be?
How cam' this coat here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A coat!" quo' she.
"Ay, a coat," quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me."

[1] A stick for stirring porridge.

"Blankets!" quo' he.
"Ay, blankets," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane!"

Ben went our gude-man,
And ben went he;
And there he spied a sturdy man,
Whaur nae man should be.
"How cam' this man here?
How can this be?
How cam' this man here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A man!" quo' she.
"Ay, a doited man," quo' he.
"Puir blind body!
And blinder mat ye be!
It's a new milking-maid
My minnie sent to me."
"A maid!" quo' he.
"Ay, a maid," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But lang-bearded milking-maids
Saw I never nane!"

JOCK O' HAZELGREEN.

The following, from Roberts's Collection, is constructed from the versions of Kinloch, Buchan, and Chambers. It was a fragment of this which suggested to Sir Walter Scott his fine ballad of "Jock of Hazeldean."

As I went forth to take the air
Intill an evening clear,
I heard a pretty damsel
Making a heavy bier:[1]
Making a heavy bier, I wot,
But and a piteous mean;[2]
And aye she sighed, and said, "Alas,
For Jock o' Hazelgreen!"

The sun was sinking in the west,
The stars were shining clear,
When thro' the thickets o' the wood
An auld knicht did appear:
Says, "Wha has dune you wrang, fair maid,
And left you here alane?
Or wha has kissed your lovely lips,
That ye ca' Hazelgreen?"

"Haud your tongue, kind sir," she said,
"And do not banter sae.
Oh, why will ye add affliction
Unto a lover's wae?
For nae man has dune me wrang," she said,
"Nor left me here alane;
And nane has kissed my lovely lips,
That I ca' Hazelgreen."

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye?
Why weep ye by the tide?
How blythe and happy micht he be
Gets you to be his bride!
Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
And him I'll no bemean;
But when I tak' my words again,—
Whom ca' ye Hazelgreen?

"What like a man was Hazelgreen?
Will ye show him to me?"
"He is a comely, proper youth
I in my days did see;
His shoulders broad, his armis lang,
He's comely to be seen:"
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

"If ye'll forsake this Hazelgreen,
And go along wi' me,
I'll wed ye to my eldest son—
Make you a lady free."
"It's for to wed your eldest son
I am a maid o'er mean;
I'd rather stay at hame," she says,
"And dee for Hazelgreen."

Then he's ta'en out a siller kaim,
Kaimed down her yellow hair,
And lookit in a diamond bricht,
To see if she were fair.
"My girl, ye do all maids surpass
That ever I ha'e seen;
Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass—
Forget young Hazelgreen."

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And evermair shall be;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
But aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And made a piteous mean;
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

[1] Lamentation. [2] Moan.

But he has ta'en her up behind,
Set her upon his horse;
And they rode on to Embro'-town,
And lichted at the Cross.
And he has coft her silken claes—
She looked like any queen:
"Ye surely now will sigh nae mair
For Jock o' Hazelgreen?"

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And evermair shall be;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye gie."
And aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And made a piteous mean;
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then he has coft for that ladye
A fine silk riding-gown;
Likewise he coft for that ladye
A steed, and set her on;
Wi' menji feathers in her hat,
Silk stockings, siller shoon;
And they ha'e ridden far athort,
Seeking young Hazelgreen.

And when they came to Hazelyetts,
They lichted down therein:
Monie were the braw ladyes there,
Monie ane to be seen.
When she lichted down amang them a',
She seemed to be their queen;
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then forth he came young Hazelgreen,
To welcome his father free:
"You're welcome here, my father dear,
An' a' your companie."
But when he looked o'er his shoulder,
A licht laugh then ga'e he;
Says, "If I getna this ladye,
It's for her I maun dee.

"I must confess this is the maid
I ance saw in a dream,
A-walking thro' a pleasant shade,
As she had been a queen.
And for her sake I vowed a vow
I ne'er would wed but she;
Should this fair ladye cruel prove,
I'll lay me down and dee."

"Now haud your tongue, young Hazelgreen;
Let a' your folly be:
If ye be sick for that ladye,
She's thrice as sick for thee.
She's thrice as sick for thee, my son,
As bitter doth complean;
And a' she wants to heal her waes
Is Jock o' Hazelgreen."

He's ta'en her in his armis twa,
Led her thro' bower and ha':
"Cheer up your heart, my dearest May,
Ye're ladye o'er them a'.
The morn shall be our bridal day,
The nicht's our bridal e'en;
Ye sall nae mair ha'e cause to mean
For Jock o' Hazelgreen."

[1] Purchased.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

ANONYMOUS.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

ANONYMOUS.

From a half-sheet song, with the music, printed about the year 1710. This has been called General Wolfe's song, and is said to have been sung by him the night before the battle of Quebec.

How stands the glass around?
For shame! ye take no care, my boys,
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound;
The trumpets sound!
The colors flying are, my boys,
To fight, kill, or wound.
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die?
What! sighing? Fie!
Shun fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I.
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)—
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain.
Should next campaign
Send us to Him that made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

This song by Martyn Parker (1630) is interesting as having prompted much of the lyric force in Campbell's far nobler production, "Ye Mariners of England."

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valor for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
And the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy, etc.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade:
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.

ANNIE LAURIE.

The original song, which is in two stanzas, and inferior to the following version, may be found in Sharpe's Collection. It was composed previous to 1688 by one Douglas of England, in honor of Miss Laurie, of Maxwelton. The bard was unsuccessful in his suit, or else the lady jilted him, as she married a Mr. Ferguson.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true;
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

THE SOLDIER'S GLEE.

From "Deuteromelia; or, The Second Part of Musick's Melodie," etc. (1609).

Anonymous.

We be soldiers three,
(Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie!)
Lately come forth of the Low Country,
With never a penny of monie.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee!
(Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie!)
To all good fellows, wherever they be,
With never a penny of monie!

And he that will not pledge me this
(Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie!)
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
With never a penny of monie.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
(Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie!)
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of monie.

Henry Carey.

Carey (about 1700–1743) was a natural son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, from whom and from his family he received a handsome annuity to the time of his unhappy death by his own hand. He was a musician by profession, and composed several songs, dramas, and burlesques. His "Sally in our Alley" was highly commended by Addison. Carey had been watching an apprentice and his betrothed in Vauxhall enjoying their cakes and ale, when he came home and wrote the song. Edmund Kean, the actor, was a descendant of Carey. The composition of "God save the King" has been claimed for Carey; but it was probably anterior to his day.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blaméd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is naméd;
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally,—
Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

James Thomson.

The son of a Scotch minister, Thomson (1700–1748) was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, Scotland. He completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, where in 1719 he was admitted as a student of divinity. The professor gave him the 104th Psalm to paraphrase, and he did it in so poetical a way that he was admonished to curb his imagination if he wished to be useful

in the ministry. Thereupon he resolved to try his fortune as an author. His father having died, James went to London, where he had his pocket picked of a handkerchief containing his letters of introduction. Finding himself without money or friends, he fell back on his manuscript of "Winter," which he sold to Mr. Millar for three guineas, and it was published in 1726. It soon raised up friends for him, among them Pope, who revised and corrected several passages in his verse. "Winter" was succeeded by "Summer" in 1727; "Spring" in 1728; and "Autumn" in 1730. Thomson wrote "Sophonisba," a tragedy; also "Agamemnon," and "Edward and Eleonora," but no one of his dramatic ventures was a success. His "Coriolanus" was not produced till after his death. In 1732 he published his poem of "Liberty," a production now little read.

After suffering somewhat from narrow means, he got a pension of £100 from the Prince of Wales, and was appointed Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he could perform by proxy, and which brought him £300 a year. Being now in easy circumstances, he retired to a cottage near Richmond Hill, on the Thames, where he wrote his "Castle of Indolence," generally regarded as his masterpiece. It was published in 1748. One day in the August of that year, after a brisk walk, he took a boat at Hammersmith for Kew. On the water he got chilled, neglected the slight cold, became feverish, and in a few days departed this life in his forty-eighth year.

As a man, Thomson was generous, affable, and amiable. His chief fault was indolence, of which he was fully aware. As a poet, he was remarkable for purity of language and thought; and the highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon a man's writings was Lord Lyttelton's assertion that Thomson's contain

> "No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

It is not to be denied that his cumbrous style, his faded classicalities, and his redundant and somewhat turgid diction have injured him with modern readers; but he was a genuine poet notwithstanding. No better proof of this could be given than the remarkable lines which he wrote at the age of fourteen. This curious fragment was first published in 1841, in a life of Thomson by Allan Cunningham, and is as follows:

> "Now I surveyed my native faculties,
> And traced my actions to their teeming source;
> Now I explored the universal frame,
> Gazed nature through, and, with interior light,
> Conversed with angels and unbodied saints,
> That tread the courts of the Eternal King!
> Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
> The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
> But thought is lost in its immensity:
> Imagination wastes its strength in vain,
> And fancy tires and turns within itself,
> Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!
> Ah! my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,
> Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
> Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
> To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
> The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp:
> Yet may I from Thy most apparent works
> Form some idea of their wondrous Author."

There are passages in his "Seasons" and his "Castle of Indolence" which are not likely to become obsolete while high art and genuine devotional feeling find a response in the soul. His "Hymn on the Seasons," though at times suggesting a reminiscence of Milton, has been equalled by nothing in the same class that any succeeding poet has produced; and, in saying this, we do not forget Coleridge's "Chamouni," nor the many noble passages in Wordsworth's "Excursion." To Thomson we owe in no small measure the revival of that enthusiasm for the associations and beauties of external nature which had been absent from English poetry during the predominance of the artificial school.

One of the finest similes in that part of "The Seasons" entitled "Autumn" was supplied by Pope, to whom Thomson had given an interleaved copy of the edition of 1736. Describing Lavinia, Thomson wrote:

> "Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse among the woods; if city dames
> Will deign their faith; and thus she went, compelled
> By strong necessity, with as serene
> And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
> To glean Palemon's fields."

Pope drew his pen through this description, and substituted the following lines—and so they stand in all the subsequent editions:

> "Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
> As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
> Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
> A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
> And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
> So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
> The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
> By strong necessity's supreme command,
> With smiling patience in her looks, she went
> To glean Palemon's fields."

"The love of nature," says Coleridge, "seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet I still feel the latter to have been the born poet."

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

From "The Seasons."

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells and deepens to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing year,

By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

SUNRISE IN SUMMER.

From "The Seasons."

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! May I sing of thee?

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! What skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring,
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound!
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to Heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams;
Or winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable;
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THE BARD'S SONG.

From "The Castle of Indolence."

It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme, complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded naught,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been, none praised.

Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's[1] Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds;
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
The monkish legends been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakspeare strolled and laughed with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulla's plains.

Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse

[1] Virgil, born on the banks of the Mincius, in the north of Italy.

Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorned his ease for others' good?
Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
Oh leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

RULE, BRITANNIA!

AN ODE, FROM "ALFRED, A MASQUE."

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blessed as thee[1]
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main:
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blessed isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

LOVE OF NATURE.

FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

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[1] "Blessed as thou" would be the correct form; but rhyme is imperious.

John Dyer.

Dyer (1700–1758) was a young Welshman, son of a prosperous attorney. He tried to be a painter, and went to Rome to study, but gave it up on finding he could not rise to his ideal. Grongar Hill was near his birthplace, and he sang of it at six-and-twenty. The poem, if first published in the nineteenth century, would have excited less attention; but it was a new departure in its day from the swelling diction then so prevalent, that even Thomson did not escape from it in describing natural scenes. Dyer struck a less artificial note, but could not wholly cast off nymphs and Muses, gods and goddesses, then considered a necessary part of the "properties" of the poetical adventurer. He wrote "The Fleece," a poem; also one on "The Ruins of Rome"—both in blank verse. Wordsworth addresses a sonnet to him, and predicts that "a grateful few" will love Dyer's modest lay,

"Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!"

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man:
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale,—
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood.
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While ever and anon there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet Time has seen,—that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,—

Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

Philip Doddridge.

Doddridge (1702–1751) was a native of London. He lost both his parents at an early age, and pursued his studies for the ministry at an academy for Dissenters at Kibworth. He began his ministry at the age of twenty, and became an eminent preacher. As an author of practical religious works his reputation is very high. His "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" is among the most esteemed of his productions. His hymns, which entitle him to a place among English religious poets, were unexcelled in their day, and show genuine devotional feeling, a good ear for versification, and fine literary taste. A pulmonary complaint caused Doddridge to try the climate of Lisbon. He arrived there on the 21st of October, 1751, but survived only five days. As a man he was much beloved, and his character shines forth in his writings.

YE GOLDEN LAMPS.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farèwell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night;

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,—

The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God!

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes!

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day!

EPIGRAM.

Dr. Johnson justly pronounces the following "one of the finest epigrams in the English language." It is founded on Doddridge's own family motto of "Dum vivimus vivamus" (While we live, let us live).

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let both united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee!

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song!

* * * * * *

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

* * * * *

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

John Wesley.

Son of the rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, John Wesley (1703–1791) was educated at Oxford, where he and his brother Charles, and a few other students, lived after a regular system of pious study and discipline, whence they were denominated Methodists. James Harvey, author of the "Meditations," and George Whitefield, the great preacher, who died at Newburyport, Mass., were members of this association. John and Charles Wesley sailed for Georgia with Oglethorpe, October 14th, 1735, and anchored in the Savannah River, February 6th, 1736. Charles soon returned to England; John stayed in Georgia a year and nine months. In 1740 he began in England that remarkable career as preacher, writer, and laborer, which led to the formation of the large and powerful Methodist denomination. In 1750 he married, but the union was an unhappy one, and separation ensued. He continued his ministerial work up to his eighty-eighth year; his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procuring for him everywhere profound respect. His religious poems are many of them paraphrases from the German, but have much of the merit of original productions. From phenomena in his own family, Wesley became a devout believer in preternatural occurrences and spiritual intercommunication. "With my latest breath," he says, "will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world."

COMMIT THOU ALL THY GRIEFS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

* * * * * *

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh! lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

William Hamilton.

A native of Ayrshire, in Scotland, Hamilton of Bangour (1704–1754) was a man of fortune and family. An unauthorized edition of his poems appeared in Glasgow in 1748; a genuine edition was published by his friends in 1760; and a still more complete one, edited by James Paterson, appeared in 1850. Hamilton was the delight of the fashionable circles of Scotland. In 1745 he joined the standard of Prince Charles, and, on the downfall of the Jacobite party, fled to France. He was finally pardoned, and his paternal estate restored to him; but he did not long live to enjoy it. A pulmonary attack compelled him to seek a warmer climate, and he died at Lyons in the fiftieth year of his age. "The Braes of Yarrow" is the best known of Hamilton's poems; indeed, the rest of them are quite worthless. Johnson said of his poems, with some justice, that "they were very well for a gentleman to hand about among his friends;" but Johnson must have overlooked "The Braes of Yarrow," or else he was not in a mood to feel its marvellous pathos and beauty. It seems to have suggested three charming poems to Wordsworth —"Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited."

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks[1] on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep;
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

---

[1] Pulling the birches.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I ha'e slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow!

Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
O'er-rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter:
Tho' he was fair, and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green;
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewin'.
Ah, wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin!

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailéd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me.
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love;
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover!

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter:

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
Oh, lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts:
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, oh lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, oh mournful, mournful bride!
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow!

Nathaniel Cotton.

Cotton (1707–1788) published "Visions in Verse" (1751), for children, and "Works in Prose and Verse" (1791). He followed the medical profession, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, the poet, was his patient, and bears testimony to his "well-known humanity and sweetness of temper."

TO-MORROW.

PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it. To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its Father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend; arrest the present moments;
For, be assured, they are all arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms—far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountains!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!

Charles Wesley.

Charles Wesley, brother of John, was born at Epworth in 1708; died in London, 1788. Educated at Oxford, he became an able preacher, and aided his brother in the establishment of Methodism. He wrote hymns, full of devotional fervor. "The Wrestler" stamps him a poet. Two of Wesley's sons, Charles and Samuel, became eminent as musicians.

THE WRESTLER.

GENESIS XXXII. 24–26.

Come, oh thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;

Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love thou art!
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love!

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend!
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home!
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love!

COME, LET US ANEW.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

THE ONLY LIGHT.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

George, Lord Lyttelton.

Lyttelton (1709–1773), a native of Hagley, and the son of a baronet, was educated at Oxford, and at nineteen travelled on the Continent. He is one of the poets admitted into Aiken's Collection; but the most buoyant of his productions is the one little song which we subjoin.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove:—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Samuel Johnson.

The son of a poor Lichfield bookseller, Johnson (1709–1784) fought his way nobly to literary eminence against poverty, disease, and adverse fortune. At nineteen he went to Oxford, where he stayed three years, and got a reputation for his Latin verses; but his father becoming insolvent, he had to leave without taking a degree. In 1736 he married Mrs. Porter, a widow twenty years older than himself. To her he showed a true attachment as long as she lived. In 1738 he began his career in London with a poem upon "London," which drew from Pope the remark: "The author, whoever he is, will not long be concealed." For ten years more Johnson battled on, doing job work for Cave, publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and at the age of forty published his "Vanity of Human Wishes," a poem in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. The following year appeared "The Rambler." His "Rasselas" was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. His "Dictionary" occupied eight years of his life. The last of his literary labors was "The Lives of the Poets." Of this almost forgotten work it has been remarked: "Some of his dwarfs are giants; many of his giants have dwindled into dwarfs." He could not appreciate Milton or Gray; but he gave importance to versifiers whose very names are unfamiliar to the modern reader.

In 1762 the king conferred on Johnson a pension of £300 a year, partly, it may be inferred, in consequence of his political services; for he wrote a pamphlet entitled "Taxation no Tyranny," to show that Samuel Adams, George Washington, and the rest of the American malcontents ought to pay their taxes on tea, etc., without grumbling. Henceforth he had a comparatively easy time of it, and the Johnson of this period is pretty well known. He is as near to us as it is in the power of writing to place any man. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye; the "flushed face, and the veins swollen on his broad forehead," outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner; his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, and his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel; his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings; his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence; his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, shielded by his kindness—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood.

For all this knowledge we are indebted to James Boswell, Esquire, "a Scottish advocate, of shallow brain but

imperturbable conceit, the thickness of whose mental skin enabled him to enjoy the great Englishman's society, in spite of sneers and insults hurled by day and night at his empty head. Not a perfect vacuum, however, was that head; for one fixed idea possessed it—admiration of Samuel Johnson, and the resolve to lose no words that fell from his idolized lips. To this fussy, foolish man, the butt and buffoon of the distinguished society into which he had pushed himself, we owe a book which is justly held to be the best biography in the English language."

Johnson's mortal remains were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and close to the grave of Garrick.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles[1] decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold, surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay:—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

[1] Charles XII. of Sweden, defeated at the battle of Pultowa, in July, 1709, was shot at Frederickshall, on the coast of Norway, in December, 1718.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT,[1] A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature called for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

[1] One of the odd pensioners on Johnson's bounty, and an inmate of his house for twenty years. Macaulay was tempted to refer to him as "an old quack doctor, named Levett, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney-coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper." Possibly all this may be a trifle unjust.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

From "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power:
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks a refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

NOR DEEM RELIGION VAIN.

Where, then, shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS, AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN IN WALES.

Phillips! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love,
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gavest so oft before;
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Richard Glover.

Glover (1712–1785), the son of a London merchant, and himself a merchant, published two elaborate poems in blank verse—"Leonidas," and "The Athenaid." He was a member of Parliament for several years, and was esteemed eloquent, intrepid, and incorruptible. He wrote two or three tragedies, but they were not successful on the stage. He edited the poems of Matthew Green, and seems to have appreciated the peculiar genius of that neglected poet. The ballad which we publish from Glover's pen is likely to outlast all his epics and plays.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

In 1727 the English admiral, Hosier, blockaded Porto-Bello with twenty ships, but was not allowed to attack it, war not having actually broken out between England and Spain; and a peace being patched up, his squadron was withdrawn. In 1740, Admiral Vernon (after whom Washington's "Mount Vernon" was named) took Porto-Bello with six ships. It was apparently a very creditable exploit; but Vernon being an enemy of Walpole's, and a member of the Opposition, it was glorified by them beyond its merits. Glover is here the mouth-piece of the Opposition, who, while they exalted Vernon, affected to pity Hosier, who had died, as they declared, of a broken heart, and of whose losses by disease during the blockade they did not fail to make the most.

As near Porto-Bello lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;

There, while Vernon sat, all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews with shouts victorious
Drank success to England's fleet:—

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him
Where the *Burford* reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail:

"Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,—
I am Hosier's injured ghost,—
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping:
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid;
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the bastimentos[1] never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has played an English part!'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail!
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain!

"Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves forever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me!"

William Shenstone.

Shenstone (1714–1763) was born at Leasowes, in Shropshire. He received his higher education at Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not take a degree. In 1745 the paternal estate fell to his care, and, as Johnson characteristically describes it, he began "to point his pros-

[1] *Bastimento* (Italian), a ship.

pects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters." Descriptions of the Leasowes have been written by Dodsley and Goldsmith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his means to external embellishment, that he had to live in a dilapidated-house hardly rain-proof. He had wasted his substance in temples, inscriptions, and artificial walks. At every turn there was a bust or a seat with an inscription.

Among the inscriptions, that to Miss Dolman is memorable because of a felicitous sentiment in Latin, often quoted: "Peramabili suæ consobrinæ M. D. Ah! Maria! puellarum elegantissima! ab flore venustatis abrepta, vale! *Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!*" In English: "Sacred to the memory of a most amiable kinswoman, M. D. Ah! Maria! most elegant of nymphs! snatched from us in the bloom of beauty—ah! farewell! *Alas! how much less precious is it to converse with others than to remember thee!*"

Shenstone's highest effort is "The School-mistress," said to have been written at college in 1736. It is still read with pleasure. It is in imitation of Spenser, and "so delightfully quaint and ludicrous, yet true to nature, that it has all the force and vividness of a painting by Teniers or Wilkie." Of his other poems, comprising odes, elegies, and pastorals, few of them are likely to endure in the survival of the fittest.

FROM "THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS."

In Imitation of Spenser.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chancéd to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen-tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And, as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

* * * * * *

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark mistrust and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

* * * * * *

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

* * * * * *

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,

Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

Thomas Gray.

The son of a London scrivener in noisy Cornhill, Gray (1716–1771) was unfortunate in his paternal relations. His father was of a harsh, despotic disposition; and Mrs. Gray was obliged to separate from him, and open a millinery shop for her maintenance. To the love of this good mother, who lived to witness the eminence of her son, Thomas owed his superior education. Her brother being a master at Eton, the lad went there to school, and found among his classmates young Horace Walpole, with whom he became intimate, and afterward travelled on the Continent. At Cambridge Gray seems to have found college-life irksome. He hated mathematics and metaphysics. He passed his time principally in the study of languages and history, leaving in 1738 without taking a degree. He fixed his residence at Cambridge. Severe as a student, he was indolent as an author. His charming letters, and his splendid but scanty poetry, leave the world to regret his lack of productive industry. He was a man of ardent affections, of sincere piety, and practical benevolence; but his sequestered student-life, and an affectation of the character of a gentleman who studied from choice, gave a tinge of effeminacy and pedantry to his manners that incurred the ridicule of the wilder spirits of Cambridge.

The scenery of the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiné awakened all his enthusiasm. He wrote of it: "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday."

Charles Dickens remarked of Gray that no poet ever gained a place among the immortals with so small a volume under his arm. Gray's first public appearance as a poet was in 1747, when his "Ode to Eton College" (written in 1742) was published by Dodsley. In 1751 his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard" was printed, and immediately attained a popularity which has gone on increasing up to the present time. The "Pindaric Odes" appeared in 1757, but met with little success. Gray was offered the appointment of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber, but declined it, and accepted the lucrative situation of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum. He died of gout in the stomach, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

In a letter to his publisher (1751), Gray requested that the Elegy should be "printed without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them." In those stanzas to which he refers we have here endeavored to conform to his wish by not dividing them.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;—
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.[1]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

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[1] Between this stanza and that beginning, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," came, in Gray's earlier MS. draft, these four stanzas marked at the side for omission, of which one is used, in an altered form, lower down:

"The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to Innocence their safety owe
Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless.

"And thou who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By Night and lonely Contemplation led
To linger in the gloomy walks of Fate,

"Hark how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

"No more, with Reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool, sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom."

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agéd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἀνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ ἀποκλαῦσαι.—MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's[1] holy shade!
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames,—for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,—
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which inthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:—
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;

[1] King Henry VI., founder of the college.

Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind—
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan:
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

James Merrick.

Merrick (1720–1769) was a clergyman, as well as a writer of verse. He produced a version of the Psalms, a Collection of Hymns, and a few miscellaneous poems. His "Chameleon" is still buoyant among the productions that the world does not willingly let die. At Oxford, Merrick was tutor to Lord North. Owing to incessant pains in the head, he was obliged to abandon his vocation of clergyman.

THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,—
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue!"
"Hold, there!" the other quick replies:
"'Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,

As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."—
"Green?" cries the other, in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"—
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always use you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third:
To him the question they referred;
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light:
I marked it well—'twas black as jet.
You stare; but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."—
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said: then full before their sight
Produced the beast; and lo! 'twas white.

Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

Mark Akenside.

The author of "Pleasures of Imagination" (1721–1770) was the son of a butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. An accident in his early years—the fall of one of his father's cleavers on his foot—rendered him lame for life. His parents were Dissenters, and Mark was sent to the University of Edinburgh to be educated for the Presbyterian ministry. He entered, however, the ranks of medicine, and received in 1744 the degree of M.D. from the University of Leyden. As a boy of sixteen, he had contributed pieces of some merit to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His "Pleasures of Imagination," published when he was twenty-three years old, placed him in the list of conspicuous poets. Instead of pressing forward to better things, he passed several years in altering and remodelling his first successful poem; but he gained nothing in reputation by the attempt, and died before it was completed. His Hymns and Odes are deservedly forgotten.

Removing to London, Akenside took a house in Bloomsbury Square, where he resided till his death. As a physician, he never rose to eminence. His manner in a sick-room was depressing and unsympathetic. His chief means of support were derived from the liberality of his friend Jeremiah Dyson, a man of fortune, who secured to him an income of £300 a year. As a poet, Akenside may not have reached the highest mark; but his "Pleasures of Imagination" will always be regarded as a remarkable production for a youth of twenty-three. In our extracts we have preferred the original text. Few of the author's subsequent alterations are improvements. Gray censures the tone of false philosophy which he found in the work.

THE SOUL'S TENDENCIES TO THE INFINITE.

From "The Pleasures of Imagination."

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;—
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenchéd hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardor to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? * * *

THE HIGH-BORN SOUL.

From "The Pleasures of Imagination."

* * * The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of Earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the Heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

MIND, THE FOUNT OF BEAUTY.

From "The Pleasures of Imagination."

* * * Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptured search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffused.
Mind, mind alone (bear witness, Earth and Heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! * * *

THE ASCENT OF BEING.

From "The Pleasures of Imagination."

* * * Through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time,
His parent-hand, with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue, has adorned
The vast harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
Forever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while, supplied
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the poised ocean to the attracting Moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;—
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The Sun of being, boundless, unimpaired,
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright; nor is the care of Heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportioned aid;
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
Forever nearer to the Life Divine.

THROUGH NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD.

From "The Pleasures of Imagination."

Oh blest of Heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honor, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;—
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
* * * Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

William Collins.

Four years younger than Gray, Collins (1721-1759) died insane at the age of thirty-nine. The son of a hatter, he was born at Chichester on Christmas-day, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and gave early proofs of poetical ability. He went to London full of high hopes and magnificent schemes. Ambitious and well-educated, he wanted that steadiness of application by which a man of genius may hope to rise. In 1746 he published his "Odes," which had been bought by Millar, the bookseller. They failed to attract attention. Collins sank under the disappointment. He is said to have purchased the unsold copies of the edition, and burnt them. He became still more indolent and dissipated. In 1750 his reason began to fail, and in 1754 he had become hopelessly insane.

Residing for a time at Richmond, Collins knew and loved Thomson, who is supposed to have sketched his friend in the following lines from "The Castle of Indolence:"

"Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad; in thought involved, not dark.
* * * * * * *
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind:
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind."

Johnson met Collins one day, carrying with him an English Testament. "I have but one book," said the unhappy poet, "but it is the best." Though neglected on their first appearance, the "Odes" gradually won their way to the reputation of being the best things of the kind in the language. The "Ode on the Passions," and that to "Evening," are the finest of his lyrical works; but his "Ode on the Death of Thomson," in its tenderness and pathos, is worthy of being associated with them. After his death there was found among his papers an ode on the "Superstitions of the Highlands," dedicated to Home, the future author of "Douglas." Either through fastidiousness or madness, Collins committed to the flames many unpublished pieces.

ODE, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed,—

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'mid the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding-star, arising, shows
His paly circlet,—at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'mid its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams;

Or, if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp[1] shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem, in Pity's ear,
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,[2]
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah, what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

---

[1] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in "The Castle of Indolence."

[2] Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond Church.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun Night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads[1] assigned to bless
Thy life shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"O vales and wild woods!" shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed: his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close:
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;

[1] Mr. Thomson resided in the neighborhood of Richmond some time before his death.

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,[1]
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempé's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording Sister's page.
'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
Oh, bid our vain endeavor cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

[1] The Dryads and Diana.

Tobias George Smollett.

Better known as a novelist than as a poet, Smollett (1721–1771), a native of Cardross, in Scotland, was educated at Dumbarton, and thence proceeded to Glasgow to study medicine. Literature and history, however, became his passion. At eighteen he wrote a tragedy, entitled "The Regicide." It never got possession of the stage. In 1741 he sailed as surgeon's mate in a ship of the line in the expedition to Carthagena, which he describes in "Roderick Random." Having quitted the service, he resided for a time in Jamaica, where he fell in love with Miss Lascelles, whom he married in 1747. He wrote, in 1746, "The Tears of Scotland," his principal poem. After passing some time in France and Italy, he established himself as a physician at Bath. His health declining, he took up his residence at Leghorn, in Italy, where he died, aged fifty.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1746. It is said that Smollett originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one remarking that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And naught be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!"

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gayly green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And Industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

John Home.

Home (1722–1808), author of "Douglas," was a native of Leith, Scotland, where his father was town-clerk. He entered the Church, and succeeded Blair, author of "The Grave," as minister of Athelstaneford. Previous to this he had had some military experience, and taken up arms as a volunteer against the Chevalier. After the defeat at Falkirk, he was imprisoned, but effected his escape by cutting his blanket into shreds, and letting himself down on the ground. Great indignation was raised against him by the Scotch Presbyterians because of his writing a play, and he was obliged to resign his living. Lord Bute rewarded him with a sinecure office in 1760, and he received a pension of £300 per annum. He wrote other tragedies, which soon passed into oblivion; but with an income of about £600 per annum, and with an easy, cheerful disposition, and distinguished friendships, he lived happily to the age of eighty-six.

THE SOLDIER-HERMIT.

From "Douglas," a Tragedy.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit lived; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.

I went to see him, and my heart was touched
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake;
And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell;
For he had been a soldier in his youth,
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the old Godfredo led
Against the usurping infidel, displayed
The blessèd cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleased with my admiration and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters.
Then, having showed his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshalled hosts;
Described the motions and explained the use
Of the deep column and the lengthened line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm;
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
Why this brave soldier in a desert hid
Those qualities that should have graced a camp,
At last I also learned. Unhappy man!
Returning homeward by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honors, bravely won,
A rude and boisterous captain of the sea
Fastened a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell; and, with his dying breath,
Declared his name and lineage. "Mighty heaven!"
The soldier cried—"My brother! oh, my brother!"
They exchanged forgiveness.
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffered.
In the wild desert, on a rock, he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate:
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his loved brother's ghost;
And oft, each night, forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

William Mason.

Mason, a native of Yorkshire (1725–1797), was the friend and literary executor of Gray, whose acquaintance he made at Cambridge. He became chaplain to the king, and wrote plays and odes after Greek models; but they lack vitality. In 1781 he published a didactic poem, "The English Garden," in blank verse, a stiff and much padded production. In one genuine little poem, an epitaph on his wife, he seems to be betrayed into true feeling, and to escape from that "stateliness and assumed superiority of manner" which Aikin refers to as characteristic of Mason's external demeanor, but which seems to have influenced his interior nature so far as to have deadened all spontaneousness in his poetical utterances. It should be remarked that the last four lines of the "Epitaph on Mrs. Mason" were supplied by Gray.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave!
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine!
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,—
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas even to thee), yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Miss Jane Elliot.

Two Scottish national ballads, bearing the name of "The Flowers of the Forest," both the composition of ladies, are among the curiosities of literature. The first of the two versions, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Miss Jane Elliot (1727–1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto.

The second song, which appears to be on the same subject, but was in reality suggested (according to Chambers) by the bankruptcy of certain gentlemen in Selkirkshire, is by Alicia Rutherford, of Fairnalie, who was afterward married to Mr. Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh in 1794. She foresaw and proclaimed the promise of Walter Scott.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN.

I've heard them lilting[1] at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning in ilka green loaning[2]—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

[1] Singing cheerfully. [2] A broad lane.

At buchts[1] in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,[2]
The lasses are lonely and dowie[3] and wae;
Nae daffin',[4] nae gabbin',[5] but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen,[6] and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing,[7] nae youths now are jeering;
The bandsters[8] are lyart[9] and runkled[10] and gray;
At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching[11]—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle[12] to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule[13] and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning in ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Mrs. Alicia (Rutherford) Cockburn.

Mrs. Cockburn (1712–1794) was a native of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire. Her father was Robert Rutherford. There seems to be some doubt whether her one fine lyric was not written prior to that of Miss Elliot. See further particulars, page 193.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favors, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adornéd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

O fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

[1] Pens for sheep. [2] Rallying. [3] Dreary.
[4] Joking. [5] Chaffing. [6] Milk-pail.
[7] Reaping. [8] Sheaf-binders. [9] Grizzled.
[10] Wrinkled. [11] Coaxing. [12] Ghost.
[13] Sorrow.

Oliver Goldsmith.

The son of a humble Irish curate, Goldsmith (1728–1774) was born in Longford County, Ireland. He received his education at the universities of Dublin and Edinburgh, and passed a winter at Leyden, where he lived chiefly by teaching English. After spending nearly all the money he had just borrowed from a friend in buying a parcel of rare tulip-roots for his uncle Contarine, who had befriended him, he left Leyden, "with a guinea in his pocket, but one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand," to make the grand tour of Europe, and seek for his medical degree. He travelled through Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy—often trudging all day on foot, and at night playing merry tunes on his flute before a peasant's cottage, in the hope of a supper and a bed; for a time acting as companion to the rich young nephew of a pawnbroker; and in Italy winning a shelter, a little money, and a plate of macaroni by disputing in the universities.

In 1756 he arrived poor in London, and made a desperate attempt to gain a footing in the medical profession. After working for awhile with mortar and pestle as an apothecary's drudge, he commenced practice among the poor of Southwark. Here we catch two glimpses of his little figure—once, in faded green and gold, talking to an old school-fellow in the street; and again, in rusty black velvet, with second-hand cane and wig, trying to conceal a great patch in his coat by pressing his old hat fashionably against his side.

In 1759 he published his "Present State of Literature in Europe:" he also began a series of light essays, entitled "The Bee;" but the "Bee" did not make honey for him; it expired in eight weeks. At Newberry's bookstore he became acquainted with Bishop Percy, who introduced him to Dr. Johnson, May 31st, 1761. About that time Goldsmith lodged with a Mrs. Fleming. It was in her lodgings that, being pressed either to pay his bill or to marry his landlady, he applied for help to

Dr. Johnson. On that occasion the MS. of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was produced. Johnson was so much struck with it that he negotiated its sale, and obtained £60 for the work, whereby Goldsmith was extricated from his difficulties, and from Mrs. Fleming.

In 1765 "The Traveller" was published. Its success was immediate, and its author was at once recognized as a man of mark in all literary circles. The following year "The Vicar of Wakefield," which Newberry had not yet ventured to publish, appeared, and was welcomed as the most delightful of domestic novels. "The Good-natured Man," a comedy, was brought out at Covent Garden in 1768; and in 1773 Goldsmith's great dramatic success was made in the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," an admirable and well-constructed play, which still keeps possession of the stage. The year 1770 saw the publication of the most famous poem from his pen, "The Deserted Village."

In maturer age, as in youth, Goldsmith was careless, improvident, and unable to keep the money he earned. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie. He received £850 for "The History of Animated Nature," largely a translation from Buffon. But debt had him in its talons. Still he would give away to any needy person the last penny he had in his own pocket. His chambers were the resort of a congregation of poor people whom he habitually relieved. At last Goldsmith grew to be abrupt, odd, and abstracted. The alarm of his friends was excited. At that date a literary association used to meet at St. James's Coffee-house. Garrick, Burke, Cumberland, Reynolds, and others were regular attendants. A night of meeting having arrived, and Goldsmith being late, as usual, the members amused themselves by writing epitaphs on him as "the late Dr. Goldsmith." When he came, these effusions were read to him. On returning home, he commenced his poem entitled "Retaliation." It was never completed, for fever seized him at his work. A doctor being called in, asked, "Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last words Goldsmith uttered. He was seized with convulsions on the morning of April 4th, 1774, and died, at the age of forty-six. He was £2000 in debt. "Was ever poet so trusted before!" exclaimed Johnson.

Goldsmith is described by a lady who knew him—the daughter of his friend, Lord Clare—as one "who was a strong republican in principle, and who would have been a very dangerous writer if he had lived to the times of the French Revolution." His "Deserted Village" shows his profound sensibilities in behalf of the poor and unfriended. The verse of this exquisite poem is the conventionally stiff heroic couplet; but it assumes an ease and grace in Goldsmith's hands which relieves it of all artificial monotony.

The monument to Goldsmith in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, bears an inscription in Latin from the pen of Dr. Johnson, which says: "He left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn; of all the passions (whether smiles were to be moved or tears) a powerful yet gentle master; in genius sublime, vivid, versatile; in style elevated, clear, elegant. The love of companions, the fidelity of friends, and the veneration of readers, have by this monument honored his memory."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, e'er England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour!
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose;
I still had hopes (for pride attends us still)
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but you widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train—
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed—
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes (for many a joke had he);
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en, though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnéd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail),
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where, then, ah, where shall Poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure, these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies:
She, once perhaps in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell! and oh, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY."

Of the plan of this poem, Macaulay says: "An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the variations of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds." Johnson is said to have contributed the last ten lines of the poem, excepting the last couplet but one.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee:

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amid the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amid the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

* * * * * *

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,[1]
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

RETALIATION:

INCLUDING EPITAPHS ON THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WITS OF THE METROPOLIS.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish:
Our dean[2] shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will[3] shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavor,
And Dick[4] with his pepper shall heighten their savor;
Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas[5] is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree;
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge[6] is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;

[1] George and Luke Dosa were two brothers who headed a revolt against the Hungarian nobles in 1514; and George, not Luke, underwent the torture of the red-hot iron crown as a punishment for allowing himself to be proclaimed King of Hungary by the rebels. Boswell gives *Zeck* as their name.
Damiens (Robert François) was put to death with frightful tortures, in 1757, for an attempt to assassinate Louis XV.
[2] Doctor Barnard of Derry. [3] William Burke.
[4] Richard Burke. [5] Canon of Windsor. [6] An Irish lawyer.

That Hickey's[1] a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,[2] whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that [was in't:
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam—
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous; his faults were his own. [at;

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizened her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,—
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines!
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I feared for your safety, I feared for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector;
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture,
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile!
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

[1] An eminent attorney.

[2] Edmund Burke.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and
you gave,
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you
raised,
While he was be-Roscused, and you were be-
praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-nature;
He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no—for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and
burn ye!
He was—could he help it?—a special attorney.
Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard
of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled—

POSTSCRIPT.

Here Whitefoord reclines, and, deny it who can,
Though he *merrily* lived, he is now a *grave* man.
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scattered around wit and humor at will;
Whose daily *bons-mots* half a column might fill;
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confined;
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set on a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall confessed him a wit.
Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes!
Ye tame imitators! ye servile herd! come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb.
To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it—you can do no less—
Cross-readings, *ship-news*, and *mistakes of the press*.
Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for *thy* sake I admit
That a Scot may have humor; I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
"Thou best-humored man, with the worst-humored
muse."[1]

Thomas Percy.

Percy, bishop of Dromore (1728–1811), was the son of a grocer, and a native of Bridgnorth, in Shropshire. He was educated at Oxford, and having taken holy orders, became successively chaplain to the king, a dean, and then a bishop. In 1765 he published his "Reliques of English Poetry," the work by which he is chiefly known. It was largely influential in awakening a taste for natural descriptions, simplicity, and true passion, in opposition to the coldly correct and falsely sentimental style which was then predominant in English literature. Percy altered and supplemented many of these old pieces, copied as they were mostly from illiterate transcripts or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.[2]

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,

[1] Caleb Whitefoord, a writer for the *Advertiser*.
[2] Composed mostly of fragments of ancient ballads.

If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"Oh, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as wingéd dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
Forever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave;
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
Oh, he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar,
Oh, stay me not, I pray;

No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true love appears.

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought,
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart!
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

Thomas Warton.

Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry (1728–1790), was the second son of Dr. Warton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was twice chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and who himself wrote verses now happily consigned to oblivion. Joseph (1722–1800), the elder brother of Thomas, was also a poet in a small way, and wrote an "Ode to Fancy," hardly up to the standard of a modern school-boy. Thomas began early to write verses. His "Progress of Discontent," written before he was twenty, and in the style of Swift, is a remarkably clever production. It gave promise of achievements which he never fulfilled. He was made poetry-professor at Oxford in 1757, and, on the death of Whitehead in 1785, was appointed poet-laureate. His "History of English Poetry" (1774–1778) forms the basis of his reputation, and is a valuable storehouse of facts and criticisms. Hazlitt considered some of Warton's sonnets "the finest in the language;" but this is wholly unmerited praise. Coleridge and Bowles also commended them. We select out of his nine sonnets the two best.

TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are marked with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clew
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defiled;
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguiled
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptured thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

Miss Mitford, in "Our Village," says of the Lodon: "Is it not a beautiful river? rising level with its banks, so clear, and smooth, and peaceful, giving back the verdant landscape and the bright blue sky, and bearing on its pellucid stream the snowy water-lily, the purest of flowers, which sits enthroned on its own cool leaves, looking chastity itself, like the lady in 'Comus.'"

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

John Cunningham.

Cunningham (1729–1773), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor by profession. "His pieces," says Chambers, "are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high, and seldom failed."

MAY-EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamored beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state, go, balmy sleep—
'Tis where you've seldom been—
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,

Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,—
"'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!"

John Scott.

Scott (1730–1783), of Quaker descent, was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell, where the poet spent his days in literary ease. He fondly hoped to immortalize his native village, on which he wrote a poem, "Amwell" (1776); but of all his works only the subjoined lines are remembered.

ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

William Falconer.

Falconer (1732–1769), a native of Edinburgh, was the son of a poor barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. When very young, William was apprenticed to the merchant-service, and afterward went as second mate in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Africa; he and two others being the sole survivors. This led to his famous poem of "The Shipwreck," which he published in 1762. The Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, procured for him the following year the appointment of midshipman on board the *Royal George*. He eventually became purser in the frigate *Aurora*, and was lost in her, on the outward voyage to India, in 1769. "The Shipwreck" has the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and approved by all experienced mariners for the accuracy of its nautical rules and descriptions.

FROM "THE SHIPWRECK."

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near:
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!

* * * * * *

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground;
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows;—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

Erasmus Darwin.

Darwin, the grandsire of the more renowned Charles Darwin, identified with what is known as the Darwinian theory of natural selection in biology, was born in Elton,

England, in 1731, and died in 1802. He studied at Cambridge and Edinburgh, and established himself as a physician at Lichfield. He was an early advocate of the temperance cause. As the author of "The Botanic Garden," a poem in two parts—Part I., The Economy of Vegetation; Part II., The Loves of the Plants—also of "The Temple of Nature," a poem, he obtained distinction in literature. Of an original turn of mind, he seems to have had glimpses of the theories afterward expanded and illustrated by the labor and learning of his grandson. Byron speaks of Darwin's "pompous rhyme." His poems were very popular in their day, and he received £900 for his "Botanic Garden." In it he predicts the triumphs of steam in these prescient lines:

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the field of air."

By his command of poetical diction and sonorous versification, he gave an imposing effect to much that he wrote, and his verses found enthusiastic admirers. The effect of the whole, however, is artificial, and his verses, though metrically correct and often beautiful in construction, fatigue by the monotony of the cadence.

"There is a fashion in poetry," says Sir Walter Scott, "which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away." The transitoriness of fashion seems to account for the fate of Darwin's poetry. The form was novel, the substance ephemeral. As a philosopher, he was charged with being too fond of tracing analogies between dissimilar objects, and of too readily adopting the ingenious views of others without sufficient inquiry. He was married twice, and had three sons by his first wife. A biography of Darwin, from the German of Ernst Krause, was published, 1880, in New York. Darwin was on the side of the American colonists in their war for independence.

THE GODDESS OF BOTANY.

From "The Botanic Garden."

"Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora, in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold."
Thus spoke the Genius as he stepped along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill;
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground;
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring advancing, calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

From "The Botanic Garden."

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
—Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run!—they run!"
"He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides
(Some Fury wings it, and some demon guides),
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.

"Ah me!" she cried; and, sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound:
"Oh cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!"—
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!—
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
"Eliza" echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,—
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds.
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand;
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand."
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast.
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake:
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."
—"She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild, convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

Charles Churchill.

The son of a clergyman in Westminster, Churchill (1731–1764) was educated at Cambridge. His father died in 1758, and Charles was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St. John's at Westminster. He now launched into a career of dissipation and extravagance, and was compelled to resign his situation. He assisted Wilkes in editing the *North Briton*, and wrote a somewhat forcible satire directed against the Scottish nation, and entitled "The Prophecy of Famine." But his satirical poem, "The Rosciad," gave him his principal fame. In this work, criticising the leading actors of the day, he evinced great vigor and facility of versification, and a breadth and boldness of personal invective that drew instant attention. Hazlitt says: "Churchill is a fine rough satirist. He had sense, wit, eloquence, and honesty." This praise must be qualified somewhat, for the satirist does not seem to have been actuated by high principle in his attacks. He led a discreditable life, and died at Boulogne, of fever, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. So popular had his satires been that the sale of them had placed him in easy circumstances. He had offered "The Rosciad" for five guineas. It was refused, and he published it at his own risk, its success surpassing his most extravagant hopes.

REMORSE.

From "The Conference" (1763).

That Churchill felt compunction for many of his errors is evident from the following lines, which would seem to have come from the heart.

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot, bear!
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul:
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No! 'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she, with more than tragic horror, swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion Vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass—
The mind which, starting, heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

YATES, THE ACTOR.

From "The Rosciad."

Lo, Yates!—Without the least finesse of art,
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot Impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear!
When active Fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tiptoe for some wished event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold;
Where, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmannered jests are blurted in your face,—

There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life;
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage by way of gentleman,—
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dressed in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person, grown,
Laughed at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates!

FOOTE.

From "The Rosciad."

By turns transformed into all kinds of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes;

* * * * * *

His strokes of humor, and his burst of sport
Are all contained in this one word—distort.
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humor out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Even I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.

MURPHY.

From "The Rosciad."

How few are found with real talents blessed!
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stored his empty skull,
Learned without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in city annals fair,
And prudent Dulness marked him for a mayor.
What, then, could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason even to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity like thine despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high placed in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dulness and her first-born due;
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birthright claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal ledgers puff their Murphy's name;
While Vaughan or Dapper, call him what you will,
Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

MRS. CLIVE AND MRS. POPE.

From "The Rosciad."

In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humor famed, and humor all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor feared his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please:
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On Humor's base, more merit or more praise.
With all the native vigor of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humor, just yet new:
Cheered by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

QUIN.

From "The Rosciad."

No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labored artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all? And shall an actor found
A universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their cares confined
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.

To syllable-dissectors they appeal;
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel must feel themselves.

* * * * * *

GARRICK.

From "The Rosciad."

Last, Garrick came: behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out,—"He's of stature somewhat low,—
Your hero always should be tall, you know:
True natural greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic.—"Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts:
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnatural start, affected pause!"
For me, by nature formed to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things, carried to excess, are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only used in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.
If bunglers, formed on Imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face,—
We join the critic laugh; whose tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scene they mean them to adorn.
But when from Nature's pure and genuine source
These strokes of acting flow with generous force;
When in the features all the soul's portrayed,
And passions such as Garrick's are displayed,—
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught;
Each start is Nature, and each pause is Thought.

* * * * * *

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
Have formed me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleased:
Hence, to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleased with Nature, must be pleased with thee.

* * * * * *

The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weighed, each claim,
And in their sentence happily agreed;
In name of both great Shakspeare thus decreed:
"If manly sense, if Nature linked with Art,
If thorough knowledge of the human heart,
If powers of acting vast and unconfined,
If fewest faults with greatest beauties joined;
If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,—
Deserve the preference,—Garrick, take the chair,
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

William Cowper.

Cowper (1731–1800), the son of Dr. Cowper, chaplain to George II., was born at the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire. His father's family was ancient, and his mother's distantly of royal descent. His grandfather, Spencer Cowper, was Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and his grand-uncle was Lord High Chancellor of England. When about six years old, Cowper lost his mother, whom he always remembered with the tenderest affection. At the age of ten he was removed from a country school to Westminster, where, being constitutionally timid and delicate, the rough usage he experienced at the hands of the elder boys had a sad effect upon him.

At the age of eighteen he was articled to an attorney, and in 1754 was called to the bar: he, however, never made the law his study. Receiving the appointment of Clerk of Journals of the House of Lords, his nervousness was such that he was plunged into the deepest misery, and even attempted suicide. The seeds of insanity soon appeared; he resigned his appointment, and was placed in a private mad-house kept by Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, the poet. Here, by kind attention, Cowper's shattered mind was gradually restored for a time. On his recovery, renouncing all London prospects, he settled in Huntingdon: solitude was bringing back his melancholy, when he was received into the Rev. Mr. Unwin's house as a boarder, and, in the society of an amiable circle of friends, the "wind was tempered to the shorn lamb." On her husband's death in 1767, the poet retired, with Mrs. Unwin and her daughter, to Olney. He found a new friend in the Rev. John Newton, the curate. But in 1773 his spirit was again, for about five years, enveloped in the shadows of his malady; and he again attempted suicide. The unwearied cares of Mrs. Unwin and of Mr. Newton slowly emancipated him from his darkness of horror. A deep religious melancholy was the form of his mental disease. An awful terror that his soul was lost forever, beyond the power of redemption, hung in a thick night-cloud upon his life. Three times after the first attack the madness returned.

While his convalescence was advancing, he amused his mind with the taming of hares, the construction of bird-cages, and gardening; he even attempted to become a painter. At length, at the age of nearly fifty, the fountain of his poetry, which had been all but sealed, was re-opened. The result was the publication of a volume of

poems in 1782. The sale of the work was slow, but Cowper's friends were eager in its praise; and Samuel Johnson and Benjamin Franklin recognized in him a true poet. At Olney he formed a close friendship with Lady Austen. To her he owed the origin of his "John Gilpin;" also that of his greatest work, "The Task." She asked him to write some blank verse, and playfully gave him the "Sofa" as a subject. Beginning a poem on this homely theme, he produced the six books of "The Task." In it he puts forth his power both as an ethical and a rural poet. Mrs. Unwin became jealous of Lady Austen's cheerful influence over her friend, and, to please her, Cowper had to ask Lady Austen not to return to Olney.

Dissatisfied with Pope's version of the Greek epics, Cowper now undertook to translate Homer into English blank verse; and, by working regularly at the rate of forty lines a day, he accomplished the undertaking in a few years, and it appeared in 1791. It is a noble translation, but has never had the reputation it deserves. A pension of £300 from the king comforted the poet's declining days. But the last and thickest cloud was darkening down on his mind, and only for brief intervals was there any light, until the ineffable brilliance of a higher life broke upon his gaze. His last poem was "The Castaway," which, while it shows a morbid anxiety about his soul, indicates no decline in his mental powers.

Cowper was constitutionally prone to insanity; but the predisposing causes were aggravated by his strict, secluded mode of life, and the influences to which he was subjected. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, was a more wholesome companion for him than the curate, John Newton; for cheerfulness was inspired by the one, and terror by the other. Newton was an energetic man, who had once commanded a vessel in the slave-trade, and, after a life full of adventure, had become intensely religious in a form not likely to have a sanative effect upon a sensitive and sympathetic nature.

The success of Cowper's "John Gilpin" was helped by John Henderson, the actor, who chose it for recitation before it became famous. Mrs. Siddons heard it with delight; and in the spring of 1775 its success was the event of the season. Prints of John Gilpin filled the shop-windows; and Cowper, who was finishing "The Task," felt that his serious work would be helped if it were published with his "John Gilpin," of which he says: "I little thought, when I mounted him upon my Pegasus, that he would become so famous."

RURAL SOUNDS.

From "The Task," Book I.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain;
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud;
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

AFFECTATION.

From "The Task," Book II.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn!
Object of my implacable disgust!
What! will a man play tricks? will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

INDUSTRY IN REPOSE.

From "The Task," Book III.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,—
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account
From whom are all our blessings,—business finds
Even here! while sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self;
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,—
Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent, task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be praised;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies:
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize!

WELCOME TO EVENING.

From "The Task," Book IV.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace!
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, not needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the Moon is thine
No less than hers; not worn, indeed, on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,—
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

AN ODE: BOADICEA.

When the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our agéd eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt—
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt!

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states:
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud!
Heaven awards the vengeance due:
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

A WINTER EVENING IN THE LIBRARY.

'Tis winter, cold and rude;
Heap, heap the warming wood!
The wild wind hums his sullen song to-night;
Oh, hear that pattering shower!
Haste, boy!—this gloomy hour
Demands relief; the cheerful tapers light.

Though now my home around
Still roars the wintry sound,
Methinks 'tis summer by this festive blaze!
My books, companions dear,
In seemly ranks appear,
And glisten to my fire's far-flashing rays.

* * * * * *

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast;
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round!
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
Which cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails—else how distinct they say
"Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus, many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more—
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way—
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap—
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home —
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall—
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in Memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"[1]
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

[1] Slightly misquoted from "The Dispensary" (1699), a satirical poem by Sir Samuel Garth (1670–1718), in which occurs the following couplet:

"To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar."

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."[1]

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock:
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,

[1] The *Royal George*, of 108 guns, while undergoing a partial careening in Portsmouth harbor, was overset about 10 A.M., August 29th, 1782. The total loss was believed to be near one thousand souls.

When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

TO MARY UNWIN.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings:—
But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

From "Table Talk."

In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN:

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that he loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamed, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcóny spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—"
They all at once did cry!
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell:
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come:
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue-and-cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King!
And Gilpin long live he!
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Julius Mickle.

Mickle (1734–1788) was the son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire. Not succeeding in trade as a brewer, he went to London in 1764. Here he published "The Concubine," a moral poem in the Spenserian stanza. He also translated, though not very faithfully, the "Lusiad" of Camoens. Mickle's ballad of "Cumnor Hall," which suggested to Scott the groundwork of his romance of "Kenilworth," is a tame production compared with the charming little poem of "The Mariner's Wife," in regard to which doubt has been expressed whether Mickle was really its author. It first appeared as a broad-sheet, sold in the streets of Edinburgh. Mickle did not include it in an edition of his poems, published by himself; but Allan Cunningham claims it for him on the ground that a copy of the poem, with alterations marking the text as in process of formation, was found among Mickle's papers, and in his handwriting; also, that his widow declared that he said the song was his. Beattie added a stanza, which mars its flow, and is omitted in our version. The poem was claimed by Jean Adams, a poor school-mistress, who died in 1765. Chambers thinks that it must, on the whole, be credited to Mickle. Dean Trench does not feel at liberty to disturb the ascription of this "exquisite domestic lyric" to Mickle. Burns, not too strongly, characterized it as "one of the most beautiful songs in the Scotch or any other language."

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

And are ye sure the news is true,
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gude-man's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gude-man,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck about the house, etc.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gude-man,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck about the house, etc.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For who can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck about the house, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair;—
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet!
For there's nae luck about the house, etc.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet!
For there's nae luck about the house, etc.

John Langhorne.

Langhorne (1735–1779) was a native of Westmoreland, and became a preacher in London. Amiable and highly beloved in his day, he is now chiefly known as the translator of "Plutarch's Lives." He seems to have anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of England in true colors. He wrote "Owen of Carron," a ballad, praised by Campbell; also, "Country Justice," both giving evidences of a refined poetical taste.

FROM "OWEN OF CARRON."

On Carron's side the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid;
Stretched on the greenwood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge ye sung;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wandered o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
Far echoed from each evening fold.

James Beattie.

The son of a small farmer residing at Laurence-kirk, in Scotland, Beattie (1735–1803) was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where in 1760 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic. His principal prose work, "The Essay on Truth," made some noise in its day, but is now little esteemed by philosophical critics. George III. conferred on him a pension of £200. Beattie's fame as a poet rests upon "The Minstrel," the first part of which was published in 1771. Written in the Spenserian stanza, it gracefully depicts the opening character of Edwin, a young village poet. Some of the stanzas rise to a strain of true lyric grandeur, but the general level of the poem is not above the commonplace. It gave Beattie, however, a high literary reputation. He had already corresponded with Gray. He now became the associate of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Garrick. In his domestic relations Beattie was unfortunate; his wife becoming insane, and his two sons dying at an early age. Shattered by a train of nervous complaints, the unhappy poet had a stroke of paralysis in 1799, and died in 1803. By nature he had quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape or strain of music would affect him even to tears.

NATURE AND HER VOTARY.

From "The Minstrel."

Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream:
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

From "The Minstrel."

Oh ye wild groves, oh where is now your bloom!
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought).
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrowned;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on Earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
Oh smile, ye heavens serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span!
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

MORNING MELODIES.

From "The Minstrel."

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
Oh for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blessed be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

ARRAIGNMENT OF PROVIDENCE.

From "The Minstrel."

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend?
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumbered worlds, and ages without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
Oh then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies!
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Lady Caroline Keppel.

Born in Scotland about the year 1735, Lady Caroline Keppel was a daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle. Robin Adair was an Irish surgeon, whom she married in spite of the opposition of her friends. He became a favorite of George III., and was made surgeon-general. He died at an advanced age, not having married a second time. Lady Caroline's life was short but happy. She left three children, one of them a son, Sir Robert Adair, G.C.B., who died in 1855, aged ninety-two. There is a *naïveté* in the style of her song which makes credible her authorship. Beautiful as it is, from the unstudied art, it is evidently not the work of a practised writer. It was set to a plaintive Irish air.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near,—
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear!
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair;
But now I never see
Robin Adair;
Yet he I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell:
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,
Robin Adair!
Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!
I feel thy trembling hand;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair;
Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair.
When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me;
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair;
Never to part again,
Robin Adair!
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

John Wolcot.

Dr. John Wolcot (1738–1819), who, under the name of Peter Pindar, gained much notoriety as a satirist, was a native of Dodbrooke, in Devonshire, studied medicine, and became a practitioner. While residing at Truro he detected the talents of the self-taught artist, Opie, whom he brought to London in 1780. Wolcot had now recourse to his pen for his support. His "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians" took the town by surprise.

The justice of many of his criticisms, the daring personalities, and the quaintness of the style, were something so new that the work was highly successful. He now began to launch his ridicule at the king, ministers, opposition leaders, and authors, among which last were Gifford, Boswell, and Johnson. His popularity lasted for nearly forty years. In 1795 he got from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works—a contract which resulted in heavy loss to the booksellers. Ephemeral in their nature, and lacking the vitality of moral purpose, most of his writings have sunk into oblivion. After all his satires on George III. and Pitt, he accepted a pension from the administration of which Pitt was the head.

ON DR. JOHNSON.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a wagon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat!
Creates a whirlwind, from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore:
Alike in every theme his pompous art—
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

EPIGRAM ON SLEEP.

Thomas Warton wrote the following Latin epigram, to be placed under the statue of Somnus, in the garden of Harris, the philologist. In Wolcot's translation, the beauty and felicity of the original are well conveyed.

"Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est; sic sine morte mori!"

Come, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though Death's image, to my couch repair!
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with Life to lie!
And, without dying, oh how sweet to die!

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEASE.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And, in a fair white wig, looked wondrous fine.
Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered pease into their shoes:
A nostrum famous, in old Popish times,
For purifying souls when foul with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.
The knaves set off on the same day,
Pease in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin soon, "Peccavi" cried,
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.
In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling, with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the pease;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
And sympathizing with his aching feet.—
"How now?" the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke:
"You lazy lubber!—"
"Confound it!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke!*
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber!
Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear!
As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go;
For, hang me, if I ha'n't lost every toe.
But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes,
While I just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that naught had happened, burn ye?"—
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* pease."

James Macpherson.

A native of Kingussie, Scotland, Macpherson (1738–1796) was intended for the Church, and received his education therefor at Aberdeen. In 1758 he published a very ambitious but very worthless poem, entitled "The Highlander." The next year he published a volume of sixty pages, entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse language." It attracted attention, and a subscription was raised to enable him to travel in the Highlands and collect other pieces. He claimed that his journey was successful. In 1762 he presented the world with "Fingal," an ancient epic poem in six books; and, in 1763, "Temora," another epic poem in eight books. The sale of these productions was immense. That they should have been handed down by tradition through many centuries, among rude tribes, excited much astonishment. One Ossian was the reputed author. Many critics doubted; others disbelieved; and a fierce controversy raged for some time as to the authenticity of the poems. How much of them is ancient and genuine, and how much fabricated cannot now be ascertained. The Highland Society were unable to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published. Macpherson went to London, became a successful politician, made a fortune, and obtained a seat in Parliament. He retired to his native parish, and lived about six years to enjoy his wealth. Gray, Hume, Home, and other eminent men believed in "Ossian," and even the great Napoleon was an admirer of it in its translated form.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above,
Round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O sun!
Thy everlasting light?
Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty;
The stars hide themselves in the sky;
The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave;
But thou thyself movest alone.
Who can be companion of thy course?
The oaks of the mountains fall;
The mountains themselves decay with years;
The ocean shrinks and grows again;
The moon herself is lost in heaven,
But thou art forever the same,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds
And laughest at the storm.
But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,
For he beholds thy beams no more,
Whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds,
Or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.
But thou art perhaps like me for a season;
Thy years will have an end.
Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,
Careless of the voice of the morning.
Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth!

THE SONG OF COLMA.

It is night; I am alone,
Forlorn on the hill of storms!
The wind is heard in the mountain;
The torrent pours down the rock;
No hut receives me from the rain,
Forlorn on the hill of winds!
Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds.
Stars of the night, arise!
Lend me some light to the place
Where my Love rests from the chase alone—
His bow near him unstrung;
His dogs panting around him!
But here I must sit alone
By the rock of the mossy stream.
The stream and the wind roar aloud;
I hear not the voice of my love.
Why delays my Salgar,
Why the chief of the hill his promise?
Here is the rock, and here the tree,
And here is the roaring stream!
Thou didst promise with night to be here.
Ah! whither is my Salgar gone?
With thee I would fly from my father;
With thee from my brother of pride.
Long have our race been foes;
We are not foes, O Salgar!
Cease a little while, O wind!
Stream, be thou silent awhile!
Let my voice be heard around;
Let my wanderer hear me.
Salgar, it is Colma who calls!
Here is the tree and the rock;
Salgar, my Love, I am here;
Why delayest thou thy coming?
Lo! the calm moon comes forth;
The flood is bright in the vale;
The rocks are gray on the steep:
I see him not on the brow;
His dogs come not before him
With tidings of his near approach,
Here I must sit alone!

Nathaniel Niles.

AMERICAN.

Niles (1739–1828) was a grandson of Samuel Niles, the minister of Braintree, Mass., who was an author of some little note. Nathaniel was a graduate of Princeton College in 1776, and Master of Arts of Harvard in 1772. He settled in West Fairlee, Vermont, where he became District Judge of the United States. He preached occasionally as a Presbyterian minister, at Norwich, Conn., during the Revolution. He wrote several theological treatises, but will be remembered chiefly by his patriotic Ode in Sapphic and Adonic verse. It is superior to much that was current as poetry in his day. He died at the advanced age of eighty-nine.

THE AMERICAN HERO.

An Ode, written at the time of the American Revolution, at Norwich, Conn., October, 1775.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am preparéd,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising
God, our Creator.

Well may we praise him: all his ways are perfect;
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder,
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

Oh, then, exult that God forever reigneth;
Clouds which around him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for,
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing ether.

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking, like Etna, through the smoky columns,
Lowering, like Egypt, o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.[1]

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your blood-hounds, named the British lions;
Dauntless as death stares, nimble as the whirlwind,
Dreadful as demons!

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow;
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's-head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And, if preservéd in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

Augustus Montague Toplady.

Toplady, a zealous advocate of Calvinism, was born at Farnham, in Surrey, 1740, and died 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became vicar of Broad Henbury, in Devonshire. He was a strenuous opponent of Wesley. His theological works form six volumes; but his memory is kept green less by them than by a few popular hymns.

[1] A reference to the burning of Charlestown, near Boston, by the British.

DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE!

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought!
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return!

Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;—
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love!

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar:
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above!
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven!
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death!

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

John Ewen.

Ewen was born at Montrose, Scotland, in 1741, and died at Aberdeen in 1821. Burns says of this song: "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae luck about the house.'"

O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairnies' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

Oh weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,[1]
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed!

When Jamie vowed he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
Oh muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dressed mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf[2] and wae
When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie
Are up, and gotten lear,[3]
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten all our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before:
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairnies' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

[1] Basket. [2] Sad. [3] Learning.

Mrs. Anne Hunter.

Mrs. Hunter (1742–1821) was the sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, celebrated as "the greatest man who ever practised surgery." She wrote songs that Haydn set to music, and in 1806 published a volume of her poems.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away:
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

Mrs. Grant of Carron.

Mrs. Grant (*circa* 1743–1814), the author of a song still popular, was born in Ireland, of Scottish parents. She married, first her cousin, Mr. Grant of Carron, about the year 1763; and, secondly, Dr. Murray, a physician in Bath. The song we quote was a favorite with Burns.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch?

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best o' onie;

But, ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the earl, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, etc.

Oh, she was a canty quean,
An' weel could dance the Highland walloch!
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's forever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, etc.

Anna Letitia (Aikin) Barbauld.

Mrs. Barbauld (1743–1825) was a native of Kibworth, Leicestershire. Her father, Mr. Aikin, kept a seminary for the education of boys; and Anna, under his guidance, became a classical scholar. In 1773 she published a volume of poems, which went through four editions in one year. Her often quoted "Ode to Spring" would be admirable were it not too much an echo of Collins's "Ode to Evening," the measure of which it reproduces. In 1774 she married the Rev. Mr. Barbauld, a French Protestant, and in 1776 they established themselves at Hampstead. "Evenings at Home," the joint production of herself and her brother, Dr. John Aikin, is still a favorite work for children and youth. Johnson, who hated Dissenters, is credited by Boswell with a remark he perhaps regretted: "Miss Aikin was an instance of early cultivation; but how did it terminate? In marrying a little Presbyterian parson, who keeps an infant boarding-school, so that all her employment now is 'to suckle fools and chronicle small-beer!'" To which, if good nature permitted, it might be retorted that this same lady's "early cultivation" had not terminated even in her eighty-second year, when she wrote a little poem worth all the verse that Johnson ever produced in his prime. Of the poem entitled "Life," Wordsworth remarked to Henry Crabb Robinson, "Well, I am not given to envy other people their good things; but I *do* wish I had written *that*." But even Wordsworth, like Johnson, was not without a flaw of bigotry; for in a letter to Mr. Dyce he says of Mrs. Barbauld: "She was spoiled as a poetess by being a Dissenter, and concerned with a Dissenting academy." Poor human prejudice! A memoir of Mrs. Barbauld by her grandniece, Anna Le Breton, was published in Boston in 1878.

LIFE.

"Animula, Vagula, Blandula."

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know: when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
Oh, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell me where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
Oh, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE YEARS.

Oh, is there not a land
Where the north-wind blows not?
Where bitter blasts are felt not?
Oh, is there not a land
Between pole and pole,
Where the war-trumpet sounds not
To disturb the deep serene?—
And can I go there
Without or wheel or sail,—
Without crossing ford or moor,
Without climbing Alpine heights,—
Wafted by a gentle gale?

There is a land;—
And, without wind or sail,
Fast, fast thou shalt be wafted,
Which way ever blows the gale.
Do the billows roll between?

Must I cross the stormy main?—
Green and quiet is the spot.
Thou need'st not quit the arms
That tenderly enfold thee.

WHAT DO THE FUTURES SPEAK OF?

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION IN THE GREEK GRAMMAR.

They speak of never-withering shades,
And bowers of opening joy;
They promise mines of fairy gold,
And bliss without alloy.

They whisper strange enchanting things
Within Hope's greedy ears;
And sure this tuneful voice exceeds
The music of the spheres.

They speak of pleasure to the gay,
And wisdom to the wise;
And soothe the poet's beating heart
With fame that never dies.

To virgins languishing in love,
They speak the minute nigh;
And warm consenting hearts they join,
And paint the rapture high.

In every language, every tongue,
The same kind things they say;
In gentle slumbers speak by night,
In waking dreams by day.

Cassandra's fate reversed is theirs;
She, true, no faith could gain,—
They every passing hour deceive,
Yet are believed again.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

Great liberties have been taken with this piece by compilers of hymn-books. We give the author's own version.

Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;—
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!"

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

To learnéd Athens, led by fame,
As once the man of Tarsus came,
With pity and surprise,
'Midst idol altars as he stood,
O'er sculptured marble, brass, and wood,
He rolled his awful eyes.

But one, apart, his notice caught,
That seemed with higher meaning fraught,
Graved on the wounded stone;
Nor form nor name was there expressed;
Deep reverence filled the musing breast,
Perusing, "To the God unknown!"

Age after age has rolled away,
Altars and thrones have felt decay,
Sages and saints have risen;
And, like a giant roused from sleep,
Man has explored the pathless deep,
And lightnings snatched from heaven;—

And many a shrine in dust is laid,
Where kneeling nations homage paid,
By rock, or fount, or grove;
Ephesian Dian sees no more
Her workmen fuse the silver ore,
Nor Capitolian Jove;—

E'en Salem's hallowed courts have ceased
With solemn pomps her tribes to feast,
No more the victim bleeds;
To censers filled with rare perfumes,
And vestments from Egyptian looms,
A purer rite succeeds:—

Yet still, where'er presumptous man
His Maker's essence strives to scan,
And lifts his feeble hands,—
Though saint and sage their powers unite,
To fathom that abyss of light,
Ah! still *that altar* stands.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

* * * * * *

Charles Dibdin.

Dibdin (1745–1814) was a native of Southampton, England. He was bred for the Church, but took to music and song-writing. He appeared on the stage, but did not succeed as an actor. In his dramatic pieces and musical compositions, however, he hit the taste of his times. His sea-songs are more than a thousand in number, and some of them are quite spirited. His sons, Charles and Thomas, were also dramatists and song-writers, but inferior to the father. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the eminent English bibliographer, son of Captain Thomas Dibdin, the "Tom Bowling" of Charles's songs, was a nephew. Charles was improvident in his habits, and died poor.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see?
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest topgallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud.
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken by trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas all one to me as High-Dutch:
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see?
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, Do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll (for, d'ye see? she would cry
When last we weighed anchor for sea),
What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?
Why, what a [young] fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more:
What then? all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;
For, d'ye see? there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip:
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback;
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

Thomas Holcroft.

Holcroft (1745–1809), author of the still popular comedy of "The Road to Ruin," was born in London, of very humble parentage. For a time he worked at his father's trade of a shoemaker; then he became a provincial actor, and then a writer of novels. He seems to have found his forte in writing for the stage: between 1778 and 1806 he produced more than thirty dramatic pieces. He was a zealous reformer, and an ardent advocate of popular rights. The following song is from his novel of "Hugh Trevor."

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new;
Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
"His fat beeves, and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray:
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
"Ah! the poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!"

Hannah More.

The daughter of a school-master, Miss More (1745–1833) was a native of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. The family removed to Bristol; and there, in her seventeenth year, she published a pastoral drama, "The Search after Happiness," which passed through three editions. In 1773 she made her entrance into London society, was domesticated with Garrick, and made the acquaintance of Johnson and Burke. In 1777 Garrick brought out her tragedy of "Percy" at Drury Lane, from which she got £750. She now wrote poems, sacred dramas, a pious novel, "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," etc., till her writings filled eleven volumes octavo. Of "Cœlebs," ten editions were sold in one year. She made about £30,000 by her writings.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high a weaver scarce could eat!

"What with my babes and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life:
So hard we work, so poor we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him, and none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
This world—indeed, I've thought so long—
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws.

Parts of his ways alone we know:
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, No meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits;
But still in every part it fits:
Besides, you reason like a lout:
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayst the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends:
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet will be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble
That this world is so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs,—
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please,—
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence:
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

William Hayley.

Hayley (1745–1820), the biographer of Cowper, wrote poems very popular in their day. His "Triumphs of Temper" (1781), though now forgotten, had a large sale. He wrote also dramatic pieces and a "Life of Milton" (1796). His over-strained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was an amiable and accomplished man. His life of Cowper appeared in 1803. The few natural and graceful lines we quote will probably outlast all the other effusions of this once much-praised versifier.

THE DEPARTING SWALLOWS.

Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Now Winter's angry threats commence!
Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom are seen and heard
Departing men and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown!

Hector Macneil.

A native of Scotland, Macneil (1746–1818) was brought up to a mercantile life, but did not succeed in it. He wrote a tale in verse, depicting the evils of intemperance; also several Scottish lyrics. The latter years of his life were spent in comfort at Edinburgh.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

"Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie where flowers the hawthree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft-rolling ee;

Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue o' her soft-rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."

"It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee.
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

"It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree.
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."—
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
"Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lee!"

"Awa' wi' beguiling!" cried the youth, smiling—
Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
"Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see?"
"O Jamie, forgi'e me! your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee."

Michael Bruce.

Bruce (1746–1767) was the son of a humble Scottish weaver, and a native of the county of Kinross. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was soon distinguished for his poetical productions. He kept school awhile, but was attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and died before he was twenty-two years old. His poems bear the marks of immaturity, and the resemblances in them to other poets are close and frequent. With death full in his view he wrote his "Elegy," the best of all his productions. It extends to twenty-two stanzas, of which we quote the choicest. After his death his Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him." His poems were first given to the world by his college friend, John Logan, in 1770. In 1837 a complete edition was brought out.

FROM AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass,—

The wingéd moments! whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes!
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise!

Sir William Jones.

The son of an eminent London mathematician, Jones (1746–1794) studied at Harrow, and then at Oxford, where he devoted much time to the Oriental languages. In 1772 he published a volume of poems, mostly translations. In 1774 he was called to the Bar. Though opposed to the American war and the slave-trade, he was knighted in 1783, and appointed a judge of the Supreme Court at Fort William, in Bengal. He married the daughter of Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph; and in his thirty-seventh year embarked for India, never to return. He performed his judicial functions with the utmost fidelity, but he overstrained his brain by intense study; and in 1784 his health began to fail. His attainments in the languages were various and profound. He might have won a conspicuous place among the poets, had he not been absorbed in philological pursuits. "The activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution," he writes. He died at the age of forty-eight, beloved as few have been, and leaving a character for unalloyed goodness, such as few have left. A collected edition of his writings was published in 1799, and again in 1807, with a "Life" of the author by Lord Teignmouth.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

* * * * * *

Speak not of fate: ah, change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

* * * * * *

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung!
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh, far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

TETRASTICH.

From the Persian.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:

Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Discretion, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this Heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

John O'Keefe.

O'Keefe (1746–1833) was a native of Dublin. He attempted the stage, but subsequently devoted himself to dramatic composition. His latter days were embittered by blindness and pecuniary destitution, but he reached the advanced age of eighty-six. Some of his grotesque pieces still keep possession of the stage. His poems were published as a "legacy to his daughters" in 1824. The "Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, written by Himself," appeared in 1826; his collected dramas, in 1798.

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I am a friar of orders gray,
And down the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip—
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
Where'er I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is pullet and clouted cream;
Myself, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden-pie;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin—
With old sack wine I'm lined within;
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding-dong.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

Susanna Blamire.

A native of Cumberland, England, Miss Blamire (1747–1794) resided some years with a married sister in Perthshire, Scotland, and wrote Scottish songs like a native. Her poetical works were published, with a biography by Patrick Maxwell, in 1842.

THE SILLER CROUN.

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair."
"Oh, wha wad buy a silken goun
Wi' a puir broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part?

"The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me:
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me doun an' dee.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

"His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
The langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me doun an' dee."

John Logan.

Logan (1748–1788) was the son of a Scottish farmer in Mid-Lothian. He became a minister—alienated his parishioners by writing plays and committing some unclerical irregularities—went to London, and wrote for the *English Review*. He published a volume of sermons, characterized by Chambers as "full of piety and fervor." His little poem of "The Cuckoo" is the slender thread by which he is still connected with the recognized poets of Britain. Burke admired it so much that, on visiting Edinburgh, he sought out Logan to compliment him. For a while Logan was thought to have pilfered "The Cuckoo" from Michael Bruce; but this charge, as we learn from Chambers, was disproved in 1873 by David Laing in a tract on the authorship, and Logan's claim was made good. The internal evidence is in his favor.

There is nothing in all that Bruce wrote that is suggestive of the ode; though Trench (1870) favors his claim. The ode was a favorite with Wordsworth.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers.
He promised me a wedding-ring, —
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow:
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him:
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow!

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough:
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid—
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow!
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Mrs. Charlotte (Turner) Smith.

Daughter of Nicholas Turner, of Stoke House, Surrey, Charlotte (1749–1806) married early and disastrously. Mr. Smith was the dissipated son of a West India merchant, and soon found his way into prison, where she spent seven months with him. She suffered poverty,

wrote for bread, parted from her husband, worked for her family, and saw all her children die as they came to maturity. Her poetry is of the sentimental type. Of her sonnets Coleridge had a grateful recollection. Her prose won praises from Hayley, Cowper, and Sir Walter Scott.

TO FORTITUDE.

Nymph of the rock! whose dauntless spirit braves
The beating storm, and bitter winds that howl
Round thy cold breast, and hear'st the bursting waves
And the deep thunder with unshaken soul!
Oh come, and show how vain the cares that press
On my weak bosom, and how little worth
Is the false, fleeting meteor, Happiness,
That still misleads the wanderers of the earth!
Strengthened by thee, this heart shall cease to melt
O'er ills that poor Humanity must bear;
Nor friends estranged or ties dissolved be felt
To leave regret and fruitless anguish there:
And when at length it heaves its latest sigh,
Thou and mild Hope shall teach me how to die!

TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING THE WORLD.

Go now, ingenuous youth!—The trying hour
Is come: the world demands that thou shouldst go
To active life. There titles, wealth, and power
May all be purchased; yet I joy to know
Thou wilt not pay their price. The base control
Of petty despots in their pedant reign
Already hast thou felt; and high disdain
Of tyrants is imprinted on thy soul.
Not where mistaken Glory in the field
Rears her red banner be thou ever found;
But against proud Oppression raise the shield
Of patriot daring. So shalt thou renowned
For the best virtues live; or, that denied,
Mayst die, as Hampden or as Sidney died!

THE CRICKET.

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my humble hearth,—
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,—
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song most soft and sweet:
In return thou shalt receive
Such a song as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are:
Theirs is but a summer-song;
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy lay:
Then, insect, let thy simple song
Cheer the winter evening long;
While, secure from every storm,
In my cottage stout and warm,
Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,
And I delight to shelter thee.

Robert Graham.

Graham of Gartmore, Scotland, was born 1750; died 1797. The song we quote was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1801). At one time Scott attributed it to James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. It was evidently suggested by the poem of his given on page 103 in this collection.

OH, TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel'—
That voice that none can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love, etc.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
Oh, tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, love, etc.

Lady Anne (Lindsay) Barnard.

Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, was born 1750, married Andrew Barnard in 1793, and died without issue in 1825. She wrote the famous and pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" about the year 1771, but kept the authorship a secret till 1823, when, in her seventy-third year, she acknowledged it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, in which she writes that she does not comprehend how he guessed the authorship, "as there was no person alive to whom she had told it." At the request of her mother, who often asked "how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended," she wrote a continuation; but, like most continuations, though ingeniously done, it is a mere excrescence upon the original. Frequent alterations in the text seem to have been made, either by the author or by unauthorized hands.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gude-man, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But, saving ae crown, he had naething else beside:
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said nay, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father urged me sair: my mither didna speak;
But she lookéd in my face till my heart was like to break.
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Robin Gray he was gude-man to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
I gied him ae kiss, and I bade him gang awa';—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

John Trumbull.

AMERICAN.

Trumbull (1750–1831), author of "M'Fingal," a burlesque poem in the style of Butler's "Hudibras," was a native of Watertown, Conn. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and afterward read law in the office of John Adams, in Boston. In 1774 he began the composition of "M'Fingal," a poem quite popular in its day, but now little read, though manifesting considerable ability. M'Fingal is a type of the American Tories who held out for a monarchy. Honorius is the Whig champion of freedom. When the last battle of the Revolution has been fought, and Toryism is humbled, M'Fingal escapes out of a window *en route* to Boston, and the poem is closed. Trumbull wrote "The Progress of Dulness," a satirical poem, also "An Elegy on the Times." In 1825 he moved to Detroit, where he died. An edition of his works was published in Hartford in 1820. The latest edition of "M'Fingal," with notes by J. B. Lossing, was published by G. P. Putnam, New York, 1857.

FROM "M'FINGAL."

* * * * * *

When Yankees, skilled in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yankee reels,
And manual exercise of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling,
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-chases,—
From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire M'Fingal took his way,
And, graced with ensigns of renown,
Steered homeward to his native town.

* * * * * *

Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he;
Though former days produced a plenty;
For any man, with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of ancient fame
Prophets and poets were the same,
And all the praise that poets gain
Is but for what they invent and feign,
So gained our squire his fame by seeing
Such things as never would have being.

* * * * * *

But, as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over,
So fared our squire, whose reasoning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injured more his side,
The stronger arguments he applied;
As old war elephants, dismayed,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own side more in battle
Than less and ordinary cattle.

* * * * * *

All punishments the world can render
Serve only to provoke the offender;
The will's confirmed by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice in the stocks;
Or failed to lose, by sheriff's shears,
At once his loyalty and ears.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Sheridan (1751–1816), son of Thomas Sheridan, the lexicographer and actor, was born in Dublin, and educated at Harrow. The most brilliant dramatic writer of his times, he has given but faint evidences of the poetical gift. As a parliamentary orator he won high distinction. His comedies are the best in the language. Improvident and extravagant in his way of living, he died in great pecuniary humiliation, notwithstanding the admiration he had excited by his powers as a dramatist and orator.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

From "The Duenna."

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true:
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blessed
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

SONG.

From "The Duenna."

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

St. George Tucker.

AMERICAN.

Tucker (1752–1827) was born in Bermuda, and educated in Virginia, at William and Mary College. He was the step-father of John Randolph of Roanoke, and was known chiefly as a jurist.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

Thomas Chatterton.

Chatterton (1752–1770), of whom Wordsworth speaks as "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul, that perished in his pride," was a native of Bristol, and the son of a school-master, who was also sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and who died three months before Thomas was born. The lad, when five years old, was placed at school under a Mr. Love, who sent him home as dull and incapable of instruction. At six he taught himself his letters from the illuminated capitals of an old French MS. He learned to read from a black-letter Bible. In 1760 he was admitted into Colston's school, Bristol, where he continued seven years. During that period he composed several of his minor poems. His passion for books was the wonder of all who knew him. In 1767, when fourteen, he was apprenticed to a scrivener. He now set himself to accomplish a series of impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. He claimed to have come of a family of hereditary sextons of Redcliffe Church, where, in an old chest, these MSS. had been found; and he employed his undeniable and wonderfully precocious genius in manufacturing mock ancient poems, which he ascribed to an old monk of Bristol, whom he called Thomas Rowley, and placed in the times of Lydgate. His impositions duped many of the citizens of Bristol; but Gray, Mason, Sheridan, Gibbon, Johnson, and Bishop Percy pronounced his pretended discoveries to be forgeries. Indeed, a close examination of the diction ought to have made this apparent to any good English scholar.

In 1770 the boy of seventeen went up to London to write for bread and fame. At first he received engagements from various booksellers with whom he had before corresponded. His restless brain was full of schemes, and he wrote home, "I am settled, and in such a settlement as I can desire. What a glorious prospect!" His poetry was much of it of a political and satirical character. He took lodgings in a garret in the house of Mrs. Angel, in Holborn. From thence this friendless boy indited letters to his mother and sister, and sent small presents to them, to comfort them with the thought that he was doing well, and to show them his love. He would live on a crust of bread and a dried sheep's-tongue, in order to buy something from his poor earnings to send home.

But his poverty at last became extreme, and his pride was as great as his poverty. His sister became insane; and probably there was a taint of insanity in his own organization. The baker's wife refused to supply him with any more bread until he had paid the 3*s.* 6*d.* already owing. This drove him to his garret in a storm of passion. He made a final attempt to get employment, but it was unavailing. Returning home, he purchased some arsenic. That evening he spent bending over the fire in Mrs. Angel's parlor, muttering poetry to himself, until at last, taking his candle, and having kissed Mrs. Angel, he wished her good-night, and retired to his garret. The following morning his lifeless body was discovered lying on his bed; the floor covered with shreds of papers. "I leave my soul to its Maker," he wrote, "my body to my mother and sister, and my curse to Bristol." Bristol has nevertheless raised a monument to his memory. Campbell says of Chatterton: "Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age." At the time of his death he was aged seventeen years, nine months, and a few days.

The arbitrary orthography, in rude imitation of the ancient, used by Chatterton, being a mere affectation, we dismiss it from our few specimens of his writings. The diction is obviously modern, and there is no longer any reason for retaining what was only designed as a means of supporting an imposture.

Archbishop Trench has shown that the whole fabric

of Chatterton's literary fraud could have been blown up by calling attention to his use of the word *its*. This word did not find its way into the language until two hundred years after the period of Chatterton's monk, Rowley. It occurs only once in our translation of the Scriptures (Levit. xxv. 5), and only three times in Shakspeare. Even Milton, describing Satan, says

"His form had not yet lost
All *her* original brightness."

Evidently Chatterton was ignorant of these facts, and his use of *its* is alone sufficient to stamp his pretended *antiques* as spurious.

"The poems of Chatterton," says Sir Walter Scott, "may be divided into two grand classes: those ascribed to Rowley, and those which the bard of Bristol avowed to be his own composition. Of these classes, the former is incalculably superior to the latter in poetical power and diction."

Of the Rowley poems the principal are: "The Tragedy of Ella," "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin," "Ode to Ella," "The Battle of Hastings," "The Tournament," "A Description of Cannynge's Feast," and one or two dialogues. An animated controversy as to their authenticity sprang up and raged for a long time. Some of the political poems acknowledged by Chatterton show remarkable maturity and freedom of style, and indicate powers akin to those of Swift and Dryden. But his imitations of the antique are superior to all his other attempts. He has been compared to the mocking-bird, whose note of mimicry is sweeter than its natural song.

BRISTOW TRAGEDY; OR, THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.

The feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he; "for, by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
"Go tell the traitor that to-day
He leaves this mortal state."

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

"Oh, good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
"Bad tidings do I bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles;
"What says thy traitor-king?"

"I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honor sworn
That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles;
"Of that I'm not affeared;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesu, I'm prepared:

"But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor strait
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Master Canyng sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your grace,
To move your clemency."

"Then," quoth the king, "your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend:
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

"My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right:

"He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
The king in fury said;
"Before the evening-star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head:

"Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed:
Speak, Master Canyng! what thing else
At present do you need?"

"My noble liege!" good Canyng said,
"Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

"Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

"Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fast thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

"But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canyng, away! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valorous actions prize,
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canyng, away! By God in heaven,
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
While this Sir Charles doth live.

"By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last."
Then Canyng dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles;
"What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

"Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost childlike cry?"

Quoth godly Canyng, "I do weep
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye."

"Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor-king.

"When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

"Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

"How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

"How did I know that every dart,
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

"And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan, and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear;
Be all the man displayed.

"Ah, godlike Henry! God forefend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis his will; but if 'tis not,
Why then his will be done.

"My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

"In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

"I make no doubt but he is gone,
Where soon I hope to go;
Where we forever shall be blessed,
From out the reach of woe.

"He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

"He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door:

"And none can say but all my life
I have his wordis kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

"I have a spouse; go ask of her
If I defiled her bed:
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

"In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?

"No, hapless Henry! I rejoice
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

"Oh, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt know peace no moe;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

"Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

"What though I on a sled be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind:

"What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yet in the holy Book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

"Then welcome, death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

"Now death as welcome to me comes
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay."

Quoth Canyng, "'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in heaven to fly."

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground:

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeignéd tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

"Sweet Florence! now, I pray, forbear,
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

"'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love,
Receive this holy kiss."

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordis spoke,
"Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well-nigh broke:

"Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnéd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

"I go to life, and not to death;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love:

"Teach them to run the noble race
That I, their father, run;
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers, lead on."

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"Oh stay, my husband, lord, and life!"—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till, tired out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sled he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the councilmen,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

The Friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearéd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight:

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sled,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head:

Behind him five-and-twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchéd in goodly rout:

Saint James's Friars marchéd next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt:

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet decked;
And their attending men each one,
Like Eastern princes tricked:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng;
The windows were all full of heads
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day!"

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man!
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow:

"While thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand:

"Thy power unjust, thou traitor-slave!
Shall fall on thy own head"—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring,
Behold the man! he spake the truth,
He's greater than a king!"

"So let him die!" Duke Richard said;
"And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war:

And to the people he did say,
"Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

"As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know:
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

"You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke:

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partis cut;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kynwulph Hill,
One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour:

The other on Saint Powle's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high-street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In Heaven God's mercy sing!

ON RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Philip Freneau.

AMERICAN.

Freneau (1752–1832) was of French descent, a native of New York. He graduated at Princeton, in the class of 1771. He wrote political satires, such as they were, on the Tories, which did good service in their day; and he was rewarded by Jefferson with an office. Early in the war he was captured by the British, and confined in one of the prison-ships in New York harbor. After the war he commanded a sailing-vessel, and got the title of Captain. He was an editor at times; but his newspaper speculations do not seem to have turned out profitably, and he died insolvent. He was prolific as a writer of verse, and there are several volumes of poems from his pen. He lived to the age of eighty, and perished during a snow-storm, in a bog-meadow, where he seems to have got lost, and which he had attempted to cross, near Freehold, New Jersey.

MAY TO APRIL.

Without your showers
I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears:
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
Made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees,
To torrid suns their sweets resign.

For April dead
My shades I spread,
To her I owe my dress so gay;
Of daughters three
It falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day.

Thus to repose
All nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom:
Time on the wing,
May ends the Spring,
And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

William Roscoe.

Roscoe (1753–1831) brought out, in 1795, the work on which his fame chiefly rests, "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici." He was born near Liverpool, and received a common school education. He became a banker; but the house to which he belonged failed, and his private property was wrecked. Strictly honorable and scrupulous, he gave up even his books.

TO MY BOOKS.

ON BEING OBLIGED TO SELL MY LIBRARY.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart:
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;
For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

George Crabbe.

Of humble parentage, Crabbe (1754–1832), a native of Aldborough, Suffolk, was educated for the medical profession; but he left it for literature, and went to try his fortune in London. After various efforts to get into notice by his poetry, in a state of great destitution he wrote to Edmund Burke. Touched by his appeal, Burke made an appointment with him, looked at his poems, got a publisher for him, advanced him money, gave him a room at Beaconsfield, and suggested his entering the Church, which advice he adopted. After various changes he obtained the living of Trowbridge, in Wilts. In 1819

he published his "Tales of the Hall." Murray gave him £3000 for these and the copyright of his other poems.

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," was the somewhat overstrained compliment bestowed by Lord Byron on Crabbe. The English poor—their woes, weaknesses, and sins—form his almost unvarying theme. The distinguishing feature of his poetry is the graphic minuteness of its descriptive passages. He knew how untrue and exaggerated are most of the pictures of rural life that figure in poetry, and he undertook to exhibit it in its naked reality. In his style he produces the poetical effect by language of the most naked simplicity almost utterly divested of the conventional ornaments of poetry. His chief works, which range in date from 1783 to 1818, are "The Village," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," "Tales in Verse," "Tales of the Hall."

In his domestic circumstances Crabbe was fortunate. He married the lady of his choice, and had sons, one of whom wrote an admirable memoir of him. At threescore and ten the venerable poet was busy, cheerful, affectionate, and eager in charity and kind offices to the poor. He was a great lover of the sea, and his marine landscapes are fresh and striking.

THE SEA IN CALM AND STORM.

From "The Borough."

Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms;
Its colors changing when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene
In limpid blue and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye!

Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light, twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For, heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends.)
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.

* * * * * *

View now the winter storm! Above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud;
The unwieldy porpoise, through the day before,
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change—the waves, so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking; and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off, the petrel, in the troubled way,
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

Inshore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough, opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak, complaining cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

THE PILGRIM'S WELCOME.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry:
Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears:
Watch!—for saving grace is nigh:
Wait!—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice!
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and sealed, and bought and blessed!
Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Sealed—by signs the chosen know,
Bought—by love and life the price,
Blessed—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in certain rapture die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

IT IS THE SOUL THAT SEES.

From "Tales in Verse."

It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind descries;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise.
When minds are joyful, then we look around,
And what is seen is all on fairy ground;
Again, they sicken, and on every view
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;
Or if, absorbed by their peculiar cares,
The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own natures to the objects lend.
Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure;
Long as the passion reigns the effects endure;
But Love in minds his various changes makes,
And clothes each object with the change he takes;
His light and shade on every view he throws,
And on each object what he feels bestows.

Joel Barlow.

AMERICAN.

Barlow (1754–1812) was a native of Reading, Conn. He entered Dartmouth College, but completed his education at Yale. During his vacations he served in the army, and was present at the battle of White Plains, where he showed much bravery. From college he turned to divinity, and qualified himself as a chaplain, in which capacity he served for some time. He left the Church and the army, and was admitted to the Bar in 1785. In 1788 he went to Europe, where he remained, most of the time in France, seventeen years. In Paris he made a fortune in some commercial speculations, and purchased the hotel of the Count Clermont de Tonnerre, where he lived in sumptuous style. In 1805 Barlow returned to the United States, and built a fine house in the District of Columbia, which he called Calorama. He was bitterly opposed by the Federalists; whose wrath he excited by a published letter in which he denounced Adams and Washington. In 1807 appeared "The Columbiad," Barlow's principal work, and the most costly that had yet appeared in America. It is dedicated to the author's intimate friend, Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and contains eleven engravings executed by eminent London artists. It is in the heroic rhymed measure, and recalls Pope and Darwin; but there is little in it worthy of survival as poetry. He did better in "The Hasty Pudding," which, though smoothly versified, is little more than an elaborate trifle. It was written in Savoy, and dedicated to Mrs. Washington. In 1809 he was appointed Minister to France. In October, 1812, Bonaparte, then on his Russian campaign, invited him to meet him at Wilna. His rapid journey across the Continent in severely cold weather brought on an inflammation of the lungs, to which he rapidly succumbed, dying, on his return to Paris, at a small village near Cracow, December 22d, 1812. His last poem, dictated during his last illness to his secretary, was a not very happy expression of his detestation of Napoleon. It was entitled "Advice to a Raven in Russia."

FROM "THE HASTY PUDDING."

Canto I.

* * * * * *

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But rising grateful to the accustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'twas Oella whom I sung before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart to meet thee in Savoy!
Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee, through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board!
London is lost in smoke and steeped in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
From climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chilled in their fogs, exclude the generous maize;
A grain, whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short gentle showers, and bright ethereal fires.

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more;
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.

* * * * * *

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
In tropes of high-strained wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursling, man, to pampered pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow give me to quaff
The milk nutritious: am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, claim a kin to mine?
Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims: I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days,
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possessed,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my Hasty Pudding, most in thee.

Mrs. Anne Grant.

Mrs. Grant, commonly styled "of Laggan," to distinguish her from her contemporary, Mrs. Grant of Carron, was born in Glasgow, 1755. Her father, Duncan Macvicar, was an officer in the army. While a child, she accompanied her parents to America; and they settled for a time in the State of New York. In 1768 she returned with her family to Scotland. She married James Grant, a young clergyman, in 1779. He died in 1801; and in 1803 she published a volume of poems. In 1806 appeared her "Letters from the Mountains," which passed through several editions. She reached her eighty-fourth year, retaining her faculties to the last. Her correspondence was published, in three volumes, by her son, John P. Grant, in 1844. The song we quote was written on the occasion of the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with his regiment, in 1799.

OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

"Oh, where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh, where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?"
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home."

"Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.
He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away."

"Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound?"
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly;
And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would die!"

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds;
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds;
Wide, wide, through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds:
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds;
Wide, wide, through all our Highland hills, his warlike name resounds."

William Gifford.

Gifford (1756–1826) was a native of Ashburton, in Devonshire. His parents were poor, and at thirteen he was a penniless orphan. His godfather first sent him to sea as cabin-boy in a coasting-vessel, and then apprenticed him to a shoemaker. He was a lad of eager intellect, with a taste for verse and for mathematics. Through the efforts of a Mr. Cookesley, he was placed at school, and when twenty-two years old was sent to Oxford. In 1791 he wrote "The Baviad," a satire ridiculing some of the small poets of the day, who, under the signatures of Anna Matilda, Edwin, Orlando, Della Crusca, etc., gained a transient notoriety. The game was hardly worth the candle; but the satire was read and praised, and had a transient reputation. The name of Bavius for a dunce is taken from Virgil's line:

"Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina, Mævi."

"The Mæviad" followed "The Baviad," but is inferior to it in spirit. Gifford attacked Wolcot in an "Epistle to Peter Pindar," and Wolcot replied with "A Cut at a Cobbler." This led to a personal collision, in which Gifford would have got the worse of it but for the interference of a bulky Frenchman who happened to be present, and who turned Wolcot out of the reading-room, where the scene occurred, into the street, throwing his wig and cane after him.

Gifford's "small but sinewy intellect," it has been said, "was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan school." He afterward edited the *Anti-Jacobin* (see "Canning"), translated Juvenal, and in 1808 became editor of the *Quarterly Review*, in which he labored to keep alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike toward the United States. As a literary critic, he was merciless and bitter. Southey says of him: "He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; *them* he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Izaak Walton did slugs, worms, and frogs." Gifford seems to have had a tender place in his heart for Ann Davies, a faithful attendant who died in his service, and in whose memory he wrote some pathetic, but rather faulty and commonplace, lines, entitled "The Grave of Anna." As a poet his claims to remembrance are very slender.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watery skies!

Retire, retire! These tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past:
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come, then, ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
Oh, come, and grace my Anna's breast!

* * * * * *

FROM "THE BAVIAD."

Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose;
Which read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder—what it is about.
These fancy "Bell's Poetics," only sweet,
And intercept his hawkers in the street;
There, smoking hot, inhale Mit Yenda's[1] strains,
And the rank fame of Tony Pasquin's brains.
Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit or lucky price
Has blessed them with "The Boke of gode Advice,"
For ekes and algates only deign to seek,
And live upon a whilom for a week.

And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are placed
By thoughtless fashion on the throne of taste—
Say, can we wonder whence such jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,
This old, new language which defiles our page,
The refuse and the scum of every age?

Lo, Beaufoy tells of Afric's barren sand,
In all the flowery phrase of fairy-land:
There Fezzan's thrum-capped tribes—Turks, Christians, Jews—
Accommodate, ye gods, their feet with shoes!
There meagre shrubs inveterate mountains grace,
And brushwood breaks the amplitude of space.
Perplexed with terms so vague and undefined,
I blunder on, till, wildered, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to ease my head.

Oh for the good old times when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view!
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves.
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird—
Heavens! how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!

* * * * * *

[1] The name, read backward, of Mr. Tim Adney, one of the poetasters of the day.

"Gentle dulness ever loves a joke."

William Sotheby.

Sotheby (1757–1833), an accomplished scholar, poet, and translator, was a native of London. He was of good family, and educated at Harrow school. At the age of seventeen he entered the army, but quitted it in 1780, purchased a place at Southampton, and resided there ten years. In 1789 he published a translation of Wieland's "Oberon," which was a success. He now wrote poems, translations, and tragedies in great profusion. His translations were the chief source of his fame: that of Virgil's "Georgics" is one of the best in the language; those of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" have their peculiar merits. Wieland, the German poet, is said to have been charmed with the version of his "Oberon." Byron said of Sotheby that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.

STAFFA—VISITED 1829.

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion;
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When, 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle, with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

When, 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
I hailed the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

William Blake.

Extraordinary as an artist and a poet, Blake (1757–1828) was the son of a London hosier. Apprenticed at fourteen to an engraver, he became a diligent and enthusiastic student. At twenty-six he married Catherine Boutcher, who survived him, and was a most devoted and attached wife. He produced a series of designs and poems which are quite unique in the peculiar spirit of

their conception, but replete with beauties of a high order. The designs are drawn, and the poems written, upon copper, with a secret composition (disclosed to him, as he says, by the spirit of his brother Robert); and when the uncovered parts were eaten away by aqua-fortis, the rest remained as if in stereotype. His wife worked off the plates in the press; and he tinted the impressions, designs, and letter-press with a variety of pleasing colors.

Blake thought that he conversed with the spirits of the departed great—with Homer, Moses, Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton, and many others; and that some of them sat to him for their portraits. He produced a great variety of works, many of which now command high prices. The principal are "The Gates of Paradise," "Ulrizen," "Illustrations of Young's 'Night Thoughts,'" "Jerusalem," and "Illustrations to the Book of Job." Blake got from his strange, fanciful illustrations but little worldly gain. He was often extremely poor. Fond of children, he retained a child's heart to the last. Mr. Ruskin says of his poems: "They are written with absolute sincerity, with infinite tenderness, and, though in the manner of them diseased and wild, are in verity the words of a great and wise mind, disturbed, but not deceived, by its sickness; nay, partly exalted by it, and sometimes giving forth in fiery aphorism some of the most precious words of existing literature."

NIGHT.

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star doth shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have ta'en delight!
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them from all harm;
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down on their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep;
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—
And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?
And not sit, both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.
Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.
Oh, he gives to us his joy,
That our griefs he may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

INTRODUCTION TO "SONGS OF INNOCENCE."

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child;
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read—"
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

Thomas Taylor.

Taylor (1758–1835) was a native of London, where, at an early age, he was sent to St. Paul's School. He became an accomplished classical scholar, and devoted his spare hours to the study of Plato and Aristotle. To the end of his life he gave six hours a day to study. Poverty and its attendant annoyances were no obstacle. He translated the writings of all the untranslated ancient Greek philosophers, and through the generous aid of friends was enabled to publish works that must have cost more than £10,000, and upon the whole yielded no pecuniary profit. He is described as "a sincere friend and a delightful companion." But Taylor was a Platonist and polytheist. He characterized the Christian religion as a "barbarized Platonism;" and maintained that the divinities of Plato are the divinities to be adored; that we should be taught to call God, Jupiter; the Virgin, Venus; and Christ, Cupid! This "literary lunacy" did not prevent his being held in high esteem by many influential friends. He wrote an "Ode to the Rising Sun," a remarkable production, and having the passionate impetus of a sincere adoration; for Taylor believed what he was writing, and pours forth real idolatry to the sun: Apollo was to him a living power in the universe. An English critic says of the poem: "The frequently repeated and splendidly effective 'See!' was the true inimitable suggestion of sincere emotion, as is proved by the otherwise inartificial character of the poem. The alliteration with which the verses abound is evidently the unconscious effect of passion; the music is occasionally exquisite."

ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

See! how with thundering fiery feet
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat,
That bar their radiant way;
Yoked by the circling hours they stand,
Impatient at the god's command
To bear the car of day.

See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with sevenfold fire;[1]
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night
Submissively retire.

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[1] That is, with his own proper fire, and with the fire of the other planets.

See! clothed with majesty and strength,
Through sacred light's wide gates, at length
The god exulting spring:
While lesser deities around,
And demon powers his praise resound,
And hail their matchless king!

Through the dark portals of the deep
The foaming steeds now furious leap,
And thunder up the sky.
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,
Which nature's harmony inspire,
And ravish as they fly.

Even dreadful Hyle's sea profound
Feels the enchanting conquering sound,
And boils with rage no more;
The World's dark boundary, Tartarus hears,
And life-inspiring strains reveres,
And stills its wild uproar.

And while through heaven the god sublime
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time
Fast by his chariot run:
Observant of the fiery steeds,
Silent the hoary king proceeds,
And hymns his parent Sun.

See! as he comes, with general voice
All Nature's living tribes rejoice,
And own him as their king.
Even rugged rocks their heads advance,
And forests on the mountains dance,
And hills and valleys sing.

See! while his beauteous glittering feet
In mystic measures ether beat,—
Enchanting to the sight,
Pæan,[1]—whose genial locks diffuse
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,—
Exulting springs to light!

Lo! as he comes, in Heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
Lifts high his scourge of fire,—
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell,
Foes of our race, and dogs of Hell,
Dread its avenging ire.

Hail! crowned with light, creation's king!
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,
And vindicate thy might;
Thy honors spread through barbarous climes,
Ages unborn, and impious times,
And realms involved in night!

[1] A name of Apollo.

Elizabeth Hamilton.

A native of Scotland, Miss Hamilton was born 1758, and died 1816. She wrote "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," praised by Jeffrey and Scott, and said by the latter to be "a picture of the rural habits of Scotland, of striking and impressive fidelity." There have been several versions of the following little poem.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws;[1]
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonnie, blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

II.

Ainee mair, Gude be thank't, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad;
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer:
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

III.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken 't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glint fond frae each e'e:
Nae fletchings[2] o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

[1] Fine clothes. [2] Blandishments, coaxings.

Robert Burns.

The son of a poor farmer, Burns was born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland, on the 25th of January, 1759. He died at Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, aged thirty-seven years and six months. Going to school at six years of age, he had acquired at eleven a fair amount of elementary education. It was all his good father could give him; and subsequently, a "fortnight's French" and a summer quarter at land-surveying completed all the instruction the poet ever got, beyond what he was able to pick up from a few books that lay on his humble shelf.

The first edition of Burns's poems was published at Kilmarnock in 1786. The little volume went off rapidly; and he found himself with some twenty guineas in his pocket, after paying all expenses of the edition. He arranged to try his fortune in the West Indies; he was on the point of sailing for Jamaica; he had bid farewell to the "bonnie banks of Ayr" in his touching song, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when a word of praise from Dr. Blacklock, himself a poet, caused him to alter his plans, and proceed to Edinburgh. Here he was cordially received; his book had unlocked the first Edinburgh mansions to the peasant bard. A second edition of his poems was issued, by which he cleared nearly £500. He now sent £200 to help his brother Gilbert at Mossgiel, took a farm of his own at Ellisland in March, 1787, and five months afterward married Jean Armour, by whom he had had twin sons.

The farm being unfruitful, he tried to supplement it with a place in the Excise, with a salary of £70 a year. This poorly repaid him for the time its duties cost, and the dangers of that unsettled, convivial life, to which his excitable nature was thus exposed. After struggling for more than three years with the stubborn soil of Ellisland, and vainly trying to raise good crops while he looked after whiskey-stills, he gave up the farm, and in 1791 went to live at Dumfries upon his slender income as a gauger. A third edition of his poems, enriched with his inimitable "Tam O'Shanter," came out two years later. But his life was nearing its close; he could not shake off the grip of his too convivial habits, and sad days of poverty and failing health came to their end for him before he had well reached his prime. Those who had neglected him in life then found themselves a day's pleasure by making a great show of his funeral. Twelve thousand came to follow the poet to his grave.

"It is impossible," says Chambers, "to contemplate the life of Burns without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect. His manly integrity of character—which as a peasant he guarded with jealous dignity—and his warm and true heart, elevate him, in our conceptions, almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry. Some errors and frailties threw a shade on the noble and affecting image, but its higher lineaments were never destroyed."

As a lyrical poet, Burns is unsurpassed in all literature. So quick and genial were his sympathies, that he was easily stirred to lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful, whether in external nature or in the human heart and life. His energy and truth—the downright earnestness of his emotions and convictions—stamp the highest value on his writings.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, as appears from his letters, formed the strongest and most soothing of Burns's beliefs. Most of his poems are written in Lowland Scotch; but he often rises to an English style, noble, impressive, and refined. "Viewing him merely as a poet," says Campbell, "there is scarcely another regret connected with his name than that his productions, with all their merit, fall short of the talents which he possessed." A touching reference to one element of success, in which he himself was lacking, is made in the following stanza from a serio-comic epitaph:

> "Reader, attend—whether thy soul
> Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
> Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
> In low pursuit,—
> Know, prudent, cautious self-control
> Is wisdom's root."

One noble trait of Burns's character is manifest in the fact that, though he died in abject poverty, he did not leave a farthing of debt. His physical frame corresponded to the qualities of his mind. His expressive, thoughtful face, above all his kindling eyes, were in keeping with the lineaments of his genius, the prominent qualities of which were earnestness and intensity.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

> "Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
> Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
> The short but simple annals of the poor."
>
> GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise!
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways:
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agéd tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher[1] through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'[2] noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve[3] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[4] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for others' weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[5] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars[6] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnéd to obey;
"An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[7] hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk[8] or play:
An' oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[1] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks[2] of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blate[3] and laithfu',[4] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[5]

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacéd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board:
The halesome parritch,[6] chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie[7] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[8] snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained[9] kebbuck,[10] fell,[11]

[1] Stagger. [2] Fluttering. [3] By-and-by.
[4] Cautious. [5] News. [6] Makes.
[7] Diligent. [8] Dally.

[1] Half. [2] Talks. [3] Bashful.
[4] Hesitating. [5] Other people. [6] Porridge.
[7] Cow. [8] Porch. [9] Well-saved.
[10] Cheese. [11] Biting.

An' aft he's pressed, an' aft he calls it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond[1] auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[2]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[3] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[4] a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets[5] the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone in Patmos banishéd
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"[6]
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blessed with health and peace and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou, who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,

[1] A twelvemonth.
[2] Since the flax was in flower.
[3] Gray locks.
[4] Chooses.
[5] Adds fuel to fire.
[6] Pope's "Windsor Forest."

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part—
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

A PRAYER UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distressed,
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure, thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
Oh free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND,[1] MAY, 1786.

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad;
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attainéd;
And a' your views may come to naught
Where every nerve is strainéd.

I'll no say men are villains a':
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked.
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should nae censure;
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer:
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith[1] hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.[2]

The sacred lowe[3] o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it!
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

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[1] Addressed to Andrew Aiken, son of Robert Aiken, to whom "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was dedicated. Andrew died in 1831 at Riga, where he held the office of English consul.

[1] Poverty.

[2] Here Burns was in error, and recommended what a generous nature like his own would have shrunk from—self-concealment at the expense of others. Probably he felt that prudence in checking his own impulsive feelings was what he lacked.

[3] Flame.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed wi' heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede[1]
Than ever did th' adviser.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Burns made another version of this poem, inferior, we think, to the original, which we give.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me.

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

[1] Heed the advice.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure[1]
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm;
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form!

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield[2]
O' clod or stane
Adorns the histie[3] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

[1] Dust. [2] Protection. [3] Dry.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray,[1] and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie,[1] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[2] for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that:
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might:
Guid faith, he mauna fa'[3] that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank[4] than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[5] and a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie![6]
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;

[1] Coarse woollen cloth.

[1] A conceited fellow. [2] A fool.
[3] Attempt. [4] So in MS., but usually printed *ranks*.
[5] Supremacy. [6] Muddy.

For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves, sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang. syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,[1]
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught[2]
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

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[1] Companion. [2] Draught.

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingéd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me—nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand-in-hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
On blithe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost[1] her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,[2]
Gart[3] poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleeched,[4] and Duncan prayed,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,[5]
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat[6] his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin'[7] ower a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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[1] Cast. [2] Coy.
[3] Compelled. [4] Flattered.
[5] A well-known rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde.
[6] Wept. [7] Leaping.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh, her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoored his wrath;
Now they're crouse[1] and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody!
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody!
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills,
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

[1] Brisk.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

John Mayne.

John Mayne (1759–1836) was a native of Dumfries, Scotland. After such an education as he could get at the grammar-school of his native town, he entered the printing-office of the *Dumfries Journal* as a type-setter. In 1781 he published his song of "Logan Braes," of which Burns afterward composed a new, but inferior, version. Mayne wrote "The Siller Gun," a descriptive poem, the latest edition of which contains five cantos. In 1787 he settled in London. Allan Cunningham said of him: "A better or warmer-hearted man never existed."

LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep, and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or, whan it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane;
Frae kirk and fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I daunder[1] out, and sit alane;
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

[1] To walk thoughtlessly.

Helen Maria Williams.

Miss Williams (1762–1827) was a native of the North of England, and was ushered into public notice when she was eighteen by Dr. Kippis. She published "Edwin and Elfrida," a poem; "Peru," a poem; and other pieces, afterward collected in two volumes. In 1790 she settled in Paris. There she became intimate with Madame Roland and the most eminent of the Girondists; and in 1794 was imprisoned, and nearly shared their fate. She escaped to Switzerland, but returned to Paris in 1796, and resided there till her death. She shared the religious opinions of the "Theophilanthropists," who were pure Theists. The one exquisite hymn by which she is known has been freely adopted, however, by all Christian sects. In 1823 she collected and republished her poems. Of one of her sonnets she says: "I commence the sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favor for which I have a proud reason: it is that of Mr. Wordsworth, who lately honored me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory after a lapse of many years."

SONNET TO HOPE.

Oh, ever skilled to wear the form we love,
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,—
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften or shall chase misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye;
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die!
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!

Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee!

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee!

Andrew Cherry.

Born in Limerick, Ireland, Andrew Cherry (1762–1812) was an actor and dramatic author of second-rate abilities; but he made one conspicuous hit in his well-known song of the "Bay of Biscay," which, defective as it is in literary merit, is wedded to music that keeps it alive. Braham used to sing it with thrilling effect.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers;
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers:
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak:
Each fears a watery pillow;
None stops the dreadful leak.
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till the day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh:
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent:—
A sail in sight appears!
We hail it with three cheers!
Now we sail with the gale
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

George Colman, the Younger.

The son of George Colman, the Elder, author of "The Jealous Wife," and other successful plays, George the Younger (1762–1836) early gave his attention to the writing of plays. He produced several which still keep their place on the stage: "The Iron Chest" (1796); "The Heir at Law" (1797); "The Poor Gentleman" (1802); "John Bull" (1805); with numerous minor pieces. Colman wrote poetical travesties and light farcical pieces in verse, which were collected and published (1802) under the title of "Broad Grins."

SIR MARMADUKE.

Sir Marmaduke was a hearty knight—
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide—
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts,—d'ye see?
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate—
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family!

Egerton Brydges.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762–1837) first saw the light at the manor-house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover. By his mother, an Egerton, he claimed to have inherited the most illustrious blood of Europe. Having entered Queen's College, Cambridge, he left it without a degree. He tried the law, was admitted to the Bar, but made no mark as a lawyer. In 1785 he published a volume of poems; and in 1814 his volume of "Occasional Poems" appeared. His "Bertram," a poem, was given to the world in 1815. Byron writes of him as "a strange but able old man." He was immensely proud of his noble ancestry, sensitive, and morbidly anxious for literary fame, as some of his sonnets show. The latter part of his life, having involved himself in pecuniary embarrassments, he resided chiefly at Geneva. His sonnet upon "Echo and Silence" was pronounced by Wordsworth the best sonnet in the language; and Southey said he knew of none more beautifully imaginative—commendation that now must seem extravagant and inappropriate. Brydges was too self-conscious, introspective, and jealous of what he thought his dues, to warble any "native wood-notes wild." His long poems have little poetic value; but he shows imaginative power, and some of the high gifts of the poet. He edited with much ability an edition of Milton, which was republished in New York, and is still in demand.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And lo, she's gone!—In robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

THE APPROACH OF COLD WEATHER.

One morn, what time the sickle 'gan to play,
The eastern gates of heaven were open laid,
When forth the rosy Hours did lead a maid,
From her sweet eyes who shed a softened ray.
Blushing and fair she was; and from the braid
Of her gold locks she shook forth perfumes gay:
Yet languid looked, and indolently strayed
Awhile, to watch the harvest borne away.
But now, with sinews braced, and aspect hale;
With buskined legs, and quiver 'cross her flung;
With hounds and horn, she seeks the wood and vale;
And Echo listens to her forest song.
At eve she flies to hear the poet's tale,
And "Autumn's" name resounds his shades among.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MAY 11, 1826.

High name of poet!—sought in every age
By thousands—scarcely won by two or three,—
As with the thorns of this sad pilgrimage
My bleeding feet are doomed their war to wage,
With awful worship I have bowed to thee!
And yet, perchance, it is not Fate's decree
This mighty boon should be assigned to me,
My heart's consuming fever to assuage.—
Fountain of Poesy! that liest deep
Within the bosom's innermost recesses,
And rarely burstest forth to human ear,
Break out!—and, while profoundly magic sleep
With piercelcss veil all outward form oppresses,
Let me the music of thy murmurs hear.

WRITTEN AT LEE PRIORY, AUGUST 10, 1826.

Praise of the wisè and good!—it is a meed
For which I would lone years of toil endure;
Which many a peril, many a grief would cure!
As onward I with weary feet proceed,
My swelling heart continues still to bleed;
The glittering prize holds out its distant lure,
But seems, as nearer I approach, less sure,
And never to my prayer to be decreed!—
With anxious ear I listen to the voice
That shall pronounce the precious boon I ask;
But yet it comes not,—or it comes in doubt.
Slave to the passion of my earliest choice,
From youth to age I ply my daily task,
And hope, e'en till the lamp of life goes out.

William Lisle Bowles.

But for the praise bestowed by Coleridge and Wordsworth on the sonnets of Bowles—praise which seems a little overstrained a century later—he would hardly be entitled to a place among British poets of note. Born in the county of Wilts in 1762, he died in 1850. He

was educated at Oxford, studied for the ministry, was made Prebendary of Salisbury, 1804, and incumbent of Bremhill, Wiltshire, 1805. He was a voluminous writer both of prose and poetry. Hallam says: "The sonnets of Bowles may be reckoned among the first-fruits of a new era in poetry." Bowles had a controversy with Byron and Campbell on the writings of Pope, and took the ground that Pope was no poet. Many pamphlets were issued on both sides, and the question was left where the combatants found it. Pope's must always be a great name in English literature.

THE TOUCH OF TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away!
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah, how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

THE BELLS OF OSTEND.

WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING, AFTER A STORM.

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!
The day set in darkness; the wind it blew loud,
And rung, as it passed, through each murmuring shroud.
My forehead was wet with the foam of the spray,
My heart sighed in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the east,
The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:
The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seemed to say,
"Let the stranger forget every sorrow to-day!"

Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain:
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave;
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave.
I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,
Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.
But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,
Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful, to bear;
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

SONNET, OCTOBER, 1792.

Go, then, and join the roaring city's throng!
Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
To busy fantasies, and boding fears,
Lest ill betide thee. But 'twill not be long,
And the hard season shall be past: till then
Live happy, sometimes the forsaken shade
Remembering, and these trees now left to fade;
Nor 'mid the busy scenes and "hum of men"
Wilt thou my cares forget: in heaviness
To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
Till, mournful autumn past, and all the snow
Of winter pale, the glad hour I shall bless
That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

SONNET: ON THE RIVER RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine)
Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted. Varying as we go,
Lo, the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls or glistening spire
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.
Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff; there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
While Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

Joanna Baillie.

Miss Baillie (1762–1851) was the daughter of a Scottish minister, and was born in Bothwell, county of Lanark. Her latter years were spent at Hampstead. She wrote "Plays of the Passions," of which "De Montfort" is, perhaps, the best, and which made for her quite a literary reputation in her day. The lines on "Fame" form the conclusion of a narrative poem, entitled "Christopher Columbus." According to Ballantyne, she was at one time pronounced "the highest genius" of Great Britain by Sir Walter Scott. Her dramatic and poetic works, with a Life, were published in 1853.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round, and sleek,
And soft, and fair? thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire or hind?—
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringéd eyelids rise and fall,—
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats, half lisped, half spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropped daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

FAME.

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
While in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them, to act a noble part?

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant, happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the brave;
Can poorly think beneath the mouldering heap
That noble being shall forever sleep?
"No," saith the generous heart, and proudly swells,
"Though his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

Thomas Russell.

Russell (1762–1788) was a native of Beaminster, Dorsetshire. He studied for the Church, but died young. After his death appeared "Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems, by the late Thomas Russell, Fellow of New College, Oxford, 1789." Southey spoke of him in exaggerated terms as "the best English sonnet-writer;" and Bishop Mant says, "there are no better sonnets in the English language than Russell's." Wordsworth also praised him. Of the sonnet, "To Valclusa," H. F. Cary, in his "Notices of Miscellaneous English Poets," says: "The whole of this is exquisite. Nothing can be more like Milton than the close of it."

TO VALCLUSA.

What though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled
That wooed his fair in thy sequestered bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoaned her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers?
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charmed wild Echo with his plaintive song?

Yet still, enamored of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecayed the fairy-garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

SONNET.

Could then the Babes from you unsheltered cot
Implore thy passing charity in vain?
Too thoughtless Youth! what though thy happier lot
Insult their life of poverty and pain!
What though their Maker doomed them thus forlorn
To brook the mockery of the taunting throng,
Beneath the Oppressor's iron scourge to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at his wrong!
Yet when their last late evening shall decline,
Their evening cheerful, though their day distressed,
A Hope perhaps more heavenly-bright than thine,
A Grace by thee unsought, and unpossessed,
A Faith more fixed, a Rapture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal Rest.

Samuel Rogers.

Rogers (1763–1855) was the son of a banker, resident near London. In 1776 he entered the banking-house as a clerk. Once, when a boy, he resolved to call on Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court, but his courage failed him as he placed his hand on the knocker, and they never met. In 1782 Rogers published "The Pleasures of Memory." Its success was remarkable. In 1793 his father died, and Samuel, inheriting a large fortune, had ample leisure for literature. At his residence in St. James's Place, he delighted to gather round him men eminent in letters and art. In 1830 he published a superb edition of his poem, "Italy," illustrated with engravings after drawings done for him by Stothard, Turner, and other artists. Rogers was a careful and fastidious writer. His "Italy" has passages of high artistic merit, and will long make his place good among British poets. A certain quaint sarcasm characterized some of his sayings. The late Lord Dudley (Ward) had been free in his criticisms on the poet, who retaliated with this epigrammatic couplet:

> "Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
> He *has* a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

On one occasion Rogers tried to extort from his neighbor, Sir Philip Francis, a confession that he was the author of "Junius;" but Francis gave a surly rebuff, and Rogers remarked that if he was not *Junius*, he was at least *Brutus*. The poet's *recipe* for long life was, "temperance, the bath and flesh-brush, and don't fret." He thus, in his "Italy," refers to himself:

> "Nature denied him much,
> But gave him at his birth what most he values:
> A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
> For poetry, the language of the gods,
> For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
> A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
> The light of an ingenuous countenance,
> And, what transcends them all, a noble action."

Rogers died in his ninety-third year, his life having ranged over four successive generations in the history of English literature.

THE OLD ANCESTRAL MANSION.

From "The Pleasures of Memory."

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gate-way strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
See, through the fractured pediment revealed
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest:
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!
As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
O haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweetened every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring;
And fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chained each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood:
Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.
Ye household deities! whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high;

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the 'wildered sight;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues impressed,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colored chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near:
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!
As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade;
Or strewed with crumbs you root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

HOPES FOR ITALY.

From "Italy."

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the mask
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him?
Such questions hourly do I ask myself;
And not a finger-post by the roadside
"To Mantua"—"To Ferrara"—but excites
Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation.
O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet could I weep—for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come, admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of beauty.
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
—But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already,
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. E'en now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
Godlike example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,
Since men invoked "By those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were—instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

VENICE.

From "Italy."

There is a glorious City in the Sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

ROMAN RELICS.

From "Italy."

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry,

Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!
Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world:—
Thou art in Rome! the city where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city that by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.
There, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flocked thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell
In happy intercourse?
And I am there!
Ah! little thought I, when in school I sat,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead;—to turn
Toward Tiber, and, beyond the city-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace himself;—or climb the Palatine,
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,—
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Longwhile the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness;[1] and, the summit gained,
Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice faltered, and a mother wept
Tears of delight!

[1] Nero.

John Mason Good.

Good (1764–1827) was born at Epping, in Essex, and was an indefatigable worker. He was apprenticed as a surgeon, and afterward settled in London as a surgeon and apothecary. His "Book of Nature" (1826) was a great success.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He that arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud,

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringéd border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embosséd gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within,

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

James Grahame.

Grahame (1765–1811), a native of Glasgow, exchanged the profession of a barrister for that of a curate in the Church of England. Amiable, modest, pious, his poetry consists of a drama, "Mary, Queen of Scots;" "The Sabbath," the best of his poems; "The Birds of Scotland;" "British Georgics," etc. His style is moulded on the model of Cowper.

SABBATH MORNING.

From "The Sabbath."

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,

The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

From "The Sabbath."

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath-day,—
Not even a footfall heard! Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged, the whirléd drift has almost reached
The powdered key-stone of the church-yard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit Nature in her grand attire:
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or, if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell:
No footprint, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long! The wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away.

So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers: then to the pastures green
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

* * * * * *

A PRESENT DEITY.

From "The Sabbath."

O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a present Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think that He who hears the heavenly choirs
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He who rolls yon solar sphere
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark his presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear his awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel his care for all that lives,—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.

Yes! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there
Would please my weary sight, and tell of thee!
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault by day, by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth his handiwork!"

Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Carolina Oliphant, afterward Baroness Nairne (1766–1845), was born in the county of Perth, Scotland, and wrote several lyrical pieces, still popular. She was celebrated for her beauty, talents, and estimable character. She married her second-cousin, Major Nairne, who, in 1824, was restored to his rank in the peerage, and became Lord Nairne. A collection of her poems, edited by Dr. Charles Rogers, with a memoir, was published in 1868. There is a shorter version of "The Land o' the Leal."

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day is aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And oh, we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
I' the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
O dry your glistening e'e, John!
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O haud ye leal and true, John;
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John!
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
I' the land o' the leal.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

AIR: "AIKEN AROON."

Would you be young again?
So would not I!
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away!

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight!
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly, time, fly speedily!
Come, life and light!

Robert Bloomfield.

Bloomfield (1766–1823), an English pastoral poet, was a native of Honington, in Suffolk. He was the youngest son of a tailor, who died before Robert was a year old. At the age of eleven the lad was employed as a farmer's boy, and next as a shoemaker in London. While working with others in a garret, he composed mentally, arranged and re-arranged, his poem of "The Farmer's Boy," comprising some sixteen hundred lines, without committing a line to paper. Having procured paper, he "had nothing to do," he said, "but to write it down." It was printed in the year 1800, under the patronage of Capel Lofft, and 26,000 copies were sold in three years. Through imprudent liberality to poor relations, and an unfortunate adventure in the book business, the poet's last days were darkened by poverty, ill-health, and distress. He left a widow and four children. In all that he wrote there is an artless simplicity, an exquisite sensibility to the beautiful, and an unerring rectitude of sentiment, worthy of all praise. In "The Soldier's Home," a trite subject is dignified by the touching fidelity to nature in every part. It has all the neatness, truthfulness in detail, and perfect simplicity of a *chef-d'œuvre* by Teniers.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a sea of light:
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appeared;
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;

I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
"Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble-bee,
And boomed, and bounced, and struggled to be free;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam forever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once—rose, and burst into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain.
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said:
"Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again:
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
The child approached, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

Richard Alfred Milliken.

Milliken (1767–1815) was a native of the county of Cork, Ireland. He seems to have been the originator of a humorous vein of verse, afterward cultivated with success by Mahony and other Irish poets. There are several versions of the following comical extravaganza.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet silent brooks;
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
The daffadowndilly, likewise the lily,—
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air!

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
There's no commander in all the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel-walks there for speculation
And conversation in sweet solitude:
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon.
And if a lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,

'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
Into some fort, or all underground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badgers are forever bred;
Being mossed by natur', that makes it sweeter,
Than a coach-and-six, or a feather-bed.
'Tis there the lake is, well stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches and groves of beeches,
Standing in order for to guard the flood!

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A-washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
All blood-relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,—
All heathen gods and nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
There is a boat on the lake to float on,
And lots of beauties which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher or a classic teacher,
In every feature I'd make 'em shine.

There is a stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament:
A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer, to be let alone:
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone!
So now to finish this brave narration
Which my poor genius could not entwine:
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.

John Hookham Frere.

Frere (1769–1846) was a native of Norfolk. He entered the diplomatic service of England, and was minister to Spain in 1808. At one time he contributed to the *Etonian*, with Moultrie and Praed. He is commended by Scott and Byron. In 1817 Mr. Murray published a small poetical volume, under the eccentric title of "Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers: intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." For many years Mr. Frere resided in Malta, in the enjoyment of a handsome pension for diplomatic services; and in Malta he died, on the 7th of January, 1846, aged seventy-seven. In 1871 his works in prose and verse, and a memoir by his nephews, were published in two volumes.

THE PROEM.

I've often wished that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse:
I never should regret the pains it took;
That's just the sort of fame that I should choose.
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favorite Muse;
And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagára.

Poets consume excisable commodities:
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious;
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious.
As an industrious and painstaking body 'tis
That poets should be reckoned meritorious;
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one board for verse, and one for prose.

Princes protecting sciences and art
I've often seen, in copper-plate and print;
I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't:
But everybody knows the Regent's heart
(I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint)—
Each board to have twelve members, with a seat
To bring them in per ann. five hundred neat.

From princes I descend to the nobility:
In former times all persons of high stations,
Lords, baronets, and persons of gentility,
Paid twenty guineas for the dedications.
This practice was attended with utility:
The patrons lived to future generations,
The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
So men alive and dead could live by learning.

Then twenty guineas was a little fortune;
Now we must starve unless the times should mend:
Our poets nowadays are deemed importune
If their addresses are diffusely penned.
Most fashionable authors make a short one
To their own wife, or child, or private friend,

To show their independence, I suppose;
And that may do for gentlemen like those.

Lastly, the common people I beseech:
Dear people, if you think my verses clever,
Preserve with care your noble parts of speech,
And take it as a maxim to endeavor
To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
And then these lines of mine may last forever;
And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

I think that poets—whether Whig or Tory—
Whether they go to meeting or to church—
Should study to promote their country's glory
With patriotic, diligent research,
That children yet unborn may learn the story,
With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch.
It stands to reason—this was Homer's plan;
And we must do—like him—the best we can.

Madoc, and Marmion, and many more,
Are out in print, and most of them are sold;
Perhaps together they may make a score.
Richard the First has had his story told;
But there were lords and princes long before
That had behaved themselves like warriors bold:
Among the rest there was the great King Arthur—
What hero's fame was ever carried farther?

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
Were reckoned the best king, and bravest lords,
Of all that flourished since the tower of Babel,
At least of all that history records;
Therefore, I shall endeavor, if I'm able,
To paint their famous actions by my words.
Heroes exert themselves in hopes of fame;
And, having such a strong decisive claim,

It grieves me much that names that were respected
In former ages—persons of such mark,
And countrymen of ours—should lie neglected,
Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark.
An error such as this should be corrected;
And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
Why, then (as poets say), I'll string my lyre;
And then I'll light a great poetic fire:

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
And wash the canvas clean, and scour the frames,
And put a coat of varnish on the fable,
And try to puzzle out the dates and names;
Then (as I said before) I'll heave my cable,
And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames:
—These first eleven stanzas make a Proem,
And now I must sit down and write my poem.

WHISTLECRAFT AND MURRAY.

From Canto III.

I've a proposal here from Mr. Murray.
He offers handsomely—the money down.
My dear, you might recover from your flurry
In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom—anywhere in Surrey:
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front parlor for next week.

Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think.
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink:
On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock;
And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We'll travel down there in the morning stages;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
And you shall have a better shawl to wear:
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes;
By Monday next I'll compass a new pair.
Come now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air;
Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
The kettle up. *Arms and the Monks I sing.*

John Tobin.

Tobin (1770–1804) was a native of Salisbury, England, and was educated for the law. "He passed many years," says Mrs. Inchbald, "in the anxious labor of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted 'The Honey-moon' than he died, and he never enjoyed the recompense of seeing it performed." He attempted to unite literary composition with a faithful attention to legal studies. He overworked himself, and fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint. In the hope of relieving it, he had embarked for the West Indies. "The Honey-moon" is a romantic drama, chiefly in blank verse, and still keeps honest possession of the stage. It shows the true poetical faculty. The plot resembles that of "The Taming of the Shrew." The Duke of Aranza conducts his bride to a cottage in the country, pretending that he is a peasant, and that he

has obtained her hand by deception. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, submits; and the duke, having accomplished his object, asserts his true rank, and places her in his palace.

"This truth to manifest: a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life:
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who—wisely keep their honey-moon."

THE DUKE ARANZA TO JULIANA.

FROM "THE HONEY-MOON."

Duke. I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament; no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity;
Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in!

Juliana. I shall observe, sir.

Duke. I should like to see you in the dress
I last presented you.

Juliana. The blue one, sir?

Duke. No, love, the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,—
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them,—
With the pure red and white which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks,—
This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,—
Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush.

George Canning.

Canning (1770–1827), a native of London, was educated at Eton and Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1793, and became distinguished as a statesman and orator. In 1797, with some associates, he started a paper, styled *The Anti-Jacobin*, the object of which was to attack the writers of the day whose sympathies were with the French Revolution. Gifford was the editor. The contributions of Canning consist of parodies on Southey and Darwin. In a satire entitled "New Morality" occur the following often-quoted lines:

"Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn, the blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend!"

The poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin*, collected and published in a separate form, reached a sixth edition. One of the writers was John Hookham Frere, who showed an elegant and scholarly wit in various poetical productions.

Southey had written the following Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the regicide, was imprisoned thirty years:

INSCRIPTION.

"For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as, with even tread,
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist:
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebelled against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace, and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipped. Blesséd hopes! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfilled!

The above was thus wittily parodied, Canning, Frere, and George Ellis each having a hand in the burlesque:

INSCRIPTION FOR THE DOOR OF THE CELL IN NEWGATE,

WHERE MRS. BROWNRIGG, THE 'PRENTICE-CIDE, WAS CONFINED PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

"For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as, with shrill voice,
She screamed for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole; for her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed!"

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

A PARODY ON SOUTHEY'S LINES, ENTITLED "THE WIDOW."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy knife-grinder, whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't.
So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
-road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives
and
Scissors to grind, O!"

Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives.
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the "Rights of Man," by Tom
Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
-stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

Though short thy space, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease;
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues—faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye!
Oh, marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure—
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away)!
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

SONG BY ROGERO.

SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS."

This was levelled at Schiller's "Robbers," and Goethe's "Stella." It is introduced by a soliloquy, supposed to be spoken by Rogero, a student who has been immured eleven years in "a subterraneous vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh."

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!—
At least I thought so at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
-tor, Law Professor at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in!
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-
-el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music continuing to play.*]

James Hogg.

One of the best lyric poets of Scotland, Hogg (1770–1835), often called the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born in a cottage at Ettrick Hall, and was the son of a shepherd. His mother had good humor and a rich store of song. He had little education, but showed great aptitude in imitating the old strains which he got from his mother. He had withal a taste for music. In 1801 he published a small volume of poems, and in 1807 another. He helped Scott in collecting old ballads for the "Border Minstrelsy." It was not till 1813 that he established his reputation by "The Queen's Wake," largely made up of Scottish songs and short romantic ballads. Among them that of "Bonny Kilmeny" is one of the most charming and poetical of fairy tales. Hogg wrote several novels. His worldly schemes were seldom successful, and he failed as a sheep-farmer. He had a passion for field sports. He was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means, and his death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, where he had lived on seventy acres of moorland, presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch. He breathed his last with the calmness and freedom from pain that he might have experienced in falling asleep in his gray plaid on the hillside. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in arranging incidents or delineating character. He is often coarse and extravagant; yet some of his stories have much of the literal truth and happy, minute painting of Defoe.

BONNY KILMENY.

From "The Queen's Wake."

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek in the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane,
When the ingle lowed with an eyrie leme,—
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den—
By lin, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been—

A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.
In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene, Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied:
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
Oh, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom.

"Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
Oh, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"Oh, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,—
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,—
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the joys you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that
shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song—she heard it sung,
She kenned not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn—
"Oh, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air

But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have died away,
When the sinner had gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they passed, they backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
Oh, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew,
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires' glow—
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought;
For now she lived in the land of thought.—
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linkéd flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marléd seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth—
Like peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed, and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale;
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leash of silk,
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting e'e—
Her sovereign shield, till Love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedesman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain.
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look no mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girnéd amain,
And they trampled him down — but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And, weening his head was danger-preef
When crowned with the rose and clover-leaf,
He growled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed with the deer on the mountain gray.
He growled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven;
But his mark was set, and his arlés given.
Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;
And she herked on her ravening crew,

Till the cities and towers were wrapped in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man;
She never lered, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waeful mien,
The eagle sought her eyrie again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing Nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.

When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam' hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodie
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered:
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled;
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion:
The wild beasts of the forest came;
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern atour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh! the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenned na whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the Land of Thought again.[1]

[1] "'Kilmeny' alone places our shepherd among the undying ones," says Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. "From 'Kilmeny' alone," says Lord Jeffrey, "no doubt can be entertained that Hogg is a poet in the highest acceptation of the name." "'Kilmeny' has been the theme of universal admiration, and deservedly so, for it is pure poetry," says D. M. Moir. "It cannot be matched in the whole compass of British song," says Allan Cunningham.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day:
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learnin' fast to pray:
And oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine,—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!

William Wordsworth.

Wordsworth (1770–1850) was born at Cockermouth, England, April 7th, 1770. His father was law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterward Lord Lonsdale. His mother died when he was eight years of age; his father, when he was thirteen. He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, and took his Bachelor's degree there in 1791. On leaving the University he travelled abroad, and was in France when Louis XVI. was dethroned. At that time he was a strong republican, and sympathized with the revolutionary party. He soon changed his views. His friends wished him to enter the Church; but a bequest of £900 from Raisley Calvert, a young friend, who urged him to become a poet, led him to devote himself thenceforth to literary pursuits. The circumstance was commemorated by Wordsworth in a noble sonnet. In 1793 he put forth a modest volume of descriptive verse; and in 1798 appeared "Lyrical Ballads," containing twenty-three pieces, the first being "The Ancient Mariner," by his friend Coleridge, and the rest poems by Wordsworth. Joseph Cottle, bookseller of Bristol, gave thirty guineas for the copyright; he printed five hundred copies, but the venture was financially a failure, and he got rid of the edition at a loss. The attempt of Wordsworth to substitute the simple language of rustic life for the tumid diction of the sentimental school was assailed with bitter ridicule by the critics of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* condemned his innovations. He had to educate his public.

After a tour in Germany, Wordsworth settled, with his sister, at Grasmere. The payment to them of £3600 from a debt due their father had placed them above want. In 1802 the poet was married to his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, the lady who became the subject of the well-known lines, beginning, "She was a phantom of delight." In 1808 he removed to Allan Bank, and in 1813 to Rydal Mount, both places lying in sight of the beautiful lakes; whence the name of the "Lake School of Poetry" was given to the style represented by himself, Coleridge, and Southey. Holding the views he did—that poetry should be true to nature, and represent real, and not exaggerated, feelings—Wordsworth purposely selected simple subjects, and treated them with a simplicity which drew

down much opposition, and gave rise to a controversy which lasted for some years.

The income from his writings was small, because of the existing distaste for them, and because he had to educate a public up to the appreciation of his standard. It was, therefore, a great assistance when, through the influence of Lord Lonsdale, he was, in 1813, appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, which brought him in £500 a year. In 1814 "The Excursion" was published. Only five hundred copies were disposed of the first six years. "This will never do," wrote Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review;* but he lived to see that he had been far from infallible in his prediction. As a mere narrative, "The Excursion" is faulty: it has little dramatic interest. The conception of a peddler who can converse like a poet, philosopher, and scholar on the highest themes, is not in harmony with the probabilities; but the poem is full of some of the grandest passages in the whole range of English verse. Notwithstanding the ridicule launched at it by Byron, its fame has been daily extending; and it will, perhaps, outlast the brilliant "Childe Harold" of his lordship. It has certainly had more influence upon the poetical culture and taste of the latter half of the nineteenth century than all that Byron ever wrote.

In 1815 "The White Doe of Rylstone" appeared. In 1819 "The Wagoner," dedicated to Charles Lamb, and "Peter Bell," to Southey, were published. In 1822 "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent," containing poems and sonnets, was produced; and in 1835 appeared "Yarrow Revisited," dedicated to Rogers. "The Prelude," a fragment of autobiography, was not published until the author was dead.

"In my ode on the 'Intimations of Immortality,'" says Wordsworth, "I do not profess to give a literal representation of the state of the affections, and of the moral being in childhood. I record my own feelings at that time—my absolute spirituality—my *all-soulness*, if I may so speak. At that time I could not believe that I should lie down quietly in the grave, and that my body would moulder into dust." Elsewhere he says of it: "I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make, for my purpose, the best use of it I could as a poet." The ode referred to stands unapproached in sublimity by any similar work in the English language.

In his Sonnets (a poetic form of which he was fond), Wordsworth is unexcelled, even by Milton. His higher efforts are described by Coleridge as being characterized by "an austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically." No English poet who has dealt with lofty themes is more thoroughly English in his style.

In 1842 the now venerable poet resigned his office as distributor of stamps in favor of one of his sons. A pension of £300 a year was bestowed on him; and, on the death of his friend Southey, in 1843, he was appointed poet-laureate. He died a few days after the completion of his eightieth year.

Wordsworth tells us that when he first thought seriously of being a poet, he looked into himself to see how far he was fitted for the work, and seemed to find then "the first great gift, the vital soul." In this self-estimate he did not err. He was thoroughly in earnest.

THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet—
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity;—

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not.
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days, and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern law-giver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman let me live!

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?—
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.—
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:—
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human-kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:—
He who, though thus endued, as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.—
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray:
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:—
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
  Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
  And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
  Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
  And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew," said I, "let us match
  This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
  That suits a summer's noon:

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes
  Sing here beneath the shade—
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
  Which you last April made."

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
  The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
  The gray-haired man of glee:

"Down to the vale this water steers;
  How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
  And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
  I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
  Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
  My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
  Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay;
  And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
  Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,
  The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
  Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do *they* wage
  A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
  Is beautiful and free.

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
  And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
  We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
  His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
  It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone;
  My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
  Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
  The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
  Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
  I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
  "Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
  And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,
  And through the wood we went:

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
  He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
  And the bewildered chimes.

FROM LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR, JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have passed; five summers with the
  length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence, from among the trees
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blesséd mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blesséd mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

* * * * * *

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart,—and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!

* * * * * *

LAODAMÍA.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens, and her eye expands:
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him—wingéd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand,
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamía! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed:
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo, thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice!
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne:
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appall me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blessed a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía, doth not leave
His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee, or deceive,
But in reward of thy fidelity:
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain,
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes! bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore.
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he whose power restores thee hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this:
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is passed:
Know virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion! for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul,—
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate, and meekly mourn
When I depart—for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far

Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he said—
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered.
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed-for, and the future sure;—
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime day and night:

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained:

"The wished-for wind was given. I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod,—these fountains, flowers,—
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow:
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blessed reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Toward a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled,—her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung: 'tis vain:
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved:
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight,
A constant interchange of growth and blight.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY, FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief;
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep;
And all the earth is gay.
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen,
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning;
And the children are culling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon—
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, readest the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blessed!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blessed;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast,—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds—sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,—
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

Of those referred to in these stanzas, Walter Scott died September 21st, 1832; S. T. Coleridge, July 25th, 1834; Charles Lamb, December 27th, 1834; George Crabbe, February 3d, 1832; Felicia Hemans, May 16th, 1835; James Hogg, November 21st, 1835.

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;
The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next shall drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet dead.

Rydal Mount, November 30th, 1835.

THE SONNET'S SCANTY PLOT.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells,
And students with their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

Scorn not the Sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors: with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl, that walkest with me here!
If thou appearest untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshippest at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

TO SLEEP.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,—
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

THE FAVORED SHIP.

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
"Her tackling rich, and of apparel high."
This ship was naught to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look;
This ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook
No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir:
On went she, and due north her journey took.

THE MIND THAT BUILDS FOR AYE.

A volant tribe of bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flattering zephyrs round them play,
On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay:
How quickly, from that aerie hold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye,
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring,
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
Where even the motion of an angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies:
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

PHILOCTETES.

When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Lay couched,—upon that breathless monument,
On him, or on his fearful bow unbent,
Some wild bird oft might settle, and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From home affections and heroic toil.
Nor doubt that spiritual creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay that reason cannot heal;
And very reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother-man has ceased to feel.

THY ART BE NATURE.

A poet!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which art hath lodged within his hand; must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule!
Thy art be nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when critics grave and cool
Have killed him, scorn should write his epitaph.
How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold!
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom bold;
And so the grandeur of the forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour!
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh, raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WE MUST BE FREE, OR DIE.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost forever! In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

OCTOBER, 1803.

These times touch moneyed worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair;
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,—
Men unto whom sufficient for the day,
And minds not stinted or untilled, are given,—
Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven,—
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath?
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death.

ON PERSONAL TALK.

IN FOUR SONNETS.

I.

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,—
Of friends who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk;
These all wear out of me, like forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle, whispering its faint under-song.

II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee,
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blessed, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet
And part far from them: sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave—the meanest we can meet!

III.

Wings have we—and as far as we can go,
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which, with the lofty, sanctifies the low;
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancor, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus, from day to day, my little boat
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh, might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

Joseph Hopkinson.

AMERICAN.

Hopkinson (1770–1842) was a native of Philadelphia, son of Francis Hopkinson, a member of the Continental Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Francis was also the author of several humorous pieces in verse, of which "The Battle of the Kegs" is the best known. Joseph became a member of Congress, and in 1828 was appointed United States District Judge. His one patriotic song of "Hail, Columbia" possesses but slight lyrical merit, and owed much of its popularity to the felicitous music of "The President's March," to which it was adapted. It was written in 1798, when a war with France was thought imminent. The song drew large audiences to the theatres where it was sung night after night for a whole season. It has made the melody one of the national airs.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear!
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat.
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm, united let us be, etc.

Hon. William Robert Spencer.

Spencer (1770–1834), a younger son of Lord Charles Spencer, was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He held for some time the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps. He became a society-man, and his poetical fame rests chiefly on three short stanzas, beginning "Too late I stayed." His ballad of "Beth Gêlert" is also well known. His poems are mostly ephemeral "society verses." Falling into pecuniary difficulties he removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. As a companion he was courted by the brilliant circles of the metropolis; but if we may credit the account given of him by Rogers, he was heartless and artificial—less a friend than a pleasure-seeker.

TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

BETH GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewelyn's horn.
And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear!
Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam—
The flower of all his race:
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;

He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineiled his bed.
In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.
And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.
Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.
But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood!

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.
Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!
O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child!
"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side!
His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!
Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed!
Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.
Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"
And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass
Or forester unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.
And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.
And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

Henry Luttrell.

Luttrell (1770-1851), said to have been a natural son of Lord Carhampton, was well educated, and grew to be a man of wit and fashion in London. He published "Advice to Julia: a Letter in Rhyme" (1820), and "Crockford House" (1827). Rogers, the poet, said of him: "None of the talkers whom I meet in London society can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does." The following epigram was made by Luttrell on the once famous vocalist, Miss Maria Tree:

"On this *tree* when a nightingale settles and sings,
The *tree* will return her as good as she brings."

Luttrell's graphic and truthful description of a London fog is quite equal to the best passages to be found in the

poems of Dean Swift. But his literary ambition was slight. It was as a conversationist that he excelled, and he gave to society talents that might have won for him a lasting fame as a man of letters.

THE NOVEMBER FOG OF LONDON.

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapor importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.

Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town, behold! in smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges
In pitchy clouds;—too dense to rise,
It drops rejected from the skies;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.

O Chemistry, attractive maid!
Descend in pity to our aid:
Come with thy all-pervading gases,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders:
Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,—
And Wollaston and Davy guide
The car that bears thee, at thy side.
If any power can, anyhow,
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou;
And see, to aid thee in the blow,
The bill of Michael Angelo;
Oh join—success a thing of course is—
Thy heavenly to his mortal forces;
Make all our chimneys chew the cud
Like hungry cows, as chimneys should!
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs at common law,
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air, by act of Parliament!

Sir Walter Scott.

Walter Scott (1771–1832), a younger son of a Writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. Some of his earliest years were, on account of a malady that caused lameness, passed on the farm of his paternal grandfather in Roxburghshire. Here he acquired his taste for border legends and stories of chivalry. In 1779 he entered the High School of Edinburgh, and in 1783 the University. In neither did he display much ability; his Latin was little, and his Greek less. Before his sixteenth year he had run through a vast circle of miscellaneous reading, including many works of fiction.

In 1786 Scott was apprenticed to his father, and in 1792 was admitted to the Bar; but of his legal profession he says, in the language of Slender to Anne Page, "There was little love between us at first, and it pleased God to decrease it on better acquaintance." His first serious efforts in composition were some translations of German ballads. In 1797 he married Miss Carpenter, a lady of some beauty, and with a small fortune. In 1799 he became Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and in 1806 one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session. He now resolved to make literature the basis of his fortunes. In 1802 appeared his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" in 1804 he edited the metrical romance of "Sir Tristrem." In 1805 appeared the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was enthusiastically received, and added largely to his growing fame. This poem was followed in 1808 by "Marmion;" in 1809, by the "Lady of the Lake;" in 1811, by "Don Roderick;" in 1813, by "Rokeby;" and in 1814, by the "Lord of the Isles."

Seeing that his poetical star was now beginning to pale before the rising fame of Byron, Scott prudently retired from the field where he was no longer without a rival, and commenced his series of "Waverley Novels," so memorable in literature. For fifteen years he kept the authorship of them a secret, and was referred to as the "Illustrious Unknown." In 1814 "Waverley" appeared. Within four years it was followed by "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." From 1814 to 1826, during the publication of these novels, Scott was at the summit of his fame and worldly success. In 1820 he was created a baronet. Meanwhile he had purchased an estate at a price much above its value, and built his house at Abbotsford, "a romance in stone and lime," and thither the family removed in 1812. The house had cost him, with the garden, £20,000.

But Scott's wealth was wholly illusory. He had been paid for his works chiefly in notes, which proved valueless. His connection with the publishing firm of Ballantyne & Co. had entangled him in the responsibilities of an ill-conducted business; and the disastrous year 1826 involved him in the ruin of his latter publishers, Constable & Co. The poet's liabilities from his relations with these two houses amounted to more than £120,000. Nothing could be more admirable than the attitude in which his adversity exhibited him. He sat down, at the age of fifty-five, with the heroic determination of laboring to pay off his debts and redeem his fair fame. "Wood-

stock" alone, the labor of three months, cleared to his creditors £8000. But the busy brain and the big, manly form did not suffice. Before he could reach the longed-for goal, he sank in the struggle; a paralytic attack arrested his work. A journey to Italy did not restore his shattered constitution. Returning in haste, that he might be under the shade of his own trees, he expired September 21st, 1832, after fourteen days of prostration and insensibility, with occasional flashes of consciousness.

One of the most pathetic incidents of the last two months of his life was the failure of his attempt to write. On the 17th of July, awaking from sleep, he called for his writing materials. When the chair, in which he lay propped up with pillows, was moved into his study and placed before the desk, his daughter put a pen into his hand; but there was no power in the fingers to close on the too familiar instrument. It dropped upon the paper, and the helpless old man sank back to weep in silence.

"The great strength of Scott," says Dr. Carruthers, "undoubtedly lay in the prolific richness of his fancy, in his fine healthy moral feeling, and in the abundant stores of his remarkable memory, that could create, collect, and arrange such a multitude of scenes and adventures; that could find materials for stirring and romantic poetry in the most minute and barren antiquarian details; and that could reanimate the past, and paint the present, in scenery and manners, with a vividness and energy unknown since the period of Homer."

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG, FROM "MARMION."

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word.)
"O, come ye in peace here or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Canonbie Lee,—
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SCENE FROM "MARMION."

Not far advanced was morning day
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide;
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,—
Part we in friendship from your land;
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burnt Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,—
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),—
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Song from "Rokeby."

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry!
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by, was Allen-a-Dale!

HELVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805 a young man lost his way on the mountain Helvellyn; and three months afterward his remains were discovered, guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, the companion of his rambles.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh, was it meet that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the lone aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam:
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.[1]

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

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[1] Suggested by the old ballad of "Jock o' Hazelgreen," which see, page 162.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,[1]
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume, blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

[1] The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

BORDER BALLAD.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale:
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border,
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen;
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:

Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SONG.

From "The Lady of the Lake."

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken,[1] curtain for my head,—
My lullaby, the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary

A time will come with feeling fraught;
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And, if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

[1] Fern.

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son!"

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light:
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But *I*, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

James Montgomery.

Montgomery (1771–1854), son of a Moravian missionary, was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire, Scotland. While at school in Yorkshire, he heard of the death of both his parents in the East Indies. He began life as assistant in a village shop; went to London, tried to get a volume of poems published, but failed. He then entered the service of Mr. Joseph Gales, of Sheffield, father of the much-esteemed gentleman of the same name who became one of the founders of the *National Intelligencer*, long the leading newspaper in Washington, D. C. In 1794 Montgomery started the *Sheffield Iris*, and was imprisoned three months for printing some verses by an entire stranger, that proved offensive to government. The following year he was imprisoned six months and

fined because of seditious remarks on a riot at Sheffield, where two men were shot by soldiers.

The chief poetical works of Montgomery are, "The Wanderer in Switzerland" (1806); "The West Indies" (1809); "Greenland" (1810); "The World before the Flood" (1812); "The Pelican Island, and Other Poems" (1827). In addition to these he published "Songs of Zion" (1822); "Prose by a Poet" (1824). But his strength lies rather in his lyrics than in his long poems. Many of his short pieces are distinguished for their tenderness and grace, and in some of his hymns high literary art is united with deep religious feeling. Mrs. Sigourney, the American authoress, who saw him in 1840, describes him as "small of stature, with an amiable countenance, and agreeable, gentlemanly manners."

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past
  There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
  That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
  The land in which he died unknown:
His name hath perished from the earth;
  This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
  Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
  Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
  The changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
  For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
  Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
  And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
  Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
Oh! she was fair! but naught could save
  Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
  Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
  He is—what thou shalt be!

The rolling seasons, day and night,
  Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
  To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
  That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left, in yonder silent sky,
  No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
  Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
  Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

Forever with the Lord!
  Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
  And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
  Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
  A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
  Home of my soul! how near
At times to Faith's foreseeing eye
  Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
  To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
  Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
  And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
  Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
  The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
  Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
  Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
  A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
  At noon and midnight hour,

The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in his sight
Who looks all nature through.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

"Forever with the Lord:"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Unto thy child fulfil!

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

YOUTH RENEWED.

Spring flowers, spring birds, spring breezes
Are felt, and heard, and seen;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart,—with sighs between:
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons far behind:
Childhood, its smiles and tears,
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely touched by Time.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes, long lost, are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy, which youth has not,
A dream, more beautiful than truth,
—Returning Spring renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past;
In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burden down to cast,
—This is to taste, from stage to stage,
Youth on the lees refined by age:
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup, is quaffed
A richer, purer, mellower draught.

LIFT UP THINE EYES, AFFLICTED SOUL.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies;
One sun is set—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
And stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume.

SONNET: THE CRUCIFIXION.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF CRESCIMBENI.

I asked the Heavens,—"What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?" The Heavens exclaim,
"'Twas Man;—and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the Sea;—the Sea in fury boiled,
And answered with his voice of storms, "'Twas Man:
My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
I asked the Earth;—the Earth replied, aghast,
"'Twas Man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
—To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And asked him next:—*He* turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
—Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends:
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The son of a vicar, Coleridge (1772–1834) was born at Ottery, Devonshire, October 21st. Left an orphan at nine years of age, he became a pupil at Christ's Hospital, where he had Charles Lamb for a school-fellow. In 1791 he entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he obtained the prize for a Greek ode on the subject of the slave-trade. Becoming a Unitarian in his religious opinions, he deserted the University in the second year of his residence, and, after wandering about the streets of London in a state of destitution, at last enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. From this position he was rescued by his friends, and returned to Cambridge. Eventually he left the University without taking a degree. At Bristol he formed the acquaintance of Southey and Robert Lovell. They planned the founding of a pantisocracy (an all-equal government) on the banks of the Susquehanna; but lack of means compelled them to give up the wild scheme. The ideal republic evaporated in the more matter-of-fact event of love and matrimony; and the three pantisocrats married three sisters of the name of Fricker, daughters of a small Bristol tradesman.

In 1794 Coleridge published a volume of poems, for which Cottle gave him £30. It was while occupying a cottage at Nether-Stowey that he became acquainted with Wordsworth; and here he composed his "Ancient Mariner" and his "Christabel." In 1796 he published another volume of poems, interspersed with pieces by Charles Lamb. In 1798, by the kindness of Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, he was enabled to pursue his studies in Germany. On his return to England, he went to live at the Cumberland Lakes, where Southey and Wordsworth were already settled. The three friends were called the Lake poets; and the Lake School of poetry became an object of attack to Byron and others. Here the Jacobin became a Royalist, and the Unitarian a devoted believer in the Trinity.

In 1810 Coleridge removed, but not with his family, to London. Leaving his wife and children dependent on the kindness of Southey, he settled at the house of Mr. James Gillman, at Highgate, where he lived the remainder of his life. He had become addicted to opium-eating, and a painful estrangement ensued between himself and his family. Mr. Gillman, who was a surgeon, undertook the cure of this unfortunate habit. At Highgate Coleridge wrote his "Lay Sermons," his "Aids to Reflection," and the "Biographia Literaria." There, likewise, he studied the German metaphysicians, and became noted for his rare conversational powers. The winter preceding his death he wrote the following epitaph for himself:

"Stop, Christian passer-by! stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same!"

The poems of Coleridge are various in style and manner, embracing ode, tragedy, and love-poems, and strains of patriotism and superstition. His translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" is, in many parts, less a translation than a paraphrase, and often shows a lavishness of original power. As a Shakspearian critic, he stands deservedly high; and among philosophers, his fame as an expounder of the thoughts of others is still considerable.

The most original of Coleridge's poems, "The Ancient Mariner," has a weird charm which has given it much celebrity. The hymn on "Chamouni," fervid, stately, and brilliant, is, in parts, a paraphrase from the German of Friederike Brun's "Chamouni at Sunrise." The editor of Coleridge's "Table Talk" admits the obligation, but excuses it on the ground that it is too obvious to be concealed. We append the original, and a translation of it by John Sullivan Dwight, of Boston.

"Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendender Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahnend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet!

"Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schoos,
Der seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine Masse stützt?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Antlitz?

"Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetos', herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme:
'Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen?'

"Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn?
Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum?
Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonien,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogentümmel?

"Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im berstenden Eis;
Lavinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab:
Jehovah! rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flühstert's an rieselden Silberbächen."

TRANSLATION.

"From the deep shadow of the still fir-groves
Trembling I look to thee, eternal height!
Thou dazzling summit, from whose top my soul
Floats, with dimmed vision, to the infinite!

"Who sank in earth's firm lap the pillars deep
Which hold through ages thy vast pile in place?
Who reared on high, in the clear ether's vault,
Lofty and strong, thy ever-radiant face?

"Who poured you forth, ye mountain torrents wild,
Down thundering from eternal winter's breast?
And who commanded, with almighty voice,
'Here let the stiffening billows find their rest?'

"Who points to yonder morning-star his path?
Borders with wreaths of flowers the eternal frost?
To whom, in awful music, cries thy stream,
O wild Arveiron! in fierce tumult tossed?

"Jehovah! God! bursts from the crashing ice;
The avalanche thunders down its steeps the call:
Jehovah! rustle soft the bright tree-tops,
Whisper the silver brooks that murmuring fall."

The fame of Coleridge has suffered no diminution since his death. Great as a thinker and critic, he is yet more eminent for his natural gifts as a poet.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stir this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And how for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land:

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And how he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And how he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And how she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve:
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside
As conscious of my look she stepped;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She flew to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggéd rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full-moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—rise, oh ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—Three treasures, love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

HUMAN LIFE.

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But *are* the *whole* of being! If the breath
Be life itself, and not its task and tent;
If e'en a soul like Milton's can know death;
O man! thou vessel, purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
The counter-weights!—Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood?
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?
Yet what and whence thy gain if thou withhold
These costly shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek or shun!
Thou hast no reason why; thou canst have none;
Thy being's being is a contradiction.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS; OR, THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

Oh, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or, listening to the tide with closéd sight,
Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O, part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother-dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies;—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When, overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loath,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

FROM "DEJECTION: AN ODE."

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be;
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair, luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power!
Joy, virtuous lady! joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour;
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower;
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamed of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

DEATH OF MAX PICCOLOMINI.

From Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein."

In his translation of "Wallenstein," Coleridge has occasionally taken great liberties with the original. The following beautiful passage has in it more of Coleridge than of Schiller.

He is gone—is dust.

* * * * * *

He the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future.
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. Oh, 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour,
Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?

* * * * * *

I shall grieve down this blow; of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down? From the highest,
As from the vilest, thing of every day
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For oh, he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

"Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non difficor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contempiari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus."—T. BURNET: *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:—

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he,
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:—

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between,

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine:

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And it still neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death, and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk along-side came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won—I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.[1]

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropped not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

[1] For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
  But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
  My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
  And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
  And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
  Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
  Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
  A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
  Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
  And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
  And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
  And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
  Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charméd water burnt alway,
  A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
  I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
  Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
  I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
  Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
  Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
  And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
  And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
  And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
  Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
  Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
  That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
  That had so long remained,
I dreamed that they were filled with dew;
  And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
  My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
  And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
  I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
  And was a blesséd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
  It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
  That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
  And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
  The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
  And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
  The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
  The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
  A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
  Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
  The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
Be calm, thou wedding-guest:
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blessed:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan to stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backward and forward half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one; "is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;

His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go:
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high:
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now the spell was snapped: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly, too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy! is this, indeed,
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this my own countrée?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weather-cock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countrée.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are, and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply,)
I am a-feared."—"Push on—push on!"
Said the hermit, cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay—
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned,
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countrée,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land:
I have strange power of speech;

That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir; it cannot fail!
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

Mrs. Mary (Blackford) Tighe.

The daughter of the Rev. Mr. Blackford, Wicklow County, Ireland, Mary was born in 1773, and died in 1810. Her principal poem, "Psyche," in six cantos, shows a very skilful command of the Spenserian measure, and contains many graceful and elegant stanzas. Sir James Mackintosh says of the last three cantos: "They are beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman." The value of the praise depends on the meaning we give to the word *faultless*. Moore's song, "I saw thy form in youthful prime," was written in recollection of Mrs. Tighe. The longer piece we publish, written within the year preceding her death, was the last she ever produced, and perhaps the best. Her husband, Henry Tighe, M.P., edited an edition of her poems after her death.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON,

WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1809.

Odors of spring, my sense ye charm
With fragance premature,
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Belovéd friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But oh, in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,
That soul, which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife,
Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
Thus mortally oppressed?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust:—

Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart,
Still shuddering, clings to dust.

Oh ye who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer: —
And ye whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear, —
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear,—

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh, do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

WRITTEN AT KILLARNEY, JULY 29, 1800.

How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease
Which from each feeling could an echo call.
Rest on your oars, that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace:
The fanning west wind breathes upon our cheeks,
Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
Thro' the blue heavens the cloudless moon pours streams
Of pure, resplendent light, in silver streaks
Reflected on the still, unruffled lake;
The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown.
And now once more that soothing strain awake!
Oh, ever to my heart with magic power
Shall those sweet sounds recall this rapturous hour!

Robert Treat Paine, Jr.

AMERICAN.

Paine (1773–1811) was a native of Taunton, Massachusetts, and a son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His original name was Thomas; but, not wishing to be confounded with that other Thomas Paine, the theist, who criticised the Bible, he had his name changed by the Legislature to that of his father. He graduated at Harvard in the class of 1792, and began writing verse at an early age. He entered a counting-house, but neglected his mercantile duties for the theatre and the gayeties of life. His father repudiated him for marrying an actress, but was finally reconciled. In 1795 Paine delivered at Cambridge a poem, entitled "The Invention of Letters," from the sale of which he got $1500. For his poem of "The Ruling Passion" he got $1200; while for his famous song of "Adams and Liberty" he got more than $750. This was rare success for a poet in his day. There is little of true lyrical worth in any of Paine's writings; and his one song, while it has some faint flashes of poetic fire, is memorable chiefly for the sensation it produced in its day.

ODE: ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Written for and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, 1799.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of mild Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled,
To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade;
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves.
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution,
May Peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.
But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms—
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a provision.
While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion:
Then let clouds thicken round us: we heed not the storm;
Our realm feels no shock but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main;
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever:
Her pride are her statesmen—their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Robert Southey.

Associated with the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge is that of the poet-laureate, Southey (1774–1843). His fame has not, like that of his associates of the Lake School, gone on increasing. The son of a linen-draper in Bristol, he was intended for the ministry, but disqualified himself for Oxford by adopting, like Coleridge, Unitarian views in religion and republican in politics. These he soon outgrew. Having published his poems of "Wat Tyler" and "Joan of Arc," he married, in 1795, Miss Fricker, sister of the wife of Coleridge. After a residence in Lisbon, and a brief course of legal study in London, he settled near Keswick, and his life became a round of incessant study and voluminous authorship. A list of the works in prose and verse which he produced would fill a long page. Above one hundred volumes in all testify to his diligence. In 1837 his first wife died; and in 1839 he married Miss Caroline Bowles, who was his peer as a writer of poetry. Soon afterward his overtasked mind began to show symptoms of decay. His end was second childishness and mere oblivion. He left, as the result of his literary labors, about £12,000, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. Southey was a genuine poet in feeling and aspiration, though he did not "wreak himself on expression" with the felicity of Byron and Shelley. Wordsworth once mentioned Southey's verses on the holly-tree as his most perfect poem; "but," he said, "the first line is bad."

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother, then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

From "The Curse of Kehama," Book X.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell:
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN AUTUMN.

From "Madoc in Wales."

There was not on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blesséd sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where, along the bending line of shore,
Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long, protruded neck, the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft; and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
The forest and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
The universal blessing.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme—
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

MY LIBRARY.

Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead: with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead: anon
With them my place will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

From "Thalaba."

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed beauty yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths:
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

THE DEAD FRIEND.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbbed in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved;
The spirit is not there!

Often together have we talked of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity!
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure.
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
Oh, if it could be so,
It were, indeed, a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

Lord! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord, I offer thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer:
Four things which are not in thy treasury
I say before thee, Lord, with this petition—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene;
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold,
Gray wood or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapors shroud;
Scarce are the neighboring poplars seen,
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the gray wood and meadow green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away;
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

REFLECTIONS.

From "Autumn."

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems; and you think of man
Doomed to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense-dulled and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you, in this fair world,
See some destroying principle abroad—
Air, earth, and water, full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man a strange, perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction! couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Inquiring if I would live over my youth again.

Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William, nay, not so!
In the warm joyaunce of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William, nay, not so!
Safe havened from the sea
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

Why is it pleasant, then, to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
When in his own dear home
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings
The thought of those far off
Has made his eyes o'erflow
With no unmanly tears;
Delighted he recalls
Through what fair scenes his lingering feet have trod.
But ever when he tells of perils past,
And troubles now no more,
His eyes are brightest, and a readier joy
Flows thankful from his heart.

No, William, no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life;
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear;
I would not learn again
The wisdom by experience hardly taught.

To me the past presents
No object for regret;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content.
The future—it is now the cheerful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy;
When the dark night descends,
I willingly shall close my weary lids
In sure and certain hope to wake again.

Mrs. Margaret Maxwell Inglis.

Mrs. Inglis, daughter of Dr. Alexander Maxwell, was born at Lanquhar, Scotland, in 1774. In 1803 she married Mr. John Inglis, who died in 1826. She was eminently gifted as a musician, and was complimented by Burns for the effect she gave to his songs. In 1838 she published a "Miscellaneous Collection of Poems." She died in Edinburgh, 1843.

FROM "LINES ON THE DEATH OF HOGG."

Sweet bard of Ettrick's glen!
Where art thou wandering?
Missed is thy foot on the mountain and lea!
Why round you craggy rocks
Wander thy heedless flocks,
While lambies are listening and bleating for thee?
Cold as the mountain-stream,
Pale as the moonlight beam,
Still is thy bosom, and closed is thine e'e.
Wild may the tempest's wave
Sweep o'er thy lonely grave:
Thou'rt deaf to the storm—it is harmless to thee.

Cold on Benlomond's brow
Flickers the drifted snow,
While down its sides the wild cataracts foam;
Winter's mad winds may sweep
Fierce o'er each glen and steep,
Thy rest is unbroken, and peaceful thy home.
And when on dewy wing
Comes the sweet bird of spring,
Chanting its notes on the bush or the tree,
The Bird of the Wilderness,
Low in the waving grass,
Shall, cowering, sing sadly its farewell to thee.

Robert Tannahill.

A favorite lyrical poet, Tannahill (1744–1810) was born in Paisley, Scotland. His education was limited, and he followed the trade of a weaver till his twenty-sixth year, when he removed to Lancashire. In 1807 he published a volume of poems, and an edition of nine hundred was sold in a few weeks. Falling into a state of morbid despondency and mental derangement, he committed suicide, by drowning, in his thirty-sixth year. In 1874 a centenary edition of his poems was published, which was exhausted within a few days of its appearance. James Hogg visited Tannahill in the spring of 1810. "Farewell," said the latter at parting, as he grasped the shepherd's hand; "we shall never meet again. I shall never see you more."

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amid its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries blow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae[1]
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

[1] Roe.

When the rude wintry win'
  Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
  On the night-breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing
  As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheiling ring
  Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime,
  Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
  A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
  Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
  'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

Joseph Blanco White.

A native of Seville, son of an Irish Roman Catholic merchant settled in Spain, White (1775–1841) was the author of what Coleridge calls "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language"—words which he slightly modifies by adding, "at least it is only in Milton's and in Wordsworth's sonnets that I recollect any rival;" and he adds that this is the judgment of J. H. Frere also. Leigh Hunt says: "It stands supreme, perhaps above all in any language: nor can we ponder it too deeply, or with too hopeful a reverence." White's biography, edited by John Hamilton Thom (London, 1845), in which his sceptical and religious struggles are unfolded, is of the deepest interest. He was the friend or correspondent of Coleridge, Arnold, and the great American preacher, Channing. Ordained a Catholic priest in 1799, he abjured the faith in which he had been bred, and published in 1825 a work entitled "Internal Evidence against Catholicism." He seems to have wavered to the last in his religious belief, but to have been, nevertheless, an earnest, sincere seeker after the truth, as well as a vigorous writer.

It may be interesting to compare this famous sonnet in its present state with its original form, as it appears in the London *Gentleman's Magazine* (May, 1835), and as it was supplied by the Rev. R. P. Graves, of Dublin, who knew White, to David M. Main for his "Treasury of English Sonnets" (1880):

"Mysterious Night! when the first Man but knew
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened on his view!
Who could have thought what Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such endless Orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Weak man! why to shun Death this anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

Some critics prefer the original form of White's sonnet to the amended. Coleridge's daughter, Sara, wrote the following on the death of White. In it she refers to the scepticism of his latter days in regard to revealed religion.

BLANCO WHITE.

"Couldst thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath,
Without the Christian's sure and certain hope?
Didst thou to earth confine our being's scope,
Yet, fixed on One Supreme with fervent faith,
Prompt to obey what conscience witnesseth,
As one intent to fly the eternal wrath,
Decline the ways of sin that downward slope?
O thou light-searching spirit! that didst grope
In such bleak shadows here, 'twixt life and death,—
To thee dare I bear witness, though in ruth
(Brave witness like thine own!),—dare hope and pray
That thou, set free from this imprisoning clay,
Now clad in raiment of perpetual youth,
May find that bliss untold, 'mid endless day,
Awaits each earnest soul that lives for Truth!"

We give from the autobiography of White another sonnet from his pen, not before included, we believe, in any collection. He wrote but two. Mr. Thom says of him: "He never stepped off any old ground of Faith until he could no longer stand on it without moral culpability."

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

SONNET,

ON HEARING MYSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME CALLED AN OLD MAN. ÆT. 50.

Ages have rolled within my breast, though yet
Not nigh the bourn to fleeting man assigned:
Yes: old—alas! how spent the struggling mind
Which at the noon of life is fain to set!
My dawn and evening have so closely met

That men the shades of night begin to find
Darkening my brow; and heedless, not unkind,
Let the sad warning drop, without regret.
Gone Youth! had I thus missed thee, nor a hope
Were left of thy return beyond the tomb,
I could curse life:—But glorious is the scope
Of an immortal soul!—O Death! thy gloom,
Short, and already tinged with coming light,
Is to the Christian but a Summer's night!

John Leyden.

A distinguished Oriental scholar, as well as poet, Leyden (1775–1811) was a native of Denholm, in Scotland. The son of humble parents, he fought his way bravely to knowledge. An excellent Latin and Greek scholar, he acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Persian, Arabic, and Hebrew. In 1800 he was ordained for the Church, but wishing to visit India, qualified himself as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment, and in 1802 left Scotland forever. He finally received the appointment of judge in Calcutta. In 1811 he accompanied the expedition to Java, took cold in a damp library in Batavia, and died in three days. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lord of the Isles," throws a wreath on his grave. The "Poetical Remains of Leyden" were published in 1819, with a memoir by the Rev. James Morton. His longest poem is his "Scenes of Infancy," descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is smooth and melodious, and his style rather elegant than forcible. His ballad of "The Mermaid" is praised by Sir Walter Scott as "for mere melody of sound seldom excelled in English poetry." Leyden had a presentiment of his early death in a foreign land.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN MALABAR.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark, wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child;
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Glooms baleful as the tomb-fire drear:
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely, widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now, so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,—
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

SONNET ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws:
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

Charles Lamb.

Lamb (1775–1834) was born in London, February 10th, of humble parentage. From his seventh to his fifteenth year he was an inmate of the school of Christ's Hospital. He had an impediment in his speech, which prevented his aspiring to University honors. In 1792 he became an accountant in the office of the East India Company; and after the death of his parents devoted himself to the care of his sister Mary. A sad tragedy was connected with the early history of this devoted pair. There was a taint of hereditary madness in the family; Charles had himself, in 1795, been confined six weeks in an asylum at Hoxton; and in September of the following year, Mary Lamb, in a paroxysm of insanity, stabbed her mother to death with a knife snatched from the dinner-table. She was soon restored to her senses. Charles abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage, and at twenty-two years of age, with an income of little more than £100 a year, set out cheerfully on the journey of life. He bore his trials meekly, manfully, and with prudence as well as fortitude. The school companion of Coleridge, Lamb enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, Southey, Hazlitt, and other literary celebrities of his day. In 1825 he retired from the drudgery of his clerkship with a handsome pension, which gave him literary leisure and the comforts of life. His series of essays signed "Elia" established his literary reputation. His kindliness of nature, his whims, puns, and prejudices give a marked individuality to his writings. He died of erysipelas, caused by a fall which slightly cut his face. His "Life and Letters," by Mr. Justice Talfourd, appeared in 1837. Lamb's poetical writings are not numerous, but what he has written shows genuine taste and culture. His sister Mary was joint author with him of "Poetry for Children" (1809); republished in New York (1878).

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces;—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY OWN ALBUM.

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friend and foe, in foul and fair,
Have written "strange defeatures" there;

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamped sad dates—he can't recall.

And error, gilding worst designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot;
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly begun—but finished not;

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
Huge reams of folly; shreds of wit;
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurred thing to look—
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF "VIRGINIUS."

Twelve years ago I knew thee, Knowles, and then
Esteemèd you a perfect specimen
Of those fine spirits warm-souled Ireland sends,
To teach us colder English how a friend's

Quick pulse should beat. I knew you brave and plain,
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above fear or gain;
But nothing further had the gift to espy.
Sudden you reappear. With wonder I
Hear my old friend (turned Shakspeare) read a scene
Only to *his* inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos: with such fence-like art—
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.
Almost without the aid language affords,
Your piece seems wrought. That huffing medium, *words*,
(Which in the modern Tamburlaines quite sway
Our shamed souls from their bias) in your play
We scarce attend to. Hastier passion draws
Our tears on credit: and we find the cause
Some two hours after, spelling o'er again
Those strange few words at ease, that wrought the pain.
Proceed, old friend; and, as the year returns,
Still snatch some new old story from the urns
Of long-dead virtue. We, that knew before
Your worth, may admire, we cannot love you more.

Matthew Gregory Lewis.

Novelist, poet, and dramatist, Lewis (1775–1818), sometimes called "Monk Lewis" from his novel of "The Monk" (published 1795), was a native of London, but resided the last five years of his life in Jamaica. His poetical productions are: "The Feudal Tyrants," "Romantic Tales," "Tales of Terror" (1799), and "Tales of Wonder" (1801). After his death appeared his "Journal of a West Indian Proprietor," also his "Life and Correspondence" (1839); easy and entertaining in style, and replete with information. His "Jamaica Journal," says Coleridge, "is delightful. * * * You have the man himself, and not an inconsiderable man—certainly a much finer mind than I supposed before from the perusal of his romances." Lewis died, after great suffering, on his homeward voyage from Jamaica.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN IN BOUHOURS' "ART DE BIEN PENSER."

When to my Charles this book I send,
A useless present I bestow;
Why should you learn by art, my friend,
What you so well by nature know?
Yet read the book;—haply some spell
May in its pages treasured be;
Perchance the art of thinking well
May teach you to think well of me!

THE HELMSMAN.

Hark the bell! it sounds midnight! all hail, thou new heaven!
How soft sleep the stars on the bosom of night!
While o'er the full-moon, as they gently are driven,
Slowly floating, the clouds bathe their fleeces in light.

The warm feeble breeze scarcely ripples the ocean;
And all seems so hushed, all so happy to feel;
So smooth glides the bark, I perceive not her motion,
While low sings the sailor who watches the wheel.

'Tis so sad, 'tis so sweet, and some tones come so swelling,
So right from the heart, and so pure to the ear,
That sure at this moment his thoughts must be dwelling
On one who is absent, most kind and most dear.

Oh, may she who now dictates that ballad so tender,
Diffuse o'er your days the heart's solace and ease,
As yon lovely moon with a gleam of mild splendor,
Pure, tranquil, and bright, over-silvers the seas!

A MATRIMONIAL DUET.

LADY TERMAGANT.

Step in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here,—
Do you think that 'tis like? does it strike you?

SIR TOBY.

Why, it does not as yet; but I fancy, my dear,
In a moment it will—'tis so like you!

Walter Savage Landor.

Landor (1775–1864), the son of a Warwickshire gentleman, was born to wealth, and educated at Rugby and Oxford. He published his poem of "Gebir" in 1797. It was praised by Southey, but never hit the popular taste. There is one fine passage in it, descriptive of the sound which sea-shells seem to make when placed close to the ear:

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within; and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheels stand midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Between 1820 and 1830 Landor was engaged upon his most successful work, "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen." A man of uncontrollable passions, a rampant republican, reckless and unscrupulous in his anger, fierce and overbearing in his prejudices, Landor acted at times like one almost irresponsible. As a poet, he often shows genuine power and high literary culture; but there is not much in his verse that promises to be of permanent value. His bitter resentments plunged him into disgraceful difficulties. He was dependent on the bounty of others for a support in his latter years, and reached the age of ninety. To the last he continued to find solace in his pen.

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears;—
The love of friends, without a single foe—
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius—these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has—what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek,
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind, the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blessed
He speaks: he bids thee rest!

JULIUS HARE.

Julius! how many hours have we
Together spent with sages old!
In wisdom none surpassing thee,
In Truth's bright armure none more bold.

By friends around thy couch in death
My name from those pure lips was heard:
O Fame! how feebler all thy breath
Than Virtue's one expiring word!

January 30th, 1855.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see!
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

DEATH.

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

James Smith.

James Smith (1775–1839), known best in connection with his brother Horace, wrote clever parodies and criticisms in the popular magazines. In the *Monthly Mirror* appeared those imitations from his own and his brother's hand which were published in 1813 as "The Rejected Addresses"—one of the most successful of humorous productions, for it had reached its twenty-second edition in 1870, and is still in demand. James wrote the imitations of Crabbe, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Cobbett; Horace, those of Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Dr. Johnson. Having met at a dinner-party Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his mental faculties remained bright, James sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit:*

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk:
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upward, and the strength
All settles in the head."

Never was poet so munificently paid for eight lines of verse. Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment that he at once made a codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3000. Horace Smith mentions, however, that Strahan had other motives for his generosity; for he respected and loved the man as much as he admired the poet. James Smith died at the age of sixty-five. Lady Blessington said of him: "If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man*." His extensive information and refined manners, joined to his inexhaustible fund of liveliness and humor, and a happy, uniform temper, made him a delightful companion.

THE THEATRE.[1]

From "The Rejected Addresses."

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus, through the gallery-pane,
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape and gaze and wonder ere they sit.

* * * * * *

What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give:
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pates,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait,
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes:
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw:
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat, "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; "And," cried Stokes, "take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band:
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

[1] In imitation of the style of the Rev. George Crabbe.

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

We every-day bards may "Anonymous" sign:
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth:
The bad own their *edge*, and the good own their *worth*.

Richard Gall.

Gall (1776–1800) was a printer in Edinburgh, and wrote some favorite songs. "My Only Jo and Dearie O" gained great applause. "I remember," says Allan Cunningham, "when this song was exceedingly popular: its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigor, might be the cause of its success." Gall died before he was twenty-five.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O;

Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to make it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonny O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day
Our joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert forever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
That I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither worldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

William Gillespie.

Gillespie (1776–1825) was a native of Kirkcudbright, Scotland. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he studied for the Church, and became minister of Kells. His poem of "The Highlander" is interesting, not only for its own merits, but because Scott seems to have borrowed from it much of the music and some of the sentiment in his poem of "Helvellyn."

THE HIGHLANDER.

From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary,
The Highlander sped to his youthful abode;
Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary,
Though fierce was the noon-beam, and steep was the road.

Till spent with the march that still lengthened before him,
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
The light shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,
The stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sank to repose where the red heaths are blended,
On dreams of his childhood his fancy passed o'er;
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,
Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;
Now the Angel of Death in the desert has found him,
And stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
And moisten'st the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

Thomas Campbell.

The son of a Glasgow merchant, Campbell (1777–1844) was the youngest of ten children. At the age of thirteen he was placed in the university of his native city, where he was noted for his Latin and Greek translations, and his compositions in prose and verse. In April, 1799, when twenty-one, he published his "Pleasures of Hope," a remarkable specimen of literary precocity, though marred by passages where sound takes the place of sense. Wordsworth regarded it as "strangely overrated." The poem passed through four editions in a year; and on the first seven editions the youthful poet received no less a sum than £900. After travelling on the Continent (where he was *not* a spectator of the Battle of Hohenlinden, as has been often asserted), he published, in 1801, "Ye Mariners of England," with several other lyrical pieces; and, in 1803, "Lochiel," "Hohenlinden," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Battle of the Baltic:" so that the noble lyrics to which Campbell owes his fame were composed within a brief period, and when he was quite young. What he wrote after thirty has the marks of inferiority. "Gertrude of Wyoming" appeared in 1809. He appears to have been amiable, generous, and sympathetic, though irritable, irresolute, and lazy. His faults were largely caused, no doubt, by physical infirmity. He married his cousin, Miss Sinclair, and settled near London; but the death of one son and the madness of another cast a dark shadow on his existence. Though he struggled with narrow circumstances, he was generous to his mother, sisters, and other relations. From 1820 to 1831 he edited the *New Monthly Magazine*. During his later years, in the receipt of a merited pension, he resided chiefly in London. He died at Boulogne, whither he had gone for his health, in his sixty-seventh year. His dust lies in West-

minster Abbey. Campbell's lyrics are among the finest in all literature, and are likely to last as long as the English language, in its present form, endures. In 1849 a Life of the poet, with selections from his extensive correspondence, was published in London by his affectionate friend and literary executor, Dr. Beattie.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave:
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(1802.)

WIZARD.

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed for their country and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high;
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished! Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner?—Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims:
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of Fame.

HALLOWED GROUND.

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon church-yard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!

And Murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

(1832.)

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free!
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted;
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah, what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? be the combat our own!
And we'll perish, or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves ingulf, fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us;
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?
Our women—oh say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home! and the world shall revere us,
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion:
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon spring:
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
While our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

HOHENLINDEN.

(1802.)

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part when many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

FREEDOM AND LOVE.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'mid your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured;
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part:
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought the Heroic Age
Revived to fancy's view.
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble!—fare thee well!

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse, the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor?
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of the breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here—
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrownéd head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguished glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt, more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amid you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne;
And undivided favor ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste—
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page;
And what the actor could effect
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth:—
And must we lose them now?
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly pleasing brow?
Alas! the moral brings a tear!—
'Tis all a transient hour below;
And we that would detain thee here
Ourselves as fleetly go!
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review:
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger;
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers—Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh!"

ADELGITHA.

The Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far-land
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"—
He raised his vizor,—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted:
It was, indeed, her own true knight.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:

"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light!
And yet, amid that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died,
With the gallant, good Riou![1]
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day;
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore:

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died!

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art;

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

[1] Captain Riou, entitled "the gallant and the good" by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

HOPE'S KINGDOM.

From "The Pleasures of Hope."

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,—
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour:
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!

UNBELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

From "The Pleasures of Hope."

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of Heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To Night and Silence sink for evermore!—
Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause—
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep,
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heavenward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,

If Chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;—
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

Noel Thomas Carrington.

A native of Plymouth, England, Carrington (1777–1830) was the author of several poems exhibiting a mastery of blank verse. He published "The Banks of Tamar" (1820), "Dartmoor" (1826), and "My Native Village." His collected poems were published in two volumes, 12mo. Of these "Dartmoor" met with greater success than the author had anticipated. His account of the pixies, or fairies, of Devonshire is a favorable specimen of the graceful ease to which he had attained in the metrical flow of his language.

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic! Naught is heard
Now in the leafy world but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze and bird and brook
And water-fall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! The hymnings high,
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! Oh, ye have lost,
Mountains and moors and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense,—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!
The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze.

* * * * *

But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers!—flown
Before the wand of Science!

Sir Humphry Davy.

Eminent as a man of science, Davy (1778–1829) was also a poet. He was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, and educated at the school of Truro. He was an enthusiastic reader and student, fond of metaphysics, fond of experiment, an ardent student of nature, fond of poetry. All these tastes endured throughout life; business could not stifle them, nor even the approach of death extinguish them. But the physical sciences absorbed his most earnest attention. Of his splendid discoveries, his invention of the safety-lamp is probably the most useful to mankind. He was rewarded for it with a baronetcy by the Prince-regent in 1818. Coleridge is reported as saying that, "if Davy had not been the first chemist, he probably would have been the first poet of his age." There is exaggeration in the remark; but it is certain that Davy has given proofs of a fine poetic sensibility, and that he ought to be classed among the potential poets.

WRITTEN AFTER RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

Lo! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
  The flames of life that bounteous Nature gives;
The limpid dew becomes the rosy flower,
  The insensate dust awakes, and moves, and lives.

All speaks of change: the renovated forms
  Of long-forgotten things arise again;
The light of suns, the breath of angry storms,
  The everlasting motions of the main,—

These are but engines of the Eternal will,
  The one Intelligence, whose potent sway
Has ever acted, and is acting still,
  While stars and worlds and systems all obey;

Without whose power the whole of mortal things
  Were dull, inert, an unharmonious band,
Silent as are the harp's untunéd strings
  Without the touches of the poet's hand.

A sacred spark created by his breath,
  The immortal mind of man his image bears;
A spirit living 'mid the forms of death,
  Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares;

A germ, preparing in the winter's frost
To rise and bud and blossom in the spring;
An unfledged eagle, by the tempest tossed,
Unconscious of his future strength of wing;

The child of trial, to mortality
And all its changeful influences given;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.

* * * * * *

To live in forests, mingled with the whole
Of natural forms, whose generations rise
In lovely change, in happy order roll,
On land, in ocean, in the glittering skies,—

Their harmony to trace; the Eternal Cause
To know in love, in reverence to adore;
To bend beneath the inevitable laws,
Sinking in death, its human strength no more;—

Then, as awakening from a dream of pain,
With joy its mortal feelings to resign;
Yet all its living essence to retain,
The undying energy of strength divine;—

To quit the burdens of its earthly days,
To give to Nature all her borrowed powers,—
Ethereal fire to feed the solar rays,
Ethereal dew to glad the earth with showers!

LIFE.

Our life is like a cloudy sky 'mid mountains,
When in the blast the watery vapors float.
Now gleams of light pass o'er the lovely hills,
And make the purple heath and russet bracken
Seem lovelier, and the grass of brighter green;
And now a giant shadow hides them all.
And thus it is that, in all *earthly* distance
On which the sight can fix, still fear and hope,
Gloom and alternate sunshine, each succeeds.
So of another and an unknown land
We see the radiance of the clouds reflected,
Which is the future life beyond the grave!

THOUGHT.

Be this our trust, that ages (filled with light
More glorious far than those faint beams which shine
In this our feeble twilight) yet to come
Shall see distinctly what we now but hope:
The world immutable in which alone
Wisdom is found, the light and life of things,—
The breath divine, creating power divine,—
The *One* of which the human intellect
Is but a type, as feeble as that image
Of the bright sun seen on the bursting wave—
Bright, but without distinctness, yet in passing
Showing its glorious and eternal source!

Francis Scott Key.

AMERICAN.

Key (1779–1843) owes his fame to a single patriotic song. The excellent music to which its somewhat harsh and intractable verses are set has undoubtedly done much to perpetuate its popularity. Key was born in Frederick County, Maryland, and educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He practised law first in Frederick-town, and afterward in Washington, where he became District Attorney. A volume of his poems was published in Baltimore after his death. There is little in the collection that is memorable except "The Star-spangled Banner." This was composed in 1814, on the occasion of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, when Key, a young midshipman, was a prisoner in the hands of the attacking British.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner—oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation:
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved it a nation!
Thus conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE WORM'S DEATH-SONG.

Oh! let me alone,—I've a work to be done
That can brook not a moment's delay;
While yet I breathe I must spin and weave,
And may rest not night or day.

Food and sleep I never may know,
Till my blessèd work be done;
Then my rest shall be sweet in the winding-sheet
That around me I have spun.

I have been a base and grovelling thing,
And the dust of the earth my home;
But now I know that the end of my woe
And the day of my bliss is come.

In the shroud I make, this creeping frame
Shall peacefully die away;
But its death shall be new life to me,
In the midst of its perished clay.

I shall wake, I shall wake—a glorious form
Of brightness and beauty to wear;
I shall burst from the gloom of my opening tomb,
And breathe in the balmy air.

I shall spread my new wings to the morning sun;
On the summer's breath I shall live;
I shall bathe me where, in the dewy air,
The flowers their sweetness give.

I will not touch the dusty earth,—
I will spring to the brightening sky;
And free as the breeze, wherever I please,
On joyous wings I'll fly.

And wherever I go, timid mortals may know,
That like me from the tomb they shall rise:
To the dead shall be given, by signal from heaven,
A new life and new home in the skies.

Then let them like me make ready their shrouds,
Nor shrink from the mortal strife;
And like me they shall sing, as to heaven they spring,
"Death is not the end of life!"

John Herman Merivale.

Merivale (1779–1844) was a native of Exeter, England. Educated at Cambridge, he studied law, was a successful barrister, and in 1826 was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. The first edition of his "Orlando in Roncesvalles," a poem in five cantos, appeared in 1814. His "Poems, Original and Translated," were published by Pickering in three volumes, 1838. Some of his versions from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and German are faithful and spirited; and his short original poems, though quite unequal in merit, show no ordinary degree of literary attainment. For some of these, he frankly tells us, he is little entitled to assume the merit of entire originality; he is "fully sensible of this deficiency, or of what may be called a propensity to follow in the track of such preceding authors as were from time to time objects of his admiration." He was the father of the Rev. Charles Merivale (born 1808), author of a "History of the Romans under the Empire" (1862).

"EVIL, BE THOU MY GOOD."

"Evil, be thou my good"—in rage
Of disappointed pride,
And hurling vengeance at his God,
The apostate angel cried.

"Evil, be thou my good"—repeats,
But in a different sense,
The Christian, taught by faith to trace
The scheme of Providence.

So deems the hermit, who abjures
The world for Jesus' sake;

The patriot 'mid his dungeon bars,
The martyr at his stake.

For He who happiness ordained
Our being's only end—
The God who made us, and who knows
Whither our wishes tend,—

The glorious prize hath stationed high
On Virtue's hallowed mound,
Guarded by toil, beset by care,
With danger circled round.

Virtue were but a name, if Vice
Had no dominion here,
And pleasure none could taste, if pain
And sorrow were not near.

The fatal cup we all must drain
Of mingled bliss and woe;
Unmixed the cup would tasteless be,
Or quite forget to flow.

Then cease to question Heaven's decree,
Since Evil, understood,
Is but the tribute Nature pays
For Universal Good.[1]

REASON AND UNDERSTANDING.

From "Retrospection."—An Unpublished Poem.

In a note to this part of his poem the author says: "The English public is not yet ripe to comprehend the essential difference between the reason and the understanding—between a principle and a maxim—an eternal truth and a mere conclusion generalized from a great number of facts. A man, having seen a million moss-roses, all red, concludes, from his own experience and that of others, that all moss-roses are red. That is a maxim with him—the *greatest* amount of his knowledge on the subject. But it is only true until some gardener has produced a white moss-rose—after which the maxim is good for nothing. * * * Now compare this with the assurance which you have that the two sides of any triangle are together greater than the third," etc. See Coleridge's "Table-Talk."

The reasoning faculty, and that we name
The understanding, are no more the same
Than are a maxim and a principle—
A truth eternal, indestructible,
And a bare inference from facts, how great
Soe'er their number, magnitude, and weight.
—At best, how fallible!—who sees a rose,
Sees that 'tis red; and what he sees he knows.
Day after day, at each successive hour,
Where'er he treads, the same love-vermeiled flower
Blooms in his path. What wonder if he draw,
From facts so proved, a universal law,
And deem all roses of the self-same hue?
And this is knowledge! Yet 'tis only true
Until a white rose gleams upon his view.
Where is his reason then?—his science, bought
With long experience? All must come to naught!
So, when creation's earliest day had run,
And Adam first beheld the new-born sun
Sink in the shrouded west, the deepening gloom
He watched, all hopeless of a morn to come.
Another evening's shades advancing near
He marked with livelier hopes, yet dashed by fear.
Another—and another—hopes prevail;
Thousands of years repeat the wondrous tale:
Yet where is man's assurance that the light
Of day will break upon the coming night?
Without all sense of God, eternity,
Absolute truth, volition, liberty,
Good, fair, just, infinite—think, if you can,
Of such a being in the form of man!
What but the animal remains?—endowed
(May be) with memory's instinctive crowd
Of images—but man is wanting there,
His very essence, unimpressive air;
And, in his stead, a creature subtler far
Than all the beasts that in the forest are,
Or the green field,—but also cursed above
Them all—condemned that bitterest curse to prove:
"Upon thy belly creep, and, for thy fee,
Eat dust, so long as thou hast leave to be."

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

In wanton sport my Doris from her fair
And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair,
And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
And I some royal captive in her chain.
At first I laughed: "This fetter, charming maid,
Is lightly worn, and soon dissolved," I said:
I said—but ah! I had not learned to prove
How strong the fetters that are forged by Love.
That little thread of gold I strove to sever,
Was bound, like steel, around my heart forever;
And, from that hapless hour, my tyrant fair
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

[1] The author, in a note, refers to the following stanza by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter (1717–1806), which he quotes, "although serving to convict him of unconscious plagiarism:"

"Through nature's ever varying scene
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is Universal Good."

Thomas Moore.

Moore (1779–1852) was the son of the keeper of a small wine-store in Dublin. He was a quick child, and rhymed and recited early. A careful mother secured him the best education she could get. By 1800 he had graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and acquired much social repute as a singer to his own accompaniment at the piano. He translated "Anacreon," and wrote amorous poems, which he would have liked to annihilate in after-years. In 1803 he went to Bermuda, where he had got an official situation, the duties of which might be performed by proxy; but his deputy proved unfaithful, and Moore incurred annoyance and pecuniary loss therefrom. Having made a short tour in the United States, and visited Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, he returned to England, became a diner-out much in request at Holland House, wrote lively Whig satires, and, after marrying a Miss Dyke, with whom he lived happily, began writing his "Irish Melodies," for which he was to receive £500 a year for seven years. He wrote "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental tale in verse, for which he got £3000. Among his prose works are a "Life of Sheridan," "Life of Byron," and "The Epicurean." In 1831 a pension of £300 a year was settled upon Moore.

The latter years of the poet's life were embittered by domestic bereavements. Two of his children died. He sank into mental imbecility, and died at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, in his seventy-third year. Moore was kind-hearted and emotional; he loved his mother, his wife, and Ireland, and had many attached friends; but "dining-out did not deepen his character." Byron said of him, "he dearly loved a lord." Moore was at his best in his "Irish Melodies." They seem to be inseparable from the music to which he skilfully wedded them, and many have the elements of an enduring reputation. But it would be better for Moore's chance of future fame if two-thirds of what he wrote could be expunged.

While in Philadelphia, Moore made the acquaintance of Joseph Dennie (1768–1812), an elegant scholar and genial companion, and editor of the first good American magazine, *The Portfolio*. Dennie was a native of Boston, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard, but passed the latter years of his life in Philadelphia. Here Moore was one of his guests, wrote songs for *The Portfolio*, and joined in the nightly gayeties. In one of his poems are these lines, referring to the friends he met at Dennie's:

"Yet, yet forgive me, O ye sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave.
Not with more joy the lonely exile scanned
The writing traced upon the desert's sand,
Where his lone heart but little hoped to find
One trace of life, one stamp of humankind,
Than did I hail the pure, the enlightened zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumined taste,
Which—'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has traversed—O you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you."

Joseph Dennie died in 1812, at the early age of forty-four years. *The Portfolio* did not long survive him.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.[1]

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;[2]
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
Oh no!—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on his god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

[1] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of 1807.

[2] The rivers of Avon and Avoca.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.[1]

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

[1] In reference to the eloquent young Robert Emmet, executed in Dublin, in 1803, for high-treason.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell!—but, whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night,
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blessed if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds, and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light still ready there
Whenever they wish to use it—
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:—
Unless they're like that graceful one
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted!

REMEMBER THEE.

Remember thee? Yes; while there's life in this heart
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow;
But oh, could I love thee more deeply than now?

No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

THOU ART, O GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE MODERN PUFFING SYSTEM.

From an Epistle to Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise
Which critics blew in former days,
Our modern puffs are of a kind
That truly, really "raise the wind;"
And since they've fairly set in blowing,
We find them the best "trade-winds" going.
What steam is on the deep—and more—
Is the vast power of Puff on shore,
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present even commences,
And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
Before the world has read one line of us.
In old times, when the god of song
Drove his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two
Booked for posterity "all through,"
Their luggage a few close-packed rhymes
(Like yours, my friend, for after-times),
So slow the pull to Fame's abode
That folks oft slumbered on the road;
And Homer's self sometimes, they say,
Took to his nightcap on the way.
But now how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in no time!
Raise but one general blast of puff
To start your author—that's enough!
In vain the critics set to watch him
Try at the starting-post to catch him:
He's off—the puffers carry it hollow—
The critics, if they please, may follow;
Ere they've laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown through six editions!
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue-and-yellow pestilence
(That plague so awful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme);
The *Quarterly*, at three months' date,
To catch the Unread One comes too late;
And nonsense, littered in a hurry,
Becomes "immortal," spite of Murray.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning!
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove!
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sang to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name!

Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingéd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

OH, THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

Oh, Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When Winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed, and vanished, too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish;
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us,
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

TO GREECE WE GIVE OUR SHINING BLADES.

The sky is bright—the breeze is fair,
And the main-sail flowing, full and free—
Our farewell word is woman's prayer,
And the hope before us—Liberty!
Farewell, farewell.
To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!

The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea—
Thus shines the star of woman's love
On the glorious strife of Liberty!
Farewell, farewell.
To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!

Washington Allston.

AMERICAN.

Allston (1779–1843) was born in Charleston, S. C., was educated at a private school in Newport, R. I., and graduated at Harvard in 1800. His first wife was a sister of Channing. In 1830 he was married to a sister of the poet Dana, and resided in Cambridgeport, Mass., the rest of his life. While in Europe he formed the intimate friendship of Coleridge. Studying art in London and Rome, he attained to the highest eminence as a painter. He published "The Sylph of the Seasons, and other Poems," also "Monaldi," a prose romance. Honored and beloved, he passed a blameless and noble life.

SONNET ON COLERIDGE.

And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend!
No, nevermore thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The Human Soul; as when, pushed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seemed
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic waves to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the Milky Way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sang,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rang
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul

Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

Clement C. Moore.

AMERICAN.

The son of a bishop, Moore (1779–1863) was a native of the city of New York, and a graduate of Columbia College in 1798. He published a volume of poems, dedicated to his children, in 1844. "I have composed them all," he writes, "as carefully and correctly as I could." Of these productions one at least, founded on an old Dutch tradition, seems to have in it the elements of vitality. Moore bore the title of LL.D.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleighful of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Caleb C. Colton.

Colton (1779–1832) was, like Churchill, one of the *mauvais sujets* of literature and the Church. A native of England, he was educated at Cambridge, took orders, and became vicar of Kew and Petersham. Gambling, extravagance, and eccentric habits forced him to leave England, and he resided some time in the United States and in Paris. At one period in France he was so successful as a gambler that he realized £25,000. He was the author of "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words" (1820)—an excellent collection of apothegms and moral reflections, which had a great sale. He corresponded for the London *Morning Chronicle* under the once famed signature of O. P. Q. Notwithstanding his dissolute life, he was the earnest advocate of virtue. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau—it was said, to escape the pain of a surgical operation from which no danger could be apprehended. In his "Lacon" we find these words: "The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss,

and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven." Colton published several poems, of which we give the best. His "Modern Antiquity, and other Lyrical Pieces," appeared after his death.

LIFE.

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer the eternal but oblivious fast
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel planned,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out, 'mid all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thraldom freed?

Minds that have scanned creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages sealed,
While nature owned their intellectual reign
Extinct, have *nothing* known or nothing have revealed.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
The extinguished lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Wouldst thou, from that last zodiac, *one* restore,
That might the enigma solve, and doubt, man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
Is this, indeed, the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above:
Low at the cross bow down—*in that* confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

Horace Smith.

Horace Smith (1779–1849), a native of London, and son of an eminent lawyer, was a more voluminous writer than his brother James. He was the author of "Brambletye House," and some dozen other novels—no one of marked merit. As a poet, he was more successful. His "Address to the Mummy," "Hymn to the Flowers," and some smaller poems, have attained a merited celebrity. Shelley once said of Horace Smith: "Is it not odd that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stock-broker?" Shelley also wrote these lines, more truthful than poetical, in his praise:

> "Wit and sense,
> Virtue and human knowledge—all that might
> Make this dull world a business of delight—
> Are all combined in H. S."

Horace Smith died at the age of seventy, widely respected and beloved. A collection of his poems was published in London in 1846, and republished in New York, 1859. See the account of James Smith.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon!
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame.
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

MORAL COSMETICS.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From Age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan,—
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man:—

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure;
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which to measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science—
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance—
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

SONNET.

Eternal and Omnipotent Unseen!
Who bad'st the world, with all its lives complete,
Start from the void and thrill beneath thy feet,
Thee I adore with reverence serene:
Here in the fields, thine own cathedral meet,
Built by thyself, star-roofed, and hung with green,
Wherein all breathing things, in concord sweet,
Organed by winds, perpetual hymns repeat—
Here hast thou spread that Book to every eye,
Whose tongue and truth all, all may read and prove,
On whose three blesséd leaves, Earth, Ocean, Sky,
Thine own right hand hath stamped might, justice, love:
Grand Trinity, which binds in due degree
God, man, and brute in social unity.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood
Which, warmed by summer suns in the alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their preappointed roots.

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds his sway:
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing;
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

The vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fill the poet's song with glee,
Oh thou sunny First of March, be it dedicate to thee!

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation—

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly,
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,—
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call for prayer!

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours:
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Paul Moon James.

James (1780–1854), who owes his fame to one brief lyric, which has been often claimed for Moore, was for many years a banker in Birmingham, England. "Though quite a man of business," writes his niece, Miss Lloyd (1878), "my uncle never allowed it to interfere with his domestic engagements. In the early morning his garden, conservatory, and pet birds, and in the evening reading and drawing, were among the pleasant resources of his leisure hours." His earliest poems were published in 1798; "The Beacon" in 1810.

THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful, far, to the eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it:
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim, distant isle, till the light-house fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion;
And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope,—
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow:
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

William Dimond.

Dimond was born about the year 1780, at Bath, England, where his father was a patentee of the Theatre Royal. William had a good education, and was entered a student of the Inner Temple, with a view to the Bar. He wrote dramas, of which "The Foundling of the Forest" (1809) seems to have been the last. He published, besides, a volume entitled "Petrarchal Sonnets." His poem of "The Mariner's Dream" is the only one of his productions that seems to be held in remembrance. He was living in 1812, but is believed to have died soon after. Among his pieces for the stage are "A Sea-side Story," an operatic drama (1801); "The Hero of the North," an historical play (1803); "The Hunter of the Alps" (1804); "Youth, Love, and Folly," a comic opera (1805); "The Young Hussar," an operatic piece (1807).

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers, in flower, o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel awreck,
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll:
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

George Croly.

Croly (1780–1860), rector of St. Stephen's, London, was a native of Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College. He is the author of two volumes of poetry (1830); "Catiline," a tragedy, containing some forcible scenes; various novels; and several theological and historical works. A brief memoir of Croly was published by his son in 1863.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight,
A storm was in the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.
The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!
Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield,

Then, silent, gathered round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roared,
And they rushed upon the foe.
The fiery element
Showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain-side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand:
Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased to moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant dying groan.
Anon a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still,
Like leopards in their play.
The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on,
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave;
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.
They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave.
But now the morning-star
Crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war
From the hill began to blow:
Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup poured high;
Then, hand-in-hand, they drank
"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power
With chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.
They marched within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung:

To heaven the blaze uprolled,
Like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.
Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old:
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

'Twas morn: the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery, below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,—
The bearers of the bow and spear,

The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page,—
Helm, turban, and tiara shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.
There came a man:—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride:
His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near:
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.
He stooped not at the footstool-stone,
He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words, "Be just, O king!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell;
All mute and moveless as the grave,
Stood, chilled, the satrap and the slave.
"Thou'rt come!" at length the monarch spoke
(Haughty and high the words outbroke);
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band:
Go, reap the wind! go, plough the sand!
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed!
What better, asks the howling slave,
Than the base life our bounty gave?"
Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to heaven the golden spears.—
"King! thou and thine are doomed!—Behold!"
The prophet spoke,—the thunder rolled!
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said:
He raised his staff,—the storm was stayed:
"King! be the word of freedom given!
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"
There came no word.—The thunder broke!—
Like a huge city's final smoke;
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun!—
Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"
Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore!
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague,—the flame grew pale,—
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.
Still swelled the plague,—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last:
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where *are* they?—ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of earth's richest zone
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!
And lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Ingulfs the land the furious tide.—
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting!
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"
To heaven the sage upraised his hand:
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burnt again the joyous sun:
The hour of wrath and death was done.

DEFIANCE TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

From "Catiline."

"Traitor?" I go—but I return. This —— trial!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning the brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!'

James Kenney.

Kenney (1780–1849), a native of Ireland, was for some time a clerk in a banking-house. In 1803 he published "Society, in two parts, with other Poems." He was the author of several successful farces and plays; among them, "Raising the Wind," and "Sweethearts and Wives." From the latter the following song is taken.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE?

"Why are you wandering here, I pray?"
An old man asked a maid one day.—
"Looking for poppies, so bright and red,
Father," said she, "I'm hither led."
"Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,
"Poppies 'tis known, to all who rove,
Grow in the field, and not in the grove."

"Tell me," again the old man said,
"Why are you loitering here, fair maid?"—
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father," said she, "I'm come to hear."
"Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,
"Nightingales all, so people say,
Warble by night, and not by day."

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by;
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,
Lubin, he twiddled his finger and thumb.
"Fie, fie!" was the old man's cry;
"Poppies like these, I own, are rare,
And of such nightingales' songs beware!"

[1] Byron, who did not scruple to descend to scurrility at times, refers to Croly in the following lines:

"And Pegasus hath a psalmodic amble
Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,
Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,—
A modern Ancient Pistol,—by the hilts!"

Edward Hovel Thurlow (Lord Thurlow).

This nobleman (1781–1829) is sometimes confounded with Lord Thurlow, the celebrated Lord High Chancellor of England; but he was quite a different person. His poems were ridiculed by Moore and Byron, but, with many faults, show some rare beauties. His "Select Poems" were published in 1821.

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O melancholy bird! a winter's day,
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay:
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:
He who has not enough for these to spare
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

SONG TO MAY.

May, queen of blossoms
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too,
In the deep rivers;

And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night;
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
Green woods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
MAY, be thou blessed!

Ebenezer Elliott.

Elliott (1781–1849) was born at Masborough, in Yorkshire. His father was an iron-founder, and he himself wrought at the business for many years. His vigorous "Corn-Law Rhymes," published between 1830 and 1836, did much to compel Government to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn. The champion of the poor and oppressed, an intense hater of all injustice, he was no Communist, as the following epigram shows:

"What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings."

Elliott had a genuine taste, and the eye of an artist for natural scenery. He was by nature a poet. There is a tenderness and grace that has rarely been excelled in some of his descriptive touches. In the religious sentiment and a devout faith in the compensations of Divine Providence he was also strong. His career was manly and honorable; and in the latter part of his life his circumstances, through his own exertions, were easy, if not affluent.

FAREWELL TO RIVILIN.

Beautiful River! goldenly shining
Where with thee cistus and woodbines are twining,
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee):
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?

Why do I love thee, heart-breaking River?
Love thee and leave thee? leave thee forever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty is music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's Sister, sad in thy gladness!

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow? River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

Oh, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Coffined in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, heart-breaking River,
Tell them I loved thee—love thee forever!

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal:
River of beauty! love is eternal:
While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
Safe is the fountain flowing from heaven.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
Beauty is music, Sister of Wiming!
Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
Glad as the heath-flower, glowing to meet thee.

FROM "LYRICS FOR MY DAUGHTERS."

For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms, and what they bring,
Be our thanks given;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom,
For the sad prison's gloom,
And for the sadder tomb,
Even as for heaven!

Great God, thy will is done
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks!
Done when the righteous bleed,
When the wronged vainly plead,—
Done in the unended deed,
When the heart breaks!

Lo, how the dutiful
Snows clothe in beautiful
Life the dead earth!
Lo, how the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil will
Dies in its birth!

Blessed is the unpeopled down,
Blessed is the crowded town,
Where the tired groan:
Pain but appears to be;
What are man's fears to thee,
God, if all tears shall be
Gems on thy throne?

HYMN.

Nurse of the Pilgrim sires, who sought,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought,
A refuge and a home!
Who would not be of them or thee
A not unworthy son,
That hears, amid the chained or free,
The name of Washington?

Cradle of Shakspeare, Milton, Knox!
King-shaming Cromwell's throne!
Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes!
Earth's greatest are thine own:
And shall thy children forge base chains
For men that would be free?
No! by thy Elliots, Hampdens, Vanes,
Pyms, Sydneys, yet to be!

No!—for the blood which kings have gorged
Hath made their victims wise,
While every lie that fraud hath forged
Veils wisdom from his eyes:
But time shall change the despot's mood:
And mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good,
And monsters into men.

If round the *soul* the chains are bound
That hold the world in thrall—
If tyrants laugh when men are found
In brutal fray to fall—
Lord! let not Britain arm her hands,
Her sister states to ban;
But bless through her all other lands,
Thy family of man.

For freedom if thy Hampden fought;
For peace if Falkland fell;
For peace and love if Bentham wrote,
And Burns sang wildly well—
Let knowledge, strongest of the strong,
Bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song—
"Love, liberty, and peace!"

Then, Father, will the nations all,
As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
Sing words of joy, like these:—
Let each love all, and all be free,
Receiving as they give;
Lord!—Jesus died for love and thee!
So let thy children live!

NOT FOR NAUGHT.

Do and suffer naught in vain;
Let no trifle trifling be:
If the salt of life is pain,
Let even wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others, few or many,—
Good to all, or good to any.

If men curse thee, plant their lies
Where for truth they best may grow;
Let the railers make thee wise,
Preaching peace where'er thou go:
God no useless plant hath planted,
Evil (wisely used) is wanted.

If the nation-feeding corn
Thriveth under icéd snow;
If the small bird on the thorn
Useth well its guarded sloe,—
Bid thy cares thy comforts double,
Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

See the rivers! how they run,
Strong in gloom, and strong in light!
Like the never-wearied sun,
Through the day and through the night,
Each along his path of duty,
Turning coldness into beauty!

SPRING: A SONNET.

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
Wild apple! thou art bursting into bloom;
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb;
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea; while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

THE DAY WAS DARK.

The day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke:
In gloom I sat, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak,
Lo, splendor, like a spirit, came!
A shadow like a tree!
While there I sat, and named her name
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear,
I looked around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw:
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourned her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
Like gathered flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose which she had set
Was fated ne'er to bloom!
The thrush proclaimed in accents sweet
That Winter's reign was o'er;
The bluebells thronged around my feet,
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again?
A voice of comfort answers me,
That God does naught in vain:
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave?

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the poor:
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He blessed the steward whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

Henry Pickering.

AMERICAN.

Pickering (1781–1838) was a native of Newburgh, New York, where he was born in a house once the head-quarters of Washington. In 1801 his father, who was quartermaster-general of the army, and had been with Washington at the siege of Yorktown, returned to his native State, Massachusetts, and Henry engaged in mercantile pursuits at Salem. Unsuccessful in business, he removed to New York, and resided several years at Rondout and other places on the banks of the Hudson. An edition of "The Buckwheat Cake," a poem in blank verse, in the mock-heroic style, but of trifling merit, from his pen, was published in Boston in 1831.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN.

(ONCE THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF WASHINGTON.)

I.

Square, and rough-hewn, and solid is the mass,
And ancient, if aught ancient here appear
Beside yon rock-ribbed hills: but many a year
Hath into dim oblivion swept, alas!
Since, bright in arms, the worthies of the land
Were here assembled. Let me reverent tread;
For now, meseems, the spirits of the dead
Are slowly gathering round, while I am fanned
By gales unearthly. Ay, they hover near—
Patriots and Heroes—the august and great—
The founders of a young and mighty State,
Whose grandeur who shall tell? With holy fear,
While tears unbidden my dim eyes suffuse,
I mark them one by one, and, marvelling, muse.

II.

I gaze, but they have vanished! And the eye,
Free now to roam from where I take my stand,
Dwells on the hoary pile. Let no rash hand
Attempt its desecration: for though I

Beneath the sod shall sleep, and memory's sigh
Be there forever stifled in this breast,—
Yet all who boast them of a land so blessed,
Whose pilgrim feet may some day hither hie,
Shall melt, alike, and kindle at the thought
That these rude walls have echoed to the sound
Of the great Patriot's voice! that even the ground
I tread was trodden too by him who fought
To make us free; and whose unsullied name,
Still, like the sun, illustrious shines the same.

Reginald Heber.

Heber (1783–1826), the son of a clergyman, was born at Malpas, in Cheshire. A precocious youth, he was admitted of Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1800. After taking a prize for Latin hexameters, he wrote the best of University prize poems, "Palestine." Previous to its recitation in the theatre he read it to Sir Walter Scott, then at Oxford, who remarked that in the poem the fact was not mentioned that in the construction of Solomon's Temple no tools were used. Young Heber retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with these beautiful lines, which were added:

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!"

In 1807 Heber took orders in the Church, and in 1809 he married a daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph, and settled at Hodnet. Contrary to the advice of prudent friends, he accepted in 1823 the Bishopric of Calcutta. In April, 1826, a few days after his arrival at Trichinopoly, he died of an apoplectic attack while taking a bath. Heber was a man of exalted piety, earnest and faithful in the discharge of his clerical duties, and an industrious writer. There is a grace and finish in his poems, showing a high degree of literary culture as well as genuine poetical feeling.

FROM BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

If thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay,
As then shall meet in thee!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Wake not, O mother! sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succor thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him:
Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
"Set down the bier,—he is not dead, but sleeping!
Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obeyed!

Change then, O sad one! grief to exultation:
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation;
Strong was the Word of God to succor thee!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine!
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thy own!

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light:

They're lost,—and gone—the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn,—they come; they come!
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear;
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come; they come!

MAY-DAY.

Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery dressed,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon the spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday;
And love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch and claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May.

Jane Taylor.

Jane Taylor (1783–1824) was a native of London, but brought up chiefly at Larenham, in Suffolk. Her father, Isaac Taylor (1759–1829), was an engraver, and ultimately pastor of an Independent Congregation at Ongar, in Essex, and a voluminous author. Jane's mother (*née* Ann Martin) also wrote books. Jointly with her sister Ann (1782–1866), Jane produced "Original Poems for Infant Minds." The sisters also wrote "Hymns for Infant Minds," which were very popular. Their two little poems, "My Mother," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," will not readily become obsolete in the nursery. Jane was the author of "Display," a novel (1815), of "Essays in Rhyme" (1816), and "Contributions of Q Q." She had a brother, Isaac Taylor (1787–1865), who wrote "Physical Theory of Another Life," and other much esteemed works.

TEACHING FROM THE STARS.

Stars, that on your wondrous way
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To such a little child as I?
Tell me, for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
"Child of mortal race attend;
While we run our wondrous way,
Listen; we would be your friend;
Teaching you that name divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

"Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die.
Suns and planets pass away:
Spirits never can decay.

"When some thousand years at most,
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host,
Shall forsake the firmament:
We shall from our glory fall;
You must live beyond us all.

"Yes, and God, who bade us roll,
God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant's soul
With a condescending eye;
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star!

"Oh, then, while your breath is given,
Let it rise in fervent prayer;
And beseech the God of heaven
To receive your spirit there,
Like a living star to blaze,
Ever to your Saviour's praise."

John Kenyon.

The son of a wealthy English West Indian merchant, Kenyon (1783–1856), a native of Jamaica, inherited a large fortune. He cultivated the society of literary men; and among his associates were Byron, Wordsworth, Procter, Browning, and other eminent poets. Dying, he bestowed more than £100,000 in legacies to his friends. He wrote "A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" (1833); "Poems, for the most part Occasional" (1838); and "A Day at Tivoli, with other Poems" (1849).

CHAMPAGNE ROSÉ.

Lily on liquid roses floating—
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne;—
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous, graybeards swear,—
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old Care—
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain
Who soben cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross quite merry,
Floating away in wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gayly row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear unconcerned the oar
That dips itself in wine!

Allan Cunningham.

Poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, Cunningham (1784–1842) was born of humble parentage in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He began life as a stone-mason: in 1810 he repaired to London, got an appointment of trust in the studio of the sculptor Chantrey, and there settled for life. He had early shown a taste for literature, and written for the magazines of the day. His taste and attainments in the fine arts were remarkable. His warm heart, his upright, independent character, attracted the affectionate esteem of all who enjoyed his acquaintance. He left four sons—Joseph D., Alexander, Peter, and Francis—all of whom have won distinction in literature. Cunningham was the author of "Paul Jones," a successful romance (1826); and from 1829 to 1833 he produced for "Murray's Family Library" his most esteemed prose work, "The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," in six volumes.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie:
It's hame, and its hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,

That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e:
"I'll shine on you yet in your ain countrie!"
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

Gone were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold's the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet;
And the finger of death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
Or my mother so dear,—
I'll meet them both in heaven
At the spring of the year.

William Tennant.

Tennant (1784–1848) was a native of Anstruther, Scotland, who, while filling the situation of clerk in a mercantile house, studied ancient and modern literature, and taught himself Hebrew. He is known in literature by his mock-heroic poem of "Anster Fair" (1812), written in the *ottava-rima* stanza, afterward adopted by Frere and Byron. The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, the famous heroine of Scottish song. The poem was praised by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review;* and several editions of it were published. After struggling with poverty till 1834, Tennant received the appointment of Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College. In 1845 he published "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History." A memoir of his life and writings appeared in 1861.

DESCRIPTION OF MAGGIE LAUDER.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams:
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly with whip's green silken lace,
The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise:
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold, unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honored palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honor from the glance;
Woe to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

So on she rode in virgin majesty,
Charming the thin dead air to kiss her lips,
And with the light and grandeur of her eye
Shaming the proud sun into dim eclipse;
While round her presence clustering far and nigh,
On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot with shoes of dazzling buckles,
Attended knights, and lairds, and clowns with horny knuckles.

Alexander Rodger.

Rodger (1784–1846) was a native of East-Calder, Scotland. In 1797 he was apprenticed to a weaver in Glasgow. He married, and had a large family, some of whom emigrated to the United States. Having written some articles against the Government in a radical newspaper, he was imprisoned for some time. His first appearance as an author was in 1827, when he published a volume of poems. Some of his songs are still very popular.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And dinna be so rude to me
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me mickle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
But, guidsake! no before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane you may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair:
It may be sae—I dinna care;
But ne'er again gar 't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet:
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

Bernard Barton.

Barton (1784–1849) has often been spoken of as "the Quaker poet." He became a banker's clerk at the age of twenty-six, and continued in that position, like Lamb in the East India House, to the end of his life. Pure, gentle, and amiable, his poetry reflects his character. To the "Sonnet to a Grandmother," Charles Lamb affixed the characteristic comment, "A good sonnet. *Dixi.*—C. LAMB." Barton's "Poems and Letters" were published, with a memoir, by his daughter, in 1853.

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

"Old age is dark and unlovely."—OSSIAN.

Oh, say not so! A bright old age is thine,
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all he sends with gratitude receives.
May such a quiet, thankful close be mine!
And hence thy fireside chair appears to me
A peaceful throne—which thou wert formed to fill;

Thy children ministers who do thy will;
And those grandchildren, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

FAREWELL.

Nay, shrink not from the word "farewell,"
As if 'twere friendship's final knell!
Such fears may prove but vain:
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever, Hope may say,
"We part—to meet again!"

E'en the last parting heart can know
Brings not unutterable woe
To souls that heavenward soar;
For humble Faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh
May meet—to part no more.

A WINTER NIGHT.

A winter night! the stormy wind is high,
Rocking the leafless branches to and fro:
The sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow,
And mournfully surveys the starless sky;
The hardy shepherd turns out fearlessly
To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow;
And the poor homeless, houseless child of woe
Sinks down, perchance, in dumb despair to die!
Happy the fireside student—happier still
The social circle round the blazing hearth,—
If, while these estimate aright the worth
Of every blessing which their cup may fill,
Their grateful hearts with sympathy can thrill
For every form of wretchedness on earth.

Levi Frisbie.

AMERICAN.

Frisbie (1784–1822) was the son of a clergyman of Ipswich, Mass. He was educated at Harvard, and did much to defray his own expenses by teaching. After finishing his course, he was successively Latin tutor, Professor of Latin, and Professor of Moral Philosophy. A volume containing some of his philosophical writings and a few poems, and edited by his friend, Andrews Norton, was published in 1823.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravished sight,
In sweet aërial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
The sober thought you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem—
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me!

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful, without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye, must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all, I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppressed,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling, share;

Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
And, were its fury hurled,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend;
Together would we humbly bend
To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upward to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

Leigh Hunt.

The son of a West Indian who settled in England and became a clergyman, James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859) was born at Southgate, and educated at Christ's Hospital, London. In connection with his brother he established the *Examiner* newspaper in 1808, and became the literary associate of Coleridge, Lamb, Campbell, Hood, Byron, Shelley, and other men of note. Having called the Prince Regent "an Adonis of fifty," he and his brother were condemned to two years' imprisonment, with a fine of £500 each. On Hunt's release, Keats addressed to him one of his finest sonnets. Improvident and somewhat lax in money matters, and often in want of "a loan," Hunt's life was spent in struggling with influences contrary to his nature and temperament. In 1822 he went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron; and in 1828 he published "Lord Byron, and some of his Contemporaries," for which he was bitterly satirized by Moore, in some biting verses, as an ingrate. Certain affectations in his style caused Hunt to be credited with founding the "Cockney School of Poetry."

TO T. L. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

The sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'mid my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say—"He has departed"—
"His voice—his face—is gone!"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping;
This silence too, the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seems whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Seraphim,
Who say, "We've finished here!"[1]

[1] John Wilson, once the lusty assailant of Hunt, called him at last "the most vivid of poets and most cordial of critics."

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

AN ITALIAN MORNING IN MAY.

From "The Story of Rimini."

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay;
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil;
And all the scene, in short,—sky, earth, and sea,—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

THOUGHTS ON THE AVON, SEPT. 28, 1817.

It is the loveliest day that we have had
This lovely month—sparkling, and full of cheer;
The sun has a sharp eye, yet kind and glad;
Colors are doubly bright: all things appear
Strong outlined in the spacious atmosphere;
And through the lofty air the white clouds go,
As on their way to some celestial show.

The banks of Avon must look well to-day:
Autumn is there in all his glory and treasure;
The river must run bright, the ripples play
Their crispest tunes to boats that rock at leisure;
The ladies are abroad with cheeks of pleasure;
And the rich orchards, in their sunniest robes,
Are pouting thick with all their winy globes.

And why must I be thinking of the pride
Of distant bowers, as if I had no nest
To sing in here, though by the houses' side?
As if I could not in a minute rest
In leafy fields, rural, and self-possessed,
Having on one side Hampstead for my looks,
On t'other, London, with its wealth of books?

It is not that I envy autumn there,
Nor the sweet river, though my fields have none;
Nor yet that in its all-productive air
Was born Humanity's divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one,
Shakspeare; nor yet—oh no—that here I miss
Souls not unworthy to be named with his.

No; but it is that on this very day,
And upon Shakspeare's stream—a little lower,
Where, drunk with Delphic air, it comes away,
Dancing in perfume by the Peary Shore—
Was born the lass that I love more and more;
A fruit as fine as in the Hesperian store,
Smooth, roundly smiling, noble to the core;
An eye for art; a nature that of yore
Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters wore,
When in the Golden Age one tune they bore—
Marian,—who makes my heart and very rhymes run o'er.

MAY AND THE POETS.

There is May in books forever:
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Pryor,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;

May's in all the Italian books:
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves.
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will;
May's at home, and with me still:
But come rather, thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

DEATH.

Death is a road our dearest friends have gone:
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on?"
Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it; fathers, children; men
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath:—
Soft is the travelling on the road of Death!
But guilt has passed it?—men not fit to die?
Oh, hush—for He that made us all is by!
Human were all—all men, all born of mothers;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others;
Our *used*, and oh, be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

JENNY KISSED ME.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

James Nelson Barker.

AMERICAN.

Barker (1784–1858), better known as a dramatic writer than by his other productions, was a native of Philadelphia, and a son of General John Barker, an officer of the Revolution, and at one time mayor and sheriff of the city. James was a captain in the artillery during the war of 1812 with Great Britain, was for one year mayor of Philadelphia, and afterward collector of the port. In 1807 he produced a comedy, entitled "Tears and Smiles;" in 1817, "How to Try a Lover," never performed; and in 1823, a tragedy, "Superstition," one of the principal parts in which is Goff, the regicide. Barker was also the author of some sprightly poems, one of which we subjoin.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

She was, indeed, a pretty little creature;
So meek, so modest! What a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent should fall
A prey to the ravenous wolf!
——The wolf, indeed!
You've left the nursery to but little purpose
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though in the time of Æsop or before.
——Was 't not a wolf, then? I have read the story
A hundred times, and heard it told; nay, told it
Myself to my younger sisters, when we've shrunk
Together in the sheets, from very terror,
And, with protecting arms, each round the other,
E'en sobbed ourselves to sleep. But I remember
I saw the story acted on the stage
Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates,
With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely:
And so it was a robber, not a wolf,
That met poor little Riding-hood i' the wood?
——Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral.
——Hidden? Nay,
I'm not so young but I can spell it out,
And thus it is: Children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.
——Tut! wolves again! Wilt listen to me, child?
——Say on, dear grandma.
——Thus, then, dear my daughter:
In this young person, culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds.
——Nay, none but children
Could gather buttercups and May-weed, mother;
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there.
——You die, indeed!
At your years die!
——Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,
As you did yesterday, in that sweet spot
Down by the fountain, where you seated you
To read the last new novel—what d'ye call it?—
"The Prairie," was it not?
——It was, my love;
And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillowed my agéd head. 'Twas irksome, sure,

To your young limbs and spirit.
——No, believe me:
To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lulled.
——You're a dear child!
——And then
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,
So gently sloping to the rivulet,
All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled over with spring flowers of each tint!
There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake, Innocence;
The fairy-formed, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, called by country people
Fair maids o' the spring; the lowly cinque-foil, too,
And statelier marigold; the violet sorrel,
Blushing so rosy-red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dressed
In varied pink; the partridge evergreen,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries,—
——Did you see all those flowers? I marked them not.
——Oh, many more, whose names I have not learned!
And then to see the light-blue butterfly
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee—
And there, too, was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine
Where the white blossoms of the dog-wood met
The crimson redbud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leaped joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music, then passed prattling on
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.
——I dreamed not of these sights or sounds.
——Then just
Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich ribbon, of enamelled meadow,
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top
Was crowned with rosebay. Half-way down there stood,
Sylph-like, the light, fantastic Columbine,
As ready to leap down unto her lover,
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.
——Tut! enough, enough!
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.
We must shut up your books of botany,
And give you graver studies.
——Will you shut
The book of nature too?—for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine, its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules, its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masking. Yet a little longer,
Oh let me hold communion here with nature!
——Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture—
——Poor Red Riding-hood!
We had forgotten her: yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
And now the hidden moral.
——Thus it is:
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE.
——I thought love was an infant—"*toujours enfant.*"
——The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent— Alas! time changes all things.
——True, I remember, love is now a man,
And, the song says, "a very saucy one;"
But how a wolf?
——In ravenous appetite,
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey: as the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.
——I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.
——You'll do wisely.
——Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.
——That's my child.
——Nor in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbin.
——Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson.
——Yet one thing, my mother.
Somewhat perplexes me.
——Say what, my love,
I will explain.
——The wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up:
What is the moral here? Have all our grandmas
Been first devoured by love?
——Let us go in:
The air grows cool. You are a forward chit.

John Wilson.

Professor John Wilson (1785-1854), son of an opulent manufacturer, was a native of Paisley, Scotland. Educated at Oxford, he bought the beautiful estate of Elleray, on Lake Windermere, married, built a house, kept a yacht, wrote poetry, cultivated the society of Wordsworth, and enjoyed himself generally. Reverses came, however, and he was compelled to work in earnest. He was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, took the editorship of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and there made for himself quite a reputation, in his day, under the *nom de plume* of Christopher North. Scott speaks of him, in one of his letters, as "an eccentric genius." The poetical works of Wilson consist of "The Isle of Palms" (1812), "The City of the Plague" (1816), and several smaller pieces. In reference to his prose writings, Hallam characterized him as "a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters." In 1851 Wilson was granted a pension of £300 per annum. An interesting memoir of him by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, appeared in 1862.

ADDRESS TO A WILD-DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming
head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!—
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the
morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain
and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee,
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of
thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at
rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still!—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of
delight
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless
height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestical mirth;
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous
motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turned ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath passed on the wind,
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind!
But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around!
Each sight how sublime! and how awful each
sound!
All hushed and serene as a region of dreams,
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of heaven.

* * * * * *

HYMN.

From "Lord Ronald's Child."

FIRST VOICE.

Oh beautiful the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone!
And the music of the water-fall
Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains
In soft and mossy cell,
By the silent springs and fountains
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath withered in the wind,

And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing—
When happy in their harmless loves,
How tenderly they sing!

O'er all the rest was heard
One wild and mournful strain,—
But hushed is the voice of that hymning bird,
She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees' gloom,
I saw a sleeping dove!
On the silence of her silvery plume,
The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seemed all her own
Round the beauty of that breast—
—But the startled dove afar is flown!
Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild-deer lies,
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side
And shades their peaceful eyes!

The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow!

A thousand stars shine forth,
With pure and dewy ray—
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day.

Oh empty all the heaven!
Though a thousand lights be there—
For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,
And shorn her golden hair!

SECOND VOICE.

—What though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel hymn.

What though the dark tree smile
No more—with our dove's calm sleep!
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat—
But purer now in heavenly snow
She lies at Jesus' feet.

Oh star! untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee!
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea!

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,—
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west:—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And, by the breath of Mercy, made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE SHIPWRECK.

FROM "THE ISLE OF PALMS."

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
The mighty moon, she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love;
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright;
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day.

And, lo! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious shape appearing!
A broad-winged vessel, through the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering! –
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
The beauty of the sea,
She lifteth up her stately head,
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.

Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the moon.
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea,
To cheer the gliding vision, sings.
Oh, ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.

But, list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song!
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it called the ship along.
The moon is sunk, and a clouded gray
Declares that her course is run,
And, like a god who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious sun.
Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze!
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.

No fears hath she! her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse forever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
Hush, hush, thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pennant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow-hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow.
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.

Oh, many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last.

He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
The whole ship's crew are there.
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapor dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

Henry Kirke White.

White (1785–1806), the son of a butcher, was born in Nottingham, England. His juvenile verses attracted the attention of generous patrons, particularly Mr. Southey. At seventeen he published a volume of poems. He had got admission to the University of Cambridge, and was fast acquiring distinction, when too much brain-work terminated his life. Southey wrote a brief biography of him, and edited his "Remains;" and Byron consecrated some spirited lines to his memory, from which we quote the following:

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered to his heart."

(See the two lines by Katharine Phillips, page 119 of this volume.) A tablet to White's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, England, by a young American, Francis Boot of Boston. In judging White's poetry we must remember that it was all written before his twentieth year.

TIME.

Time moveth not; our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages, and revolving years,
Ordained to chronicle our passing days:—
So the young sailor, in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eye, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

CONCLUDING STANZAS OF "THE CHRISTIAD."

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds:—

Thee when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark the victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Samuel Woodworth.

AMERICAN.

Woodworth (1785–1842), known chiefly by his one homely but vigorous lyric, was a native of Scituate, Mass. Removing to New York, he became a printer by trade, and was connected with a number of not prosperous periodical publications. "Except his one famous song," says Mr. E. C. Stedman, "I can find nothing worth a day's remembrance in his collected poems."

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Robert Grant.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838) was a native of the county of Inverness, Scotland. He graduated with high honors at Cambridge in 1806, was called to the Bar in Lincoln's Inn in 1807, elected to Parliament in 1826, and made governor of Bombay in 1834. An elegant volume, entitled "Sacred Poems, by Sir Robert Grant," was published by Lord Glenelg in 1839.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

Lord of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship—gem transcending price,—
Love—a flower from Paradise!
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in earth but Thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph-strings.
Oh! that world is passing fair;
Yet if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest!
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child;
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe!
Yet should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me!
Whom have I in each but Thee?

George Darley.

Darley (1785-1849) was a native of Dublin, and died in London. He was both a mathematician and a poet; producing "Familiar Astronomy" (1830), "Popular Algebra, third edition" (1836), etc., as well as "Poems: Sylvia, or the May Queen" (1827); "Ethelstan, a Dramatic Chronicle" (1841); "Errors of Extasie and other Poems" (1849). Allan Cunningham says (1833): "George Darley is a true poet and excellent mathematician." He was an accomplished critic, and the latter part of his life wrote for the *Athenæum*. His verses are at times rugged and obscure, and his use of odd or obsolete words is not always happy.

FROM "THE FAIRIES."

Have you not oft in the still wind,
Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,
That rose one moment, and then fell,
Swooning away like a far knell?
Listen!—that wave of perfume broke
Into sea-music, as I spoke,

Fainter than that which seems to roar
On the moon's silver-sanded shore,
When through the silence of the night
Is heard the ebb and flow of light.
Oh, shut the eye and ope the ear!
Do you not hear, or think you hear,
A wide hush o'er the woodland pass
Like distant waving fields of grass?—
Voices!—ho! ho!—a band is coming,
Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,
Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen,
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns small, and ribbon-slung,
Over their gallant shoulders hung!—
A chant! a chant! that swoons and swells
Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells;
Now brave, as when in Flora's bower
Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet-flower;
Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,
Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer;
But mixed with whoops, and infant laughter,
Shouts following one another after,
As on a hearty holiday
When youth is flush and full of May;—
Small shouts, indeed, as wild bees knew
Both how to hum, and halloo too!

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

Here's a bank with rich cowslips and cuckoo-buds strewn,
To exalt your bright looks, gentle Queen of the May!
Here's a cushion of moss for your delicate shoon,
And a woodbine to weave you a canopy gay.

Here's a garland of red maiden-roses for you;
Such a delicate wreath is for beauty alone;
Here's a golden kingcup, brimming over with dew,
To be kissed by a lip just as sweet as its own.

Here are bracelets of pearl from the fount in the dale,
That the nymph of the wave on your wrists doth bestow;
Here's a lily-wrought scarf your sweet blushes to hide,
Or to lie on that bosom, like snow upon snow.

Here's a myrtle enwreathed with a jessamine band,
To express the fond twining of beauty and youth;
Take the emblem of love in thy exquisite hand,
And do thou sway the evergreen sceptre of Truth.

Then around you we'll dance, and around you we'll sing,
To soft pipe and sweet tabor we'll foot it away;
And the hills and the dales and the forest shall ring,
While we hail you our lovely young Queen of the May.

SUICIDE.

From "Ethelstan."

Fool! I mean not
That poor-souled piece of heroism, self-slaughter;
Oh no! the miserablest day we live
There's many a better thing to do than die!

John Pierpont.

AMERICAN.

Pierpont (1785–1866) was born in Litchfield, Conn., and educated at Yale College. He studied law awhile, and then entered into mercantile pursuits at Baltimore with John Neal, of Portland, Maine, who also became somewhat famous in literature, and was a man of marked power. Failing in business in consequence of the War of 1812, Pierpont studied for the ministry, and was settled over Hollis Street Church in Boston. Ardent and outspoken on all subjects, especially those of intemperance and slavery, he disaffected some of his hearers, and left his congregation. He was afterward settled over Unitarian societies in Troy, N. Y., and Medford, Mass. In his later years he became a Spiritualist, and advocated the new cause with his characteristic eloquence and zeal. He was employed, a few years before his death, in the Treasury Department at Washington. Pierpont's first poetical venture, "The Airs of Palestine," placed him high among the literary men of the day. He wrote a number of hymns and odes, showing fine literary culture. Bold, energetic, and devoted in all his undertakings, he left the reputation of a man of sterling integrity, generous temper, noble aspirations, and great intrepidity in all his efforts for what he esteemed the right and true. See Bryant's lines on him.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore—
Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day
When the *May-Flower* moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride:
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the pilgrim, where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:—
When Summer is throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie:
The earliest ray of the golden day
On the hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night:
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the *May-Flower* lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

FROM "THE DEPARTED CHILD."

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair:
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,—
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Or evening anthems tuning,—
In spirit I'm communing
With our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear:
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—in all the past
He lives; nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair.
In dreams I see him now:
And on his angel brow
I see it written—"Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the Spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

WHAT BLESSES NOW MUST EVER BLESS.

Lord, thou knowest!
Man never knew me as thou knowest me.
I never could reveal myself to man:
For neither had I, while I lived, the power
To those who were the nearest to my heart
To lay that heart all open, as it was,
And as thou, Lord, hast seen it; nor could they,
Had every inmost feeling of my soul

By seraphs' lips been uttered, e'er have had
The ear to hear it, or the soul to feel.
The world has seen the surface only of me:—
Not that I've striven to hide myself from men;—
No, I have rather labored to be known:—
But when I would have spoken of my faith,
My communings with thee, my heavenward hope,
My love for thee and all that thou hast made,
The perfect peace in which I looked on all
Thy works of glorious beauty,—then it seemed
That thou alone couldst understand me, Lord;
And so my lips were sealed—or the world's phrase,
The courteous question, or the frank reply
Alone escaped them. I have ne'er been known,
My Father, but by thee: and I rejoice
That thou, who mad'st me, art to be my Judge;
For in *thy* judgments thou rememberest mercy.
I cast myself upon them. Like thy laws,
They are all true and right. The law that keeps
This planet in her path around the sun
Keeps all her sister-planets too in theirs,
And all the other shining hosts of heaven.
All worlds, all times, are under that one law;
For what binds one, binds all. So all thy sons
And daughters, clothed in light—hosts brighter far
Than suns and planets—spiritual hosts,
Whose glory is their goodness—have one law,
The perfect law of love, to guide them through
All worlds, all times. Thy Kingdom, Lord, is one.
Life, death, earth, heaven, eternity, and time
Lie all within it; and what blesses now
Must ever bless,—LOVE OF THINGS TRUE AND RIGHT.

Andrews Norton.

AMERICAN.

Norton (1786–1853) was a native of Hingham, Mass. He was educated at Harvard College, and became eminent as a Unitarian theologian. He edited an American edition of the poems of Mrs. Hemans, whose friendship he formed while in England.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er. How dense and bright
  Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
  Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence, earth receives
  The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
  As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
  A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
  Is breathing odors on the gale.

'Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
  Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
  Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
  Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
  With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—
  Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
  Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand:

Hear the rich music of that voice,
  Which sounds from all below, above:
She calls her children to rejoice,
  And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
  And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
  And 'mid this living light expire.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

My God, I thank thee; may no thought
  E'er deem thy chastisement severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
  Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
  The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thy equal mercy spreads the gloom
  That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
  Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
  Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
  Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
  Let kneeling Faith adore thy will.

Mary Russell Mitford.

Miss Mitford (1786-1855) was the daughter of an English physician, improvident and dissipated. She wrote sketches of rural life under the title of "Our Village" (1824) for her support; for her father had become a burden on her hands. Her success as a prose writer was considerable; but she published a volume of Sonnets and Poems, and wrote the plays of "Julian" (1823), "The Foscari" (1826), and "Rienzi," her best dramatic production (1828). In it she shows good literary taste, if not much force in the delineation of character.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

From "Rienzi."

Friends!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Orsini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy. There was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet, this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a King! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

SONG.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through:
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew:
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

Alexander Laing.

Laing (1787-1857) was a native of Brechin, Forfarshire, Scotland. He was of humble origin, and followed the business of a packman the greater part of his life. In 1846 he published by subscription a collection of his poems and songs, under the title of "Wayside Flowers." He edited two editions of Burns, and one of Tannahill.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

An' O! may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a gude-man, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've ane at my foot, and I've ane on my knee;
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,

Says, "How are ye, lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa'?"
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil an' the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blithe is the mither that's blithe o' the name;
The cares o' the warld they fear na to dree—
The warld it is naething to Johnny an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lassies—awa' wi' your fears!
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving and fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

Richard Henry Dana.

AMERICAN.

Dana (1787–1878) was born in Cambridge, Mass., passed three years at Harvard College, and was admitted to the Bar in 1811. His principal poem, "The Buccaneer," appeared in 1827, and is still recognized as a work of genuine power. He wrote a series of lectures on Shakspeare; also a memoir of his brother-in-law, the poet-painter, Allston. An edition of Dana's collected works, in prose and verse, was published in 1850. A son, bearing his name, distinguished himself early in life by his very successful prose work, "Three Years before the Mast." Beloved and esteemed, Dana, a year older than Byron, celebrated his ninetieth birthday, November 15th, 1877, and died a year afterward.

IMMORTALITY.

From "The Husband's and Wife's Grave."

Oh! listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh! listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'mid Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

I look through tears on Beauty now;
And Beauty's self less radiant looks on me,
Serene, yet touched with sadness is the brow
(Once bright with joy) I see.

Joy-waking Beauty, why so sad?
Tell where the radiance of the smile is gone
At which my heart and earth and skies were glad—
That linked us all in one.

It is not on the mountain's breast;
It comes not to me with the dawning day;
Nor looks it from the glories of the west,
As slow they pass away.

Nor on those gliding roundlets bright
That steal their play among the woody shades,
Nor on thine own dear children doth it light—
The flowers along the glades.

And altered to the living mind
(The great high-priestess with her thought-born race
Who round thine altar aye have stood and shined)
The comforts of thy face!

Why shadowed thus thy forehead fair?
Why on the mind low hangs a mystic gloom?
And spreads away upon the genial air,
Like vapors from the tomb?

Why *should* ye shine, you lights above?
Why, little flowers, open to the heat?
No more within the heart ye filled with love
The living pulses beat!

Well, Beauty, may you mourning stand!
The fine beholding eye whose constant look
Was turned on thee is dark—and cold the hand
That gave all vision took.

Nay, heart, be still!—Of heavenly birth
Is Beauty sprung—Look up! behold the place!
There he who reverent traced her steps on earth
Now sees her face to face.

THE ISLAND.

From "The Buccaneer."

The island lies nine leagues away:
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar!
Save where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy heaving sea
The black duck with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale!
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion gentle, all is kindly done;
Come, listen how from crime this isle was won.

THE PIRATE.

From "The Buccaneer."

Twelve years are gone since Matthew Lee
Held in this isle unquestioned sway;
A dark, low, brawny man was he;
His law,—"It is my way."
Beneath his thick-set brows a sharp light broke
From small gray eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
Loud in his sport and keen for spoil,
He little recked of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil:
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were;
Speak mildly when he would or look in fear.

Amid the uproar of the storm,
And by the lightning's sharp red glare,
Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
His axe glanced quick in air:
Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge?
There's blood and hair, Mat, on thy axe's edge.

Mrs. Emma C. Willard.

AMERICAN.

Miss Hart, by marriage Willard, was a native of New Berlin, Conn. She began the work of a teacher at sixteen, and in 1821 established a famous Female Seminary at Troy, N. Y. In 1830 she published a volume of poems. Her "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," admirably sung by Braham, attained deserved celebrity. She resided several months in Paris, and on her return home published a volume of "Travels," the profits of which, amounting to twelve hundred dollars, were devoted to the founding of a school for female teachers in Greece. Born in 1787, she died in 1870.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall).

Procter (1787–1874), better known, in literature, by the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall" (an anagram of his name, less five letters), was a native of London. He was educated at Harrow, where he was the school-fellow of Byron and Peel. In 1819 appeared his "Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems;" in 1821, his "Mirandola: a Tragedy." He became a barrister at law, and one of the Commissioners of Lunacy. In 1857, Mr. John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, and author of some graceful verses, left more than £140,000 in legacies to his friends: to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, £4000; to Robert Browning, £6500; and to Procter, £6500. Some of Procter's minor pieces have the true lyrical ring, and are likely to be long remembered.

THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily,
We ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph:
Strange birds about us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep;
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark—
Oh, proud must be our admiral
Of such a bonny bark!

Proud, proud must be our admiral
(Though he is pale to-day),
Of twice five hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey;
Who've fought for him, and conquered—
Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility! which he shall have
Whene'er he touch the shore.
Oh, would I were our admiral,
To order, with a word—
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
And straight rise up a lord!
I'd shout e'en to yon shark there,
Who follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me,
Like lightning through the sea."

—The admiral grew paler,
And paler as we flew:
Still talked he to his officers,
And smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up at the heavens,
And he looked down on the sea,
And at last he spied the creature
That kept following in our lee.

He shook—'twas but an instant,
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied:
It threw boldness on his forehead,
Gave firmness to his breath;
And he stood like some grim warrior
New risen up from death.

That night a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay,
And we knew our old fine admiral
Was changing into clay;
And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
And a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows in our lee!
Till dawn we watched the body
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset
It was slung into the deep!
And never, from that moment,
Save *one* shudder through the sea,
Saw we (or heard) the shark
That had followed in our lee!

SONNET TO ADELAIDE.

Child of my heart! my sweet beloved First-born!
Thou dove, who tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers
Are past—or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,
No spot, no blemish,—pure and unforlorn!
Untouched, untainted! Oh, my Flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
Welcome,—a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold;
New hope springs upward, and the bright world seems
Cast back into a youth of endless springs!
Sweet mother, is it so?—or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day;
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth;
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever—evermore!

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly;
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

Mrs. Lavinia Stoddard.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Stoddard (1787–1820) was the daughter of Elijah Stone, and a native of Guilford, Conn. Her family removed to Paterson, N. J.; and in 1811 she was married to Dr. William Stoddard. They established an academy at Troy, N. Y.; but in 1818 removed to Blakely, Ala., where Dr. Stoddard died, leaving his wife in poverty and among strangers. The one poem by which she is known was prompted by her own sad and sincere experiences, and written but a short time before her death. In her life, as in her poem of "The Soul's Defiance," she exemplified the truth of these lines by Shelley:

"Wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on,—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on,—your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on,—I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep,—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure,—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey:
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

Caroline (Bowles) Southey.

Caroline Anne Bowles, afterward Mrs. Southey (1787–1854), was the daughter of Captain Charles Bowles, and born at Buckland, Hants. She lost her parents while young, and in her country retirement cultivated literature successfully. In 1839 she married Southey, poet-laureate, with whom she had long been well acquainted. There is an original vein of pathos distinguishing her poems. Her life, she tells us, was uneventful; for "all her adventures were by the fireside or in her garden, and almost all her migrations from the blue bed to the brown." The following picture of her childhood is impressive:

"My father loved the patient angler's art,
And many a summer's day, from early morn
To latest evening, by some streamlet's side,
We two have tarried; strange companionship!
A sad and silent man; a joyous child!
Yet those were days, as I recall them now,
Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
My father's eyes were often on his child
Tenderly eloquent—and his few words
Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
Repulsed me if I broke upon his thoughts
With childish question. But I learned at last,
Intuitively learned to hold my peace.
When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
Spoke the perturbéd spirit—only then
I crept a little closer to his side,
And stole my hand in his, or on his arm
Laid my cheek softly: till the simple wile
Won on his sad abstraction, and he turned
With a faint smile, and sighed and shook his head,
Stooping toward me; so I reached at last
Mine arm about his neck and clasped it close,
Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss."

This passage will be found in her "Birthday," a poem which may be ranked among the most graceful and touching productions of feminine genius.

THE RIVER.

River! River! little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
Broad and deep and *still* as Time;
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

TO LITTLE MARY.

I'm bidden, little Mary,
To write verses upon thee;
I'd fain obey the bidding,
If it rested but with me:
But the Mistresses I'm bound to
(Nine Ladies hard to please)
Of all their stores poetic
So closely keep the keys,
It's only now and then—
By good luck, as one may say—
That a couplet or a rhyme or two
Falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet
As that comes quite in season;
But some folks must be satisfied
With rhyme in *spite* of reason:
So, Muses! now befriend me,
Albeit of help so chary,
To string the pearls of poesie
For loveliest little Mary!

And yet, ye pagan Damsels,
Not over-fond am I
To invoke your haughty favors,
Your fount of Castaly:—
I've sipped a purer fountain,
I've decked a holier shrine,
I own a mightier Mistress—
O Nature! *Thou* art mine;
And Feeling's fount than Castaly
Yields waters more divine!

And only to that well-head,
Sweet Mary, I'll resort,
For just an artless verse or two,
A simple strain and short,
Befitting well a Pilgrim
Wayworn with earthly strife,
To offer thee, young Traveller!
In the morning track of life.

There's many a one will tell thee
'Tis all with roses gay—
There's many a one will tell thee
'Tis thorny all the way:—
Deceivers are they every one,
Dear Child, who thus pretend:
God's ways are not unequal—
Make him thy trusted friend,
And many a path of pleasantness
He'll clear away for thee,
However dark and intricate
The labyrinth may be.

I need not wish thee beauty,
I need not wish thee grace;
Already both are budding
In that infant form and face:
I *will* not wish thee grandeur,
I *will* not wish thee wealth—
But only a contented heart,
Peace, competence, and health—
Fond friends to love thee dearly,
And honest friends to chide,
And faithful ones to cleave to thee,
Whatever may betide.

And now, my little Mary,
If better things remain,

Unheeded in my blindness,
Unnoticed in my strain,—
I'll sum them up succinctly
In "English undefiled,"
My mother-tongue's best benison:
God bless thee, precious Child!

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

Oh! by that gracious rule,
Were we but wise to steer,
On the wide sea of Thought,—
What moments trouble-fraught
Were spared us here!

But we (perverse and blind),
As covetous of pain,
Not only seek for more
Yet hidden—but live o'er
The past again.

This life is calléd brief:
Man on the earth but crawls
His threescore years and ten,
At best fourscore—and then
The ripe fruit falls.

Yet, betwixt birth and death,
Were but the life of man
By his thoughts measuréd,—
To what an age would spread
That little span!

There are who 're born and die,
Eat, sleep, walk, rest between,
Talk—act by clock-work too,—
So pass in order due
Over the scene.

With these the past *is* past,
The future, nothing yet;
And so, from day to day
They breathe, till called to pay
The last great debt.

Their life, in truth, *is* brief;
A speck—a point of time;
Whether in good old age
Endeth their pilgrimage,
Or in its prime.

But other some there are
(I call them not more wise),
In whom the restless mind
Still lingereth behind,
Or forward flies.

With *these*, things pass away;
But past things are not dead:
In the heart's treasury,
Deep, hidden deep, they lie
Unwitheréd.

And there the soul retires,
From the dull things that are,
To mingle oft and long
With the time-hallowed throng
Of those that were.

Then into life start out
The scenes long vanishéd;
Then we behold again
The forms that long have lain
Among the dead.

We seek their grasp of love,
We meet their beaming eye;
We speak—the vision's flown,
Dissolving with its own
Intensity.

Years rapidly shift on
(Like clouds athwart the sky),
And lo! sad watch we keep,
When in perturbéd sleep
The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face,
Shown by the dim watch-light,
Shuddering, we gaze and pray,
And weep, and wish away
The long, long night.

And yet minutest things,
That mark time's tedious tread,
Are on the feverish brain,
With self-protracting pain,
Deep minuted.

The drops with trembling hand
(Love steadiéd) poured out;—
The draught replenishéd,—
The label oft re-read,
With nervous doubt:—

The watch that ticks so loud;
  The winding it, for one
Whose hand lies powerless;—
And then the fearful guess,—
  "Ere this hath run. . . ."

The shutter, half unclosed,
  As the night wears away;
Ere the last stars are set—
Pale stars!—that linger yet,
  Till perfect day.

The morn so oft invoked,
  That bringeth no relief,
From which, with sickening sight,
We turn, as if its light
  But mocked our grief.

Oh, never after-dawn
  For us the east shall streak,
But we shall see again,
With the same thoughts as then,
  That pale daybreak!

The desolate awakening,
  When first we feel alone!
Dread memories are these!—
Yet who for heartless ease
  Would exchange one?

These are the soul's hid wealth,
  Relics embalmed with tears;
Or if her curious eye
Searcheth futurity—
  The depth of years,—

There (from the deck of youth)
  Enchanted land she sees;
Blue skies, and sun-bright bowers,
Reflected, and tall towers
  On glassy seas.

But heavy clouds collect
  Over that bright-blue sky;
And rough winds rend the trees,
And lash those glassy seas
  To billows high!

And then, the next thing seen
  By that dim light, may be
With helm and rudder lost,
A lone wreck, tempest-tossed,
  On the dark sea!

Thus doth the soul extend
  Her brief existence here,
Thus multiplieth she
(Yea, to infinity!)
  The short career.

Presumptuous and unwise!
  As if the present sum
Were little of life's woe,
Why seeketh she to know
  Ills yet to come?

Look up, look up, my soul,
  To loftier mysteries;
Trust in his word to thee,
Who saith, "All tears shall be
  Wiped from all eyes."

And when thou turnest back,
  (Oh, what can chain thee here?)
Seek out the Isles of light
On "Memory's waste" yet bright;—
  Or if too near

To desolate plains they lie,
  All dark with guilt and tears,—
Still, still retrace the past,
Till thou alight at last
  On life's first years.

There not a passing cloud
  Obscures the sunny scene;
No blight on the young tree;
No thought of what may be,
  Or what hath been.

There all is hope—not hope—
  For all things are possessed;
No—bliss without alloy,
And innocence and joy,
  In the young breast!

And all-confiding love,
  And holy ignorance;
Their blesséd veil! Soon torn
From eyes foredoomed to mourn
  For man's offence.

Oh! thither, weary spirit!
  Flee from this world defiled.
How oft, heart-sick and sore,
I've wished I were once more
  A little child!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow:
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh, change!—oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh, change!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle-bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead!

Yes! with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow;
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labors with shortening breath:—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh!
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturned eyes glazed over,
Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulséd lid,
Their pupils, darkly blue;

Thy little mouth half open—
The soft lip quivering,
As if, like summer-air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there,
Thy soul were fluttering:

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit, hence—depart!
And is this death?—Dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze forever
Upon that waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!
Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart;—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
  Deep in the damp cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
  Late ringing with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
  His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
  His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
  A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on the soul
Flashes the painful whole,
  That thou art desolate!

And then, to lie and weep,
  And think the livelong night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
  Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,
  His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
  And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
  Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
  With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother!
  In after years look back
(Time brings such wondrous easing),
With sadness not unpleasing,
  Even on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing!
  It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet for thee, I know,
  'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,
  A lamb, untasked, untried:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
  And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see
  The evil ways of men;
And oh! belovéd child!
I'm more than reconciled
  To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
  The innocent lips that pressed—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
  I lulled thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dew-drop shrined
  Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
  The Everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,
  From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
  To meet and welcome me!"

OH, FEAR NOT THOU TO DIE.

Oh, fear not thou to die—
Far rather fear to live—for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But life—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, e'er Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

Oh, fear not thou to die—
No more to suffer or to sin—
No snare without, thy faith to try—
No traitor heart within;
But fear, oh rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene—
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From heaven thy heart to wean.

Oh, fear not thou to die—
To die, and be that blesséd one
Who in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done—
May feel that never more
The tear of grief, of shame, shall come,
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved and called thee home.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Sir Aubrey de Vere (1788-1846) was a native of Curragh Chase, Limerick County, Ireland. He was educated at Harrow with Byron and Peel, but never entered a university. He was the author of two dramatic poems, "Julian the Apostate" (1822), and "The Duke of Mercia" (1823); also of "A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and other Poems" (1842). Sir Aubrey dedicates this last volume to Wordsworth, and says, in his letter, "To know that you have perused many of the following poems with pleasure, and did not hesitate to reward them with your praise, has been to me cause of unmingled happiness. In accepting the Dedication of this volume, you permit me to link my name—which I have hitherto done so little to illustrate—with yours, the noblest of modern literature." Sir Aubrey must not be confounded with his third son, Aubrey Thomas de Vere (born 1814), and also a poet of considerable note.

CRANMER.

Too feebly nerved for so severe a trial
Wert thou, O Cranmer! yet thy heart was true,
And the Church owes thee much, and loves thee too.
If thou didst faint beneath the fiercest vial
That wrath could pour, oh let no harsh decrial
Tarnish the martyr's fame! The Saviour knew
How weak are even the best!—ere the cock crew,
Peter thrice uttered the foretold denial!
Think not of Cranmer to his chains descending,
Fear-palsied, and his mind scarce half awake;
But Cranmer, with the faithful Ridley, bending
Over the liturgy; Cranmer as he spake
From his last pulpit; Cranmer when extending
His hand through flame, undaunted, at the stake!

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.—
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

SONNETS ON COLUMBUS.

Columbus always considered that he was inspired, and chosen for the great service of discovering a new world and conveying to it the light of salvation.

I.

The crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And Ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of even;
When on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts oppressed,
Columbus sat, till sudden hope was given—
A ray of gladness, shooting from the West.
Oh, what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind—
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius, face to face, and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand—
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath
her wand.

II.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue:
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick or confront
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God:
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod!

III.

Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
That hymns thee ever with resounding wave!
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign;
Fruit, flowers, and gems in rich mosaic pave
Thy paths; like giant altars o'er the plain
Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, 'mid the rave
Of mighty streams that shoreward rush amain,
Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.
Joy, joy for Spain! a seaman's hand confers
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
But where is he—that light whose radiance glows
The load-star of succeeding mariners?
Behold him! crushed beneath o'ermastering woes—
Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to his
foes!

DIOCLETIAN AT SALONA.

On being solicited by Maximian to reassume the imperial purple, Diocletian rejected the offer with a smile of pity, calmly observing that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power.

Take back these vain insignia of command,
Crown, truncheon, golden eagle—baubles all—
And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall;
And be forever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand.
I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall;
Wise books, learned converse, beauty free from thrall,
And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
Farewell, thou garish world! thou Italy,
False widow of departed liberty!
I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll
Between us of my own bright Adrian sea!
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
Looks down on your degenerate Capitol!

GLENGARIFF.

A sun-burst on the bay! Turn and behold!
The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
Bright as Apollo's breastplate. Bathed in gold,
Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are rolled
Translucent through each glen. A mantle hoary
Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in story,
Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland proud
The wild-wood spreads its arms around the bay;
The manifold mountain cones, now dark, now bright,
Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade; and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

Lord Byron.

George Gordon Noel Byron was born in London, January 22d, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19th, 1824, aged thirty-six years and three months. His father, Captain Byron, nephew to the possessor of the family title, was remarkable only for his dissoluteness and improvidence. At the age of five the future poet was a pupil at a day-school in Aberdeen. At ten he became a peer of the realm and possessor of Newstead Abbey. His mother was a woman of ungovernable passions, foolish and capricious, and her example had a disastrous influence on her son. Byron went to Harrow, then to Cambridge. At nineteen, when still a student, he published a collection of verses, entitled "Hours of Idleness." A touch of lordly conceit at the close of the little book caused the *Edinburgh Review* to laugh at it. Byron retorted in a poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which gave unexpected evidence of the youth's real powers. Two years of foreign travel (1809–1811) led to the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," written at the age of two-and-twenty. In 1811 he returned to England, just in time to see his mother die.

In 1812 Byron made his first speech in the House of Lords. "Childe Harold" had caused him, in his own words, "to wake up one morning, and find himself famous." It was followed by poem after poem. In January, 1815, he married Miss Milbanke; his daughter, Augusta Ada, was born December 10th of the same year; two months afterward his wife parted from him; and in April, 1816, he left England, never to return. He went first to Switzerland, where he wrote, the same year, the third canto of "Childe Harold" and the "The Prisoner of Chillon." In July, 1816, in his remarkable poem of "The Dream," he compared his luckless marriage with another that "might have been." In November, 1816, he went to Venice, then to Pisa and Genoa. Shelley's untimely death in 1822 affected him greatly. Before leaving Italy to espouse the cause of Greek independence, he wrote the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," "Beppo," "Manfred," "Mazeppa," "Cain," "Don Juan," and many other poems. A violent cold caught at Missolonghi ended his life. His remains were brought to England for interment. Burial in Westminster Abbey was refused, and they were deposited in the family vault in Hucknall Church, Nottinghamshire.

Both in his emotional and his intellectual nature Byron shows the struggle of evil with good. In all his principal poems his men and women are pictures of himself; and to this inability to get out of the vicious circle of his own passions and prejudices may be attributed his failure as a dramatic writer. His success in attracting the public ear and eye of contemporaries was immeasurably beyond that of Wordsworth, but posterity has rectified the injustice: Wordsworth is now the more conspicuous figure. Emerson tells us that "Byron had nothing to say—and he said it beautifully." This may apply to him, considered as a philosopher, but not as a poet, in which capacity he exercises a genuine power over the emotional nature, with a mastery of apt, beautiful, and simple language excelled only by Shakspeare. Surely it requires as much intellectual power to give apt and eloquent voice to mountains, cataracts, tempests, oceans, ruins, and, above all, to the stormy emotions of the human heart,—making vivid the obscure and evasive,—as to dip deep into transcendental subtleties or ethical speculations.

Byron may have been overrated in his day, but his place in English literature must ever be in the front rank of the immortals. As Matthew Arnold says of him,—

> "When Byron's eyes were shut in death
> We bowed our head and held our breath.
> He taught us little; but our soul
> Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll."

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

OPENING OF CANTO III.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onward: in that tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

He, who grown agéd in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

'Tis to create, and, in creating, live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing fate.

SCENES BY LAKE LEMAN.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD," CANTO III.

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;

A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

WATERLOO.

From "Childe Harold," Canto III.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

From "Childe Harold," Canto IV.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean!—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore:—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay.[1]

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey

[1] It will be remarked that *lay* is here used ungrammatically; but Byron was in want of a rhyme. In the second line preceding, he uses the verb *lies* correctly.

The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

EVENING.

From "Don Juan," Canto III.

Ave Maria! blesséd be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

* * * * *

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,—
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper-bell's that rose the boughs along:
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadowed my mind's eye.

Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay:
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

From "Don Juan," Canto III.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blessed."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations:—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they?—and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come; we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend,
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells.
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

FROM THE "ODE ON VENICE."

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe:
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
For Tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down

The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeathed—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand,
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earned with blood.—Still, still forever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Dammed like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Missolonghi, January 22d, 1824.

THE DREAM.

I.

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity:
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,—
The dread of vanished shadows. Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed,
Perchance, in sleep,—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity,—the last,
As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing; the one on all that was beneath—
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her:
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;—
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years; and, to his eye,
There was but one beloved face on earth—
And that was shining on him: he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
She was his voice;—he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words: she was his sight;
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects:—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch, of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him! to her he was
Even as a brother,—but no more: 'twas much;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him,—
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not,—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another! even *now* she loved another;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook, as 'twere,
With a convulsion,—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears:
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then,—and yet
She knew she was by him beloved! she knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow; and she saw
That he was wretched,—but she saw not all.
He rose, and, with a cold and gentle grasp,
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came:

He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired,—but not as bidding her adieu;
For they did part with mutual smiles: he passed
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way,
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more!

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been: on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer!
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me; but he was
A part of all,—and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them: by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man,
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was returned. I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride:
Her face was fair,—but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood! As he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then,
As in that hour, a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows,—but heard not his own words;
And all things reeled around him! he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been;
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love,—oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,—
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth: she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms—impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight—familiar were to hers:
And this the world calls frenzy! but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth!
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone, as heretofore;
The beings that surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation,—compassed round
With hatred and contention: pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,—
But were a kind of nutriment: he lived

Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret:—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no farther change.
It was of a strange order that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly, that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sank chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

MODERN CRITICS.

From "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready-made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning,—call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go—
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Would be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art;
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds,
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track,
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above, or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure;
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing
Forgetting what it was to die.

FROM "THE PROPHECY OF DANTE."

CANTO IV.

Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more blessed
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties linked to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets, but without the name;
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavished his high gift in vain,
Lies chained to his lone rock by the sea-shore!
So be it; we can bear.—But thus all they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The forms which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated: and the line
Of poesy which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labor unapproved—Alas!
Despair and genius are too oft connected.

Richard Harris Barham.

Barham (1788–1845) was a native of London. He studied for the ministry, and became a minor canon of St. Paul's, and rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith's, London. He wrote, for *Bentley's Miscellany*, the "Ingoldsby Legends," which came out in numbers, and were subsequently collected in three serial volumes. It was the great literary success of his life. Since the days of Butler's "Hudibras," the drollery that can be invested in rhymes has rarely been so amply or felicitously exemplified. A Life of Barham, by his son, appeared in 1870.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair,
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books or dreamed of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out,
Through the motley rout,
The little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all.
With a saucy air
He perched on the chair
Where in state the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's grace,
With a satisfied look, as if to say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw."

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!—
In nice clean faces and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Poured lavender-water and eau-de-cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope!
One little boy more
A napkin bore
Of the bed-white diaper fringed with pink,
And a cardinal's hat marked in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what he's about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels.
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker, and poke out the grates;
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs;
But no!—no such thing—
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright.
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking;
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way:
His pinions drooped, he could hardly stand,
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing,
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's RING!"
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
'Mid the sticks and the straw,
Was the ring in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
When those words were heard
That poor little bird

Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd:
He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A thick crop of feathers came, thick as a mat;
His tail waggled more
Than ever before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about
With a gait quite devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country-side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint.
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow;
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

SONG.

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness;
I hear her voice in still small accents tell
Of realms of bliss and never-fading brightness,
Where those who loved on earth together dwell.

Ah, yet awhile, blessed shade, thy flight delaying,
The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer;
To her rapt gaze, in visions bland, displaying
The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
She spurns the thraldom of encumbering clay;
Then, as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!

Thomas Pringle.

Pringle (1788–1834) was a native of Roxburghshire, Scotland. He was the author of "Scenes of Teviotdale, Ephemerides, and other Poems," all showing fine feeling and a cultivated taste. In 1820 he emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope with his father and several brothers; but from lameness, caused by an accident when young, Thomas was ill fitted for a life of hardship. He returned to England, and got a living by his pen. He edited a literary annual, entitled "Friendship's Offering," and wrote a series of "African Sketches," containing an interesting personal narrative. His poem, "Afar in the Desert," was much admired by Coleridge. It was repeatedly altered. Pringle's "Poetical Works," with a memoir by Leitch Ritchie, appeared in 1839.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new;
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;—
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert, afar from man!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh:
Oh, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the desert land.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the Oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kûdû and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which Man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant, but GOD is near!"

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song!
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle-mound, the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each, to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again!

But may dishonor blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

William Thom.

Among the uneducated poets Thom (1789–1848) deserves an honorable mention. He was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and learned to read and write before he was ten years old. His life thenceforth was one of labor and vicissitude. His occupation was first that of a weaver; he married, and took up that of a peddler. In this he incurred penury and suffering, so that he often had to find his lodgings in cold barns; and on one of these occasions a child of his own perished from starvation and exposure. In 1840 he removed to Inverury, and while there began to write poetry, which attracted public attention. He was enabled to go to London, and in 1844 published "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver." The volume was well received; and, on a second visit to London, he was entertained at a public dinner. Returning to Scotland, he took up his abode in Dundee; and, after a period of poverty and distress, died there at the age of fifty-nine. Some of his poems are remarkable for tenderness and grace, combined with strong religious convictions.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stan's last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie, the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed;
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na' the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh, speak him na harshly: he trembles the while;
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

The morning breaks bonny o'er mountain an' stream,
An' troubles the hallowéd breath o' my dream;
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me!
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awakened to me!

Oh, come, spirit-mother! discourse of the hours
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheedful proved sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection nae trial could break;
When a' else forsook me, ye wouldna forsake:
Then come, O my mother! come often to me,
An' soon an' forever I'll come unto thee!

An' then, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled there
Will burn, ay, an' burn till that breast beat nae mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me; oh, bless ye their sleep!
Your ain dark-e'ed Willie will wauken an' weep!
But, blithe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
His heaven-hamed mammie, was dautin' his brow.

Tho' dark be our dwallin', our happin' tho' bare,
An' night closes round us in cauldness an' care,
Affection will warm us—an' bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land o' dreams:
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathy reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

James Abraham Hillhouse.

AMERICAN.

Hillhouse (1789–1841) was a native of New Haven, and a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1808. He passed three years in Boston, preparing for a mercantile career. The war checked his enterprises, and he betook himself to dramatic composition. After the peace he engaged in commerce in New York. He visited England in 1819; and Zachary Macaulay, father of Lord Macaulay, spoke of him as "the most accomplished young man with whom he was acquainted." Withdrawing from business, he married, and removed to a country-seat near New Haven, where the remainder of his life was passed in elegant leisure. There he produced the drama of

"Hadad," published in 1825. It is written with considerable power, and shows great refinement of taste and purity of diction. In it the machinery of the supernatural is introduced.

INTERVIEW OF HADAD AND TAMAR.

From "Hadad."

The garden of Absalom's *house on Mount Zion, near the palace overlooking the city.* Tamar *sitting by a fountain.*

Tamar. How aromatic evening grows! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha:
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blessed hour! which He, who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle.—Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences!—Ha! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this?
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

Enter Hadad.

Hadad. Does beauteous Tamar view in this clear fount
Herself or heaven?

Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

Had. What sounds, dear princess?

Tam. Surely, thou know'st; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades—
A blended murmur, sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

Tam. The sounds I mean
Floated like mournful music round my head
From unseen fingers.

Had. When?

Tam. Now, as thou camest.

Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at even-tide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answer him.

Tam. But these—

Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet nymph,
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

Tam. How like my fancy! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being who delights in us
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;
But they are dirge-like.

Had. Youthful fantasy
Attuned to sadness makes them seem so, lady;
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever
As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

Tam. But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call!

Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest!
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks,—and hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes
Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs
Eye the red west in one another's arms;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness which He who formed
Earth and the stars hath power to make eternal.

William Knox.

Knox (1789–1825) was a young Scottish poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh, and was the author of "The Lonely Hearth," "Songs of Zion," "The Harp of Zion," etc. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions him in his diary: "His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry." The piece we quote was a favorite with Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. He often referred to it. There are several versions of the poem. We have given the most authentic.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Glen.

Among Scottish song-writers, Glen (1789–1826), a native of Glasgow, acquired considerable popularity. He was well educated, and bred to mercantile pursuits, residing for some time in the West Indies. But he was unfortunate in business, and his life, toward its close, was clouded by destitution and dependence. He died of consumption. In 1815 he published "Poems, chiefly Lyrical."

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet an' clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! whan I heard the bonnie soun',
The tears cam' drappin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learned by heart,
Or a lilt[1] o' dule an' sorrow?"
"Oh no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

[1] A ballad or song; *to lilt*, to sing.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's pressed by want—
On every side is danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys;
An' whare was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom,—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hovered on the wing awhile,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewcel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Richard Henry Wilde.

Wilde (1789–1847), a native of Dublin, Ireland, came to America in 1797, and settled in Georgia. He became attorney-general of that State, and represented it in Congress most of the time from 1815 to 1835. He was a genial, noble-hearted gentleman, with decided literary tastes. We have pleasant recollections of our acquaintance with him in Washington.

SONNET: TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day,—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Alexander Hill Everett.

AMERICAN.

Everett (1790–1847) was a native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard. He entered college at the age of twelve, and graduated the first in his class. He studied law with John Quincy Adams, went with him as secretary of legation to Russia in 1809, served as Minister to Spain in 1829, and on his return home edited the *North American Review*. He was President of Jefferson College, Louisiana, in 1841. In 1846 he went to Canton as United States Minister to the Chinese Empire, and died there at the age of fifty-seven. He was a frequent contributor to the *Boston Miscellany*, and in 1846 published two volumes of "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, with Poems." He was a brother of Edward Everett and John, both of them writers of poetry.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,—
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed!

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither, with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

Let the noble motto be,
God,—the Country—Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear!
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right.

So shall Peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest;
So shall Honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

Thomas Doubleday.

Doubleday (1790–1870), a native of England, was the associate author of a little volume of verse published in 1818, and entitled "Sixty-five Sonnets: with Prefatory Remarks on the accordance of the Sonnet with the powers of the English Language. Also a few Miscellaneous Poems:" the joint production of Doubleday and his cousin, William Greene. Doubleday afterward rose to eminence as a writer on political, social, and financial subjects.

THE WALLFLOWER.

I will not praise the often-flattered rose,
Or, virgin-like, with blushing charms half seen,
Or when, in dazzling splendor, like a queen,
All her magnificence of state she shows;
No, nor that nun-like lily which but blows
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen;
Nor yet the sunflower, that with warrior mien
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows;
But thou, neglected wallflower! to my breast
And Muse art dearest,—wildest, sweetest flower!
To whom alone the privilege is given
Proudly to root thyself above the rest,
As Genius does, and from thy rocky tower
Lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

Charles Wolfe.

Wolfe (1791–1823) was a native of Dublin. On the death of his father, his mother removed to England, and placed Charles at Hyde Abbey School, in Winchester, where he remained till 1808, when the family returned to Ireland. He then entered Trinity College, where he acquired distinction for scholarship and literary ability. In 1817 he obtained a curacy in Tyrone. His incessant attention to his parish duties undermined his delicate constitution, and he died young of consumption. His lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" were pronounced by Byron "the most perfect ode in the language." But Wolfe's song, "Go, forget me," is hardly less deserving of praise. It is unsurpassed in delicacy of pathos, and has been wedded to appropriate music. His "Remains" were published in 1826.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

He was killed at Corunna, where he fell in the arms of victory, 1809. With his dying breath he faltered out a message to his mother. Sir John Moore had often said that if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a party of the 9th Regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was heard.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

IF I HAD THOUGHT.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain:
But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay even as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been:
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there! I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

GO, FORGET ME.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted—
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the Poet's shell.

Charles Sprague.

AMERICAN.

Sprague (1791–1876) was a native of Boston, Mass., and entered upon mercantile pursuits at an early age. In 1825 he became cashier of the Globe Bank, an office he held thirty-nine years. He then retired from active life. His literary tastes were developed early. He wrote prize odes for the opening of theatres, and delivered a poem, entitled "Curiosity," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. An edition of his collected poems was published in 1876. Upright, generous, and independent, few poets have been more respected for moral worth and nobility of character. His son, Charles J. Sprague (born 1823), seems to have inherited much of his father's genius and worth.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

During the church service, two little birds flew in and perched upon the cornices.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays,
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!
O'er the bones of the bold
Be that story long told,
And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame:
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

SHAKSPEARE.

FROM AN ODE RECITED AT THE SHAKSPEARE CELEBRATION IN BOSTON, MASS., IN 1823.

Then Shakspeare rose!—
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!—
There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream;
Vengeance, leaning on his lance;
Avarice, with his blade and beam;
Hatred, blasting with a glance;

Remorse, that weeps; and Rage, that roars;
And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
Waking Laughter's merry swell,
Arm-in-arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes;
Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb
Where his plighted victims lie,
Where they met, but met to die;
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
Through the dewy arbor peeping,
Where beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
To youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells, and guard the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their master's song,
And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along!

* * * * * *

I SEE THEE STILL.

I see thee still!
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear:
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still!

I see thee still
In every hallowed token round:
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine—here didst thou read;
This picture—ah yes! here indeed
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie—
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die!
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust:
Thee, O my sister! 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone:
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

Henry Hart Milman.

Milman (1791–1868), the son of an eminent physician, was a native of London. At Oxford he distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and took a prize for his poem on the Apollo-Belvidere. Having studied for the Church, he was made dean of St. Paul's in 1849. He first appeared as an author in 1817, in his tragedy of "Fazio," produced at Drury Lane, February 5th, 1818, and afterward revived with great success by the acting of Fanny Kemble both in England and the United States. Milman wrote other dramatic pieces: "Samor" (1818); "The Fall of Jerusalem" (1820); "Belshazzar" (1822); "The Martyr of Antioch" (1822); and "Anne Boleyn" (1826); also several minor poems. He was the author of a "History of the Jews" and a "History of Christianity," both highly esteemed works. As a poet he shows high culture and a refined literary taste. As a man he was greatly beloved by a large circle of acquaintances. His histories gave rise to controversy. He was accused of treating the Bible as a philosophical inquirer would treat any profane work of antiquity—as having ascribed to natural causes events which the Scriptures declare to be miraculous, and as having, therefore, unwittingly contributed to subvert the bulwarks of the faith he was bound to defend.

THE APOLLO-BELVIDERE.[1]

NEWDIGATE PRIZE POEM, WRITTEN DURING THE AUTHOR'S UNIVERSITY COURSE.

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon-monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly Archer stands,—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth:
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.
Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire;
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky;
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.
Mighty Ephesian![2] with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright conclave of Heaven's blessed abode,
And the cold marble leaped to life a god;
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep,
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.
Yet on that form, in wild, delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope,—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrank, and thought the marble smiled;
Oft breathless listening heard, or seemed to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled, and died.[1]

[1] The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

[2] Agasias of Ephesus.

STANZAS. * * * MAY 22, 1837.

Founded on an incident at the grave of Sophia Lockhart, daughter of Sir Walter Scott:—Mr. Milman having read the service on the occasion.

Over that solemn pageant mute and dark,
Where in the grave we laid to rest
Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark!
Hovering in unrebukéd glee,
And carolling above that mournful company?

Oh, thou light-loving and melodious bird!
At every sad and solemn fall
Of mine own voice—each interval
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard
Thy quivering descant full and clear—
Discord not unharmonious to the ear.

We laid her there—the Minstrel's darling child!
Seemed it then meet that, borne away
From the close city's dubious day,
Her dirge should be thy native wood-note wild?
Nursed upon Nature's lap, her sleep
Should be where birds may sing and dewy flowers weep.

Ascendest thou, air-wandering messenger,
Above us slowly lingering yet,
To bear our deep, our mute regret—
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her
The husband's fondest, last farewell—
Love's final parting pang, the unspoke, the unspeakable?

Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice
Our selfish grief, that would delay
Her passage to a brighter day;
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice
That it hath heavenward flown, like thee—
That spirit from this world of sin and sorrow free?

[1] The foregoing fact is related in the work of M. Pinel on Insanity.

I watched thee lessening, lessening to the sight,
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindling wing—
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light,
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguished part of bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home;
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolvéd, with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

Love Thee!—O Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
Whose palace is the vast infinity,
Time, space, height, depth, O God! are full of Thee,
And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love Thee!—but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee,
And terror shakes the wide unfathomed sea,
When the heaven's rock with thy tempestuous ire.
O Thou! too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time,—shalt be when time is o'er;
Ages and worlds begin—grow old—and end,
Systems and suns thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles:—lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore!

II.

Love Thee!—oh, clad in human lowliness,
—In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows—
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes,—
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love Thee! whose every word but breathes to bless!
Through Thee, from long-sealed lips, glad language flows;
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose;
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
—I see Thee, doomed by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps, move,
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony,
While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
Though all—even there—be radiant Deity!
—Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is Love!

Lydia Huntly Sigourney.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Sigourney (1791–1865) was a native of Norwich, Conn. She was a most prolific writer of prose and verse, but excelled rather in the former. She filled a large space in American literature, and her writings all have a salutary moral tendency. Her maiden name was Lydia Howard Huntly.

AUGUST 11: THE BLESSED RAIN.

"Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary."—Psalm lxviii. 9.

I marked at morn the thirsty earth,
By lingering drought oppressed,
Like sick man in his fever heat,
With parching brow and breast;
But evening brought a cheering sound
Of music o'er the pane—
The voice of heavenly showers that said,
Oh, blesséd, blesséd rain!

The pale and suffocating plants
That bowed themselves to die
Imbibed the pure, reprieving drops,
Sweet gift of a pitying sky;
The fern and heath upon the rock,
And the daisy on the plain,
Each whispered to their new-born buds,
Oh, blesséd, blesséd rain!

The herds that o'er the wasted fields
Roamed with dejected eye
To find their verdant pasture brown,
Their crystal brooklet dry,
Rejoiced within the mantling pool
To stand refreshed again,
Each infant ripple leaping high
To meet the blesséd rain.

The farmer sees his crisping corn,
Whose tassels swept the ground,
Uplift once more a stately head,
With hopeful beauty crowned;
While the idly lingering water-wheel,
Where the miller ground his grain,
Turns gayly round, with a dashing sound,
At the touch of the blesséd rain.

Lord, if our drooping souls too long
Should close their upward wing,
And the adhesive dust of earth
All darkly round them cling,—

Send thou such showers of quickening grace
That the angelic train
Shall to our grateful shout respond.
Oh, blesséd, blesséd rain!

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away—
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal;
But can ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe:
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?

Thomas Lyle.

Lyle (1792–1859) was a native of Paisley, Scotland. In 1816 he was admitted to practice as a surgeon. His favorite study was botany. He loved to ramble along the banks of the Kelvin, some two miles north-west of Glasgow, where he wrote his one famous song, founded on one of older date, commencing,

"Oh, the shearing's nae for you, bonnie lassie, O!"

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle-side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O!

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O!
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O!
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring water's fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O!

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O!
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O!
Yet, with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O!

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O!
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O!
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O!

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O!
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented brere,
Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O!

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O!
Should I fall 'mid battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O!
Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

William H. Timrod.

AMERICAN.

William, the father of the more distinguished Henry Timrod, was born on a plantation not far from Charleston, S. C., in 1792. He was of German descent. While yet a boy, he chose the trade of a bookbinder, and became a skilled mechanic, but afterward held an honorable position in the Charleston Custom-house. He had rare conversational abilities, and was well versed in English belles-lettres. In the Nullification Controversy of 1832–1833, he espoused the cause of the Union with intrepid zeal. In 1836 he went to St. Augustine as the captain of a militia company, to repel the attacks of Indians. In this expedition he contracted disease from exposure, and died in 1838.

TO HARRY.

Harry, my little blue-eyed boy,
I love to hear thee playing near;
There's music in thy shouts of joy
To a fond father's ear.

I love to see the lines of mirth
Mantle thy cheek and forehead fair,
As if all pleasures of the earth
Had met to revel there:

For, gazing on thee, do I sigh
That these most happy hours will flee,
And thy full share of misery
Must fall in life on thee!

There is no lasting grief below,
My Harry, that flows not from guilt:
Thou canst not read my meaning now,—
In after-times thou wilt.

Thou'lt read it when the church-yard clay
Shall lie upon thy father's breast;
And he, though dead, will point the way
Thou shalt be always blessed.

They'll tell thee this terrestrial ball,
To man for his enjoyment given,
Is but a state of sinful thrall
To keep the soul from heaven.

My boy! the verdure-crownéd hills,
The vale where flowers innumerous blow,
The music of ten thousand rills
Will tell thee 'tis not so.

God is no tyrant, who would spread
Unnumbered dainties to the eyes,
Yet teach the hungering child to dread
That touching them he dies!

No! all can do his creatures good
He scatters round with hand profuse—
The only precept understood,
"Enjoy, but not abuse!"

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Unsurpassed in genius among England's lyric poets, Shelley, the son of a baronet, was born at his father's seat, Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, August 4th, 1792. When ten years of age, he was put to a public school—Sion House—where he was harshly treated both by teachers and school-fellows. At Eton his sensitive spirit was again outraged by ill-usage under the fagging system then tolerated. Hence he early conceived a bitter hatred for all forms of oppression, and resistance to established authority grew almost to a principle. In the exquisite introduction to his "Revolt of Islam," addressed to his second wife, he refers to these early influences.

At Oxford, Shelley studied hard, but irregularly, and spent much of his leisure in chemical experiments. In conjunction with a fellow-collegian, Mr. Hogg, he composed a small treatise, "The Necessity of Atheism;" and the result was that both the heterodox students were, in 1811, expelled from college.

"At the age of seventeen," says Mrs. Shelley, "fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal." At eighteen he produced his atheistical poem of "Queen Mab," abounding in passages of great beauty, and showing a wonderfully precocious intellect. At nineteen he made an imprudent marriage, for which he was cast off by his family. After the birth of two children, he was separated from his wife, and went abroad. Shortly after his return to England in 1816, his wife committed suicide, which subjected Shelley to much obloquy and misrepresentation. He contracted a second marriage with the daughter of Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams," and in 1818 quitted England, never to return.

Besides "Queen Mab," Shelley had written "Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude," remarkable for beauty and picturesqueness of diction and boldness of imagination; also, "The Revolt of Islam." In 1819 appeared his tragedy of "The Cenci," full of passion and power. In Italy he renewed his acquaintance with Byron, who thought Shelley's philosophy "too spiritual and romantic." In 1821 Shelley wrote his noble poem of "Adonais" on the death of Keats. The next year—1822—was the last of Shelley's own life. He had ended his lament for Keats with a foreboding—

"What Adonais is, why fear we to become?"

Indeed, there is something startlingly prophetic of the very incidents of his own death in the concluding lines of this extraordinary poem:

"The soft sky smiles; the low wind whispers near.
'Tis Adonais calls; oh, hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together."

"My spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth, the spheréd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar:
While, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

The very character of the tempest in which Shelley went down in his sail-boat seems to be here prefigured.

Shelley's favorite amusement had been boating and sailing; and, while returning one day—July 8th, 1822—from Leghorn—whither he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy—the boat in which he sailed, accompanied by Mr. Williams and a single seaman, went down in the Bay of Spezia, in a sudden thunder-storm, and all perished. A volume of Keats's poetry was found open in Shelley's coat-pocket when his body was washed ashore. In accordance with his own desire, the body, when recovered, was burnt on the beach, and the ashes were interred at Rome.

Whatever his speculative beliefs may have been, Shelley, in pursuing the ideals he did, showed that he was no atheist at heart. That he believed intuitively and intensely in a conscious immortality, is evident from one of his letters to Godwin, and from many passages in his poems. His belief in absolute goodness must have led him logically, at last, to belief in a Supreme Spirit of good; but the early despotism he had encountered and striven against for the free opinions of his youth probably had its effect in biassing his will against his own intuitional convictions. That he would eventually have emerged into a state of mind far different from that of his immature years, is more than probable. "Poetry," he says, "redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." That thought could hardly have been uttered by one logically or emotionally an atheist. Indeed, his is an atheism that may be subjected to endless confutation from his own best utterances.

One of his recent biographers (Mr. J. A. Symonds) says of him: "He composed with all his faculties, mental, emotional, and physical, at the utmost strain, at a white-heat of intense fervor, striving to attain the truest and most passionate investiture for the thoughts which had inflamed his ever quick imagination. The result is that his finest work has more the stamp of something natural and elemental—the wind, the sea, the depth of air—than of a mere artistic product."

The accuracy of this description is strikingly manifest in "Adonais." There is a tradition that no publisher would accept this poem, and he was at last obliged to publish it at his own expense in the old Italian city of Pisa. The other day a stray single copy of this first edition of the "Adonais" was sold for $50.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn.
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl;
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light;
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Other I see whom these surround,—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man, and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!

II.

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;—
A bold pilot, I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted he—

And she cried: "Ply the oar!
Put off gayly from shore!"—
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock
The blue beacon cloud broke;
And, though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea—
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—
While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father—
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name!

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
(Bird thou never wert)
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see,—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not:
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but never knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill!

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver,—hear, oh hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst! oh, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble, and despoil themselves! oh, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven—
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision — I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet, though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee;
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O belovéd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail.
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

INVOCATION.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;—
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms—
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good:
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night? ah, no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good*-night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, though understood,
Then it will be good-night.

To hearts which near each other move,
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good,—because, my love,
They never *say* good-night.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not?
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

A LAMENT.

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before:
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, never more!

ON A FADED VIOLET.

The color from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
The odor from the flower is flown,
Which breathed of thee, and only thee!

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

ADONAIS:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

I.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow; say—with me
Died Adonais!—till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!

II.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiléd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her paradise
She sat, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend:—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathéd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,

Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick dreams,
The passion-wingéd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprang; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home again.

X.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingéd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbéd fire against his frozen cheek.

XII.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
It flashed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

XIII.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
Wingéd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

XV.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stood and sere,
Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

XVII.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth, with morning doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII.

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere,
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX.

Through wood and stream, and field and hill and ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewéd might.

XX.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose!

XXI.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

XXII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery; "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

XXIII.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,

Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so wrapped Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities, rough with stone and steel,
And human hearts, which to her aerie tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbéd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

XXVI.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or, hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go.

XXIX.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX.

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI.

'Mid others of less note came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness;
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked,—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;

It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even while we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear, topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears: well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own,
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow. Sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured, "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but, with a sudden hand,
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's,—oh, that it should be so!

XXXV.

What softer voice is hushéd o'er the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one;
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

XXXVIII.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below:
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
While thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX.

Peace! peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—*we* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII.

He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

XLIV.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb;
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

XLVII.

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses, dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

L.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band

Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

LI.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrows which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV.

That Light whose smiles kindle the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast, and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven:
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
While, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

INVOCATION TO NATURE.

From "Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude."

Earth, ocean, air, belovéd brotherhood!
If our great mother have imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs;
If Spring's voluptuous pantings, when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred;—then forgive
This boast, belovéd brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favor now!

SONNET.

Ye hasten to the dead! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
O thou quick heart which pantest to possess
All that anticipation feigneth fair!
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldst guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou mayst go,
And that which never yet was known wouldst know—
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking alike from happiness and woe
A refuge in the cavern of gray death?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts! What thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

DEDICATION.[1]

TO MARY —— ——.

"There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is: there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge: neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law."

CHAPMAN.

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home;
As to his queen some victor knight of faery,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night,
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy belovéd name, thou child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended,—and the fruit is at thy feet!
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlacéd branches mix and meet,
Or where, with sound like many voices sweet,
Water-falls leap among wild islands green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept I knew not why; until there rose,
From the near school-room, voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes,—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around —
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground:
So without shame I spake:—"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linkéd armor for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one!—
Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone:—
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog until revived by thee.

Thou friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain,—
How beautiful and calm, and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now: no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.—
There is the wisdom of a stern content,
When poverty can blight the just and good,
When infamy dares mock the innocent,
And cherished friends turn with the multitude
To trample: this was ours, and we unshaken stood!

Now has descended a serener hour,
And with inconstant fortune friends return;
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power,
Which says:—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn;
And these delights, and thou, have been to me
The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

[1] The dedication of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam" to his wife, the daughter of William Godwin, is one of the most tenderly beautiful poems in the language.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers
But strike the prelude to a loftier strain?
Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again,
Though it might shake the anarch Custom's reign,
And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,
Holier than was Amphion's? I would fain
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,
And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey.

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:
Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered to subdue my fondest fears:
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child:
I wonder not—for one then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild
Which shake these latter days; and thou canst claim
The shelter from thy sire of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,
Which was the echo of three thousand years;
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,
As some lone man, who in a desert hears
The music of his home:—unwonted fears
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
And faith and custom and low-thoughted cares,
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling-place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind!
If there must be no response to my cry—
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
On his pure name who loves them,—thou and I,
Sweet friend! can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by,
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man hath such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor:
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,

Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came:
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed:
I was not heard: I saw them not:
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past: there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

LINES TO A REVIEWER.

Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate where all the rage
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate:
Oh, conquer what you cannot satiate!
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.

John Keble.

Keble (1792–1866), the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman, was educated at Oxford, where he took first-class honors. After discharging the duties of Professor of Poetry, he was preferred to the rectory of Hursley, near Winchester, in 1835, which he held until his death. His "Christian Year" was published in 1827, and had a marvellous success, having gone through some seventy editions in England, and about as many in the United States. His "Lyra Innocentium" appeared in 1847. Keble was one of the originators of the "Tractarian Movement," inculcating reverence for Catholic tradition, and belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood.

MORNING.

FROM "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice!
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

EVENING.

From "The Christian Year."

'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or, by the light thy words disclose,
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt thee and us ordained to stand—
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in thy sight.

Oh! by thine own sad burden, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach thou thy priests their daily cross
To bear as thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

ADDRESS TO POETS.

Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy;
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace
God's own work to do on earth
(If the word be not too bold),
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease:—
Angels round His glory-throne;
Stars, his guiding hand that own;
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet;
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest—
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere his name shall be unblessed.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here!
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth—
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips that might half heaven reveal—
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthralling strain
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using),
Then thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing.

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore.
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

A THOUGHT.

PROVERBS XIV. 10.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone (so Heaven has willed) we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

John Howard Payne.

AMERICAN.

Payne (1792–1852), although the author and compiler of the successful drama of "Brutus," will be better known to posterity for his charming song of "Home, Sweet Home." It was originally written for his operetta of "Clari, the Maid of Milan." Though it owes much of its popularity to the music to which it is fit-

ted, it has the true elements of genuine poetry—simplicity and fidelity to nature. Upwards of one hundred thousand copies, set to music, were sold in 1832. The publishers made two thousand guineas by it in two years. Payne was a native of the city of New York. In 1809 he appeared there as "Young Norval," at the Park Theatre. In 1813 he went to England, where he became a successful playwright. In 1832 he returned to America, and was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, where he died.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
Home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain:
Ah, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that came to my call—
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

John Bowring.

Bowring (1792–1872) was a native of Exeter. In 1825 he became editor of the *Westminster Review*. He sat some time in Parliament, and in 1854 was knighted and made Governor of Hong-kong. He was the literary executor of Jeremy Bentham. He wrote devotional poetry of merit, and made some excellent translations from the Russian, Polish, and other modern languages.

ODE TO GOD.

From the Russian of Gabriel Romanowitch Derzhavin.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God;—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being, whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprang forth from thee,—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth, from thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,
Suns lighting systems, with their joyous beams?
But thou to those art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
Against infinity!—What am I, then?—Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,

Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'mid immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? So marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*. Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source—to thee—its Author there!

O thought ineffable! O vision blessed!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!—
'Mid thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

WISDOM AND WEALTH.

From the Russian of Khemnitzer.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise; he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange!" cried he; "whence is it?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some said, by their silence, "Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus rich; I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what some think better—he had wealth.
What a confusion! all stand up erect—
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in honest duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair;
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, sir, the honor;" then a bow
Down to the earth—is 't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"
Then looking round, one friendly face he found,
And said, "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?" "That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other. "Have you never heard,
A man may *lend* his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But *wisdom* none can borrow, none can lend?"

TRUE COURAGE.

Onward! throw all terrors off!
Slight the scorner,—scorn the scoff.
In the race, and not the prize,
Glory's true distinction lies.
Triumph herds with meanest things,—
Common robbers, vilest kings,
'Mid the reckless multitude!
But the generous, but the good,
Stand in modesty alone,
Still serenely struggling on,
Planting peacefully the seeds
Of bright hopes and better deeds.

Mark the slowly-moving plough:
Is its day of victory *now?*
It defiles the emerald sod,
'Whelms the flowers beneath the clod.
Wait the swiftly-coming hours,—
Fairer green and sweeter flowers,
Richer fruits, will soon appear,
Cornucopias of the year!

Sir John Herschel.

Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1792, and studied at St. John's College, Cambridge. He died at Collingwood, Kent, in 1871, aged seventy-nine. Profoundly versed as he was in the physical sciences, he was master of an elegant English style, and did not utterly neglect poetry. Intellectually, he was symmetrically developed. His expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, and his residence there four years, at his own expense, for a purely scientific object, shows the extent of his devotion to science. On his return, he was covered with honorary distinctions. In reference to the notion that scientific study leads to a doubt of the immortality of the soul, he declares that the effect on every well-constituted mind must be the direct contrary. Of the hexameter stanzas we quote, the first was made in a dream in 1841, and written down immediately on waking.

THROW THYSELF ON THY GOD.

Throw thyself on thy God,
Nor mock him with feeble denial;
Sure of his love, and oh!
Sure of his mercy at last;
Bitter and deep though the draught,
Yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
But in its healing effect,
Smile at its bitterness past.

Pray for that holier cup
While sweet with bitter lies blending,
Tears in the cheerful eye,
Smiles on the sorrowing cheek,
Death expiring in life,
When the long-drawn struggle is ending;
Triumph and joy to the strong,
Strength to the weary and weak.

Hew Ainslie.

Ainslie (1792–1878) was a native of the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire. He was for a time the amanuensis of Dugald Stewart. In 1822, having married, he set sail for New York, tried farming, then had some experience with Robert Owen's community at New Harmony, Ind., then tried the occupation of a brewer, then that of superintending the erection of mills and factories in the Western States. He finally (1827) settled in Louisville, Ky., where, his son getting into prosperous circumstances, the old man was enabled to devote himself to literary pursuits the rest of his life. His volume of "Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems" was published by Redfield, New York, in 1855. Ainslie was a poet from his youth, and in some of his productions exhibits much of the spirit of Burns. He lived to his eighty-sixth year, and his death was caused by a severe shock from falling.

SIGHINGS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

At the stent o' my string,
When a fourth of the earth
Lay 'tween me and Scotland—
Dear land o' my birth,—
Wi' the richest of valleys,
And waters as bright
As the sun in midsummer
Illumes wi' his light,—
And surrounded wi' a'
That the heart or the head,
The body or the mou'
O' mortal could need,—
I ha'e paused in sic plenty,
And stuck in my track,
As a tug frae my tether
Would mak' me look back,—
Look back to auld hills
In their red heather bloom,
To glens wi' their burnies,
And hillocks o' broom,—
To some loup in our loch,
Whar the wave gaes to sleep,
Or the black craggy headlands
That bulwark the deep;—
Wi' the sea lashing in
Wi' the wind and the tide—
Ay, 'twas then that I sickened,
'Twas then that I cried:—

O! gie me a sough o' the auld saut sea,
A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has brought on this breast and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
His thud on the shelly sand;
For my spirit's bowed, and my heart is dowed,
Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your sweeping floods an' your waving woods
Look brave in the suns o' June;
But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly damp,
And there's death in the dark lagoon.

Ay, gie me the jaup o' the dear auld saut,
A scent o' his brine again!
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has laid on this bosom and brain.

THE INGLE-SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,[1]
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie[2] kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hill-side,
Where hums the hinny bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer fair,
Is the ingle-side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
An' haughs[3] ha'e a' the scented ware
That simmer's growth can gie;
But the cantie hearth, where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warld complete,—
Oh, the ingle-side's for me!

John Anster.

Anster (1793–1867) was a native of Charleville, Ireland, and became Regius Professor of Civil Law in Trinity College, Dublin. He published "Poems, with Translations from the German," in 1819. His masterly translation of "Faustus," from the German of Goethe, appeared in 1835. He contributed largely to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The woman in whose character these lines are written supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition was among the peasantry which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow;
The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning:
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning;
I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh, it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow!
The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly;
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight church-yard sweetly.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

From the "Prelude to Faustus."

Give me, oh give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays—
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.
Then, as I wandered free,
In every field for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing!
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown—
In every bud a mystery,
Magic in everything unknown:—
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted!
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—
Give me, oh give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—
Give me my youth again!

[1] Blaze. [2] Stream. [3] Valleys.

THE SOUL OF ELOQUENCE.

TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE'S "FAUSTUS."

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them? to persuade?
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!

And when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh, these fine holiday phrases
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,—
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,—
These filagree ornaments,—are good for nothing!
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing as the wind that whistles
In autumn 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive:
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,—
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly,
Toil on forever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes—
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors—
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart.

John Neal.

AMERICAN.

Neal (1793–1876) was a native of Portland, Maine. From his "Autobiography" (1869), written at the suggestion of the poet Longfellow, we learn that he was of Quaker descent, and could trace back his ancestry to the time of George Fox. He had a twin-sister, Rachel. "At the age of twelve," he says, "my education was completed. I never went to school another day." Thenceforth he was self-instructed. Quitting the retail shop where he had been placed as a boy, he taught drawing and penmanship for awhile; then became a dry-goods jobber successively in Boston, New York, and Baltimore, in the latter city going into partnership with the poet Pierpont. Failing in business (1815), he studied law; then tried literature, publishing (1817) his novel of "Keep Cool," "Goldau, and other Poems," "Otho: a Tragedy," besides supplying editorial matter for the *Baltimore Telegraph*. He wrote with great rapidity, and became one of the most voluminous of American authors. His novels "Seventy-six" and "Logan" were republished in London. Of his poetry he himself says, "It is disfigured by extravagance, and overloaded with imagery;" and he tells us that he got the *sobriquet* of "John O'Cataract" because of his impetuosity, his fiery temper, and his Irish name.

In 1824 Neal went to England, became domiciled with Jeremy Bentham, and wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine* up to 1826, when he returned to Portland. Here he opened a law-office, but in 1828 started *The Yankee*, a weekly paper, which he edited a year or two with much vigor. Of his contributions to magazines and reviews, it may be said their name is legion. At one time, by way of variety, he gave lessons in sparring and fencing, for he was an accomplished athlete. When eighty-two years old, being in a horse-car with some old gentlemen, they were insulted by a robust, ruffianly fellow, whereupon Neal grappled him, and pitched him out of the car. A firm friend, and a somewhat tenacious enemy, Neal was remembered as a warm-hearted, honorable man, and a delightful companion.

GOLDAU.

A small village of the same name in the valley of Goldau, Switzerland, was entirely destroyed, along with some adjoining villages, September 2d, 1806, by a landslip of the Rossberg, which then took place, and which also converted this once beautiful valley into a scene of desolation, covering it with enormous rocks and other *débris*. Upward of four hundred and fifty human beings were killed, one hundred and eleven houses destroyed, and whole herds of cattle swept away. The portion of the mountain that fell was about three miles long, a thousand feet broad, and a hundred feet thick.

O Switzerland! my country! 'tis to thee
I strike my harp in agony:—
My country! nurse of Liberty!
Home of the gallant, great, and free,
My sullen harp I strike to thee.
Oh! I have lost you all!
Parents, and home, and friends:
Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall,
A mountain's plumage o'er you bends.
The cliff-yew of funereal gloom,
Is now the only mourning plume
That nods above a people's tomb.
Of the echoes that swim o'er thy bright blue lake,
And, deep in its caverns, their merry bells shake,
And repeat the young huntsman's cry:—
That clatter and laugh when the goatherds take
Their browsing flocks, at the morning's break,
Far over the hills,—not one is awake
In the swell of thy peaceable sky.
They sit on that wave with a motionless wing,
And their cymbals are mute; and the desert birds sing
Their unanswered notes to the wave and the sky,
One startling and sudden, unchangeable cry—
As they stoop their broad wing, and go sluggishly by:

For deep in that blue-bosomed water is laid
As innocent, true, and lovely a maid
As ever in cheerfulness carolled her song
In the blithe mountain air as she bounded along.—
The heavens are all blue, and the billow's bright verge
Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,
That heaves incessant, a tranquil dirge,
To lull the pale forms that sleep below;
Forms that rock as the waters flow.
That bright lake is still as a liquid sky,
And when o'er its bosom the swift clouds fly,
They pass like thoughts o'er a clear blue eye!
The fringe of thin foam that their sepulchre binds,
Is as light as a cloud that is borne by the winds;
While over its bosom the dim vapors hover,
And flutterless skims the snowy-winged plover:
Swiftly passing away—like a haunted wing;
With a drooping plume, that may not fling
One sound of life, or a rustling note,
O'er that sleepless tomb, where my loved ones float.
Oh! cool and fresh is that bright blue lake,
While over its stillness no sounds awake;
No sights but those of the hill-top fountain
That swims on the height of a cloud-wrapped mountain,
The basin of the rainbow stream,
The sunset gush, the morning gleam,
The picture of the poet's dream.

Land of proud hearts, where freedom broods
Amid her home of echoing woods,
The mother of the mountain floods,—
Dark, Goldau, is thy vale!
The spirits of Rigi shall wail
On their cloud-bosomed deep, as they sail
In mist where thy children are lying:
As their thunders once paused in their headlong descent,
And delayed their discharge, while thy desert was rent
With the cries of thy sons who were dying.
No chariots of fire on the clouds careered;
No warrior-arm, with its falchion reared:,
No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was blown;
No mantle of wrath o'er the heaven was thrown;
No armies of light, with their banners of flame,
Or neighing steeds, through the sunset came,
Or leaping from space appeared!
No earthquakes reeled, no Thunderer stormed;
No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed;
No voices in heaven were heard!
But the hour when the sun in his pride went down,
While his parting hung rich o'er the world,—
While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
And his red-rushing streamers unfurled,—
An everlasting hill was torn
From its perpetual base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors dressed,
To where a people are at rest!
Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,
And the forests vanished before its path;
And the rude cliffs bowed, and the waters fled,
And the living were buried, while over their head
They heard the full march of the foe as he sped,
And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead!
The clouds were all bright; no lightnings flew;
And over that valley no death-blast blew:
No storm passed by on his cloudy wing;
No twang was heard from the sky-archer's string;
But the dark old hill in its strength came down,
While the shedding of day on its summit was thrown,
A glory all light, like a wind-wreathed crown;
While the tame bird flew to the vulture's nest,
And the vulture forbore in that hour to molest.

The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!
The village sank—and the monarch trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
While this tremendous pageant moved!
The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
Came down from his rock, and his path is shown
In barrenness and ruin, where
The secret of his power lies bare:
His rocks in nakedness arise,
His desolation mocks the skies!
Sweet vale, Goldau, farewell!
An Alpine monument may dwell
Upon thy bosom, O my home!
The mountain, thy pall and thy prison, may keep thee,
I shall see thee no more, but till death I will weep thee:
Of thy blue lake will dream, wherever I roam,
And wish myself wrapped in its peaceful foam.

Henry Francis Lyte.

Lyte (1793–1847) was a native of Ednam, Scotland, where the poet Thomson was born. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, and carried off on three occasions the prize for English poetry. He studied for the ministry, and, after some changes, settled as a clergyman at Brixham, Devonshire. Here he labored successfully for twen-

ty years, and composed most of his hymns. His health failing, he went to Nice, where he died. His noble hymn, "Abide with Me," was written in 1847, in view of his approaching departure from earth. It was the last, as it was the best, of his productions.

HYMN: "ABIDE WITH ME."

Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me?

Hold, then, thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

FROM LINES ON "EVENING."

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the laborer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

Oh season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand?

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made—
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abram's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone!

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

AMERICAN.

A native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard, Frothingham (1793–1870) studied for the ministry, and was settled over a parish in Boston several years. He published some excellent translations from the German, and made several visits to Europe. The latter part of his life he became blind; and he pathetically alludes, in the poem we quote, to the fact that the blind, when they dream, have no sense of their deprivation. His son, Octavius Brooks Frothingham (born in Boston, 1822), is a clergyman of the liberal school, and the author of some approved hymns.

THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND.

"I always see in dreams," she said,
"Nor then believe that I am blind."
That simple thought a shadowy pleasure shed
Within my mind.

In a like doom, the nights afford
A like display of mercy done:
How oft I've dreamed of sight as full restored!
Not once as gone.

Restored as with a flash! I gaze
On open books with letters plain;
And scenes and faces of the dearer days
Are bright again.

O sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we:
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

O Providence! when all is dark
Around our steps and o'er thy will,
The mercy-seat that hides the covenant-ark
Has angels still.

Thou who art light! illume the page
Within; renew these respites sweet,
And show, beyond the films and wear of age,
Both walk and seat.

O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT!

From the German of Johann Heerman, 1630.

O God, thou faithful God!
Thou well-spring of all blessing!
In whom we all exist,
From whom we're all possessing;—
Give me a body sound;
And in it, builded well,
Let an unblemished soul
And a good conscience dwell.

Afford me will and strength
To do the work assigned me,
Whereto, in my true place,
Thy law may call and find me.
Let it be timely done,
With eager readiness;
And what is done in thee
Have ever good success.

Help me to speak but that
Which I can stand maintaining,
And banish from my lips
The word that's coarse and staining;
And when the duty comes
To speak with earnest stress,
Then grant the needed force
Unmixed with bitterness.

When trouble shall break in,
Let me not turn despairer;
But give a steadfast heart,
And make me a cross-bearer.
When help and comfort fail,
Send to my side the Friend,
Who, closer than a brother,
Shall watch the sorrow's end.

William Maginn.

Maginn (1793–1842), the "Odoherty" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, from 1819 to 1828, was a native of Cork. He received the degree of LL.D. in his twenty-fourth year. There was much scholarly wit and satirical power in his writings; but his literary career was irregular, and his intemperate habits made it a failure. He was often arrested, and lodged in jail. He was one of the chief supporters of *Fraser's Magazine* (1830), and for a time co-editor of the *Standard* newspaper. In 1838 he commenced a series of Homeric ballads in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was also distinguished as a Shakspearian critic.

THE IRISHMAN.

I.

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman—
A nasty, ugly Irishman—
A wild, tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman!

II.

His face was noways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman—
The whiskey-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue—the fighting, rioting Irishman!

III.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!

Oh, the great big Irishman—
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,
leathering swash of an Irishman!

IV.

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle, O;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as broad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman—
The thundering, blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing,
hashing Irishman!

V.

His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman—
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no
dandy Irishman!

VI.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman—
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads
were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

Felicia Hemans.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans. She was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1793, and died May 16th, 1835, aged forty-one. Her father, who was a merchant, having experienced some reverses in business, removed his family to Wales. In 1812 she married Captain Hemans, but the union was not a happy one: in 1818 he went to Italy, and they never met again. Mrs. Hemans remained in Wales, her time being fully occupied by her poetical labors and the education of her five boys. Ill health, however, pressed upon her, and she prematurely experienced decay of the springs of life. She died at the house of her brother, Major Browne, in Dublin. She had begun to publish her poetry as early as her fifteenth year. She wrote several long poems of merit, and "The Vespers of Palermo," a tragedy; but it is in her short lyrical pieces that she is happiest. Some of these compare not unfavorably with the best in the language. It has been the fashion among youthful critics of late to undervalue her productions; but not a few of these have a charm, a tenderness, and a spirit which must make them long dear to the hearts of the many. Over the grave where her mortal remains were deposited were inscribed these lines, from one of her own poems:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die."

The complete works of Mrs. Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, were published in six volumes.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent-knee!
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—
Not as the flying come—
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.
Yes, call that holy ground,
Which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT.

Answer me, burning stars of night:
Where is the spirit gone
That past the reach of human sight
As a swift breeze hath flown?
And the stars answered me: "We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul
Ask that which cannot die."

Oh, many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find
Far over mount and sea.
And the wind murmured in reply:
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer: have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered: "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep, low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din—
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered: "Be thou still!
Enough to know is given:
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part fulfil;
Thine is to trust in Heaven."

CASABIANCA.

Casabianca, thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm,—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;

That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud:—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

SONNET ON GRASMERE.

Wordsworth said to Mrs. Hemans: "I would not give up the mists that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy." She seems to have shared in his admiration of the scenery about Grasmere.

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadow of my sleep
With light Elysian;—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blessed;—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
The perfect music of the charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love and tears and prayer!

THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

Some of the Brazilians pay veneration to a bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.—See PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird;
Thou art come from the spirits' land!
Through the dark pine-groves let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore;
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst
From the Fountain of Youth ere now,
For there must the stream in its freshness burst
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours;

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our fathers' days
Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved forget?
We call, and they answer not again:
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
And the father of his child?
And the chief of those that were wont to share
His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill:
We know, thou bird, that their land is bright;
But say, do they love there still?

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

Leave me not yet—through rosy skies from far,
  But now the song-birds to their nest return;
The quivering image of the first pale star
  On the dim lake yet scarce begins to burn:
    Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—oh, hark! low tones from hidden streams,
  Piercing the shivery leaves, e'en now arise;
Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,
  They are of vesper hymns and harmonies;
    Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love!
  By day shut up in their own still recess,
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
  Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness:
    Leave me not yet!

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

Come to the sunset tree!
  The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
  And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
  And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
  By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
  Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
  And the turf whereon we lie.

When the burden and the heat
  Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
  The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree!
  The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
  And the reaper's work is done.

Yes; tuneful is the sound
  That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round,
  And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
  Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
  In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
  No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
  No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes,
  From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
  To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree!
  The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
  And the reaper's work is done!

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty
  By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
  Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
  Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
  'Mid the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage,
  Struck forth as by thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding caverns,
  Where thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
  That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
  Thy Spirit walks abroad—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights;
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for *thy* communion
Have sought the mountain sod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of Freedom's last abode:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows, and for the torrents;
For the free heart's burial-sod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

A Greek islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beautiful scenery, replied, "Yes, all is fair; but the sea—where is the sea?"

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags and breezes free!

I miss that voice of waves—the first
That woke my childish glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree;
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea?

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

The following admirable sonnet, produced by Mrs. Hemans only about three weeks before her death, was dictated to her brother, Major Browne, April 26th, 1835.

How many blessèd groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Toward spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day;
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

Mrs. Sarah Austin.

Mrs. Austin (1793–1867), daughter of William Taylor, of Norwich, England, was noted for her elegant translations from the German. She translated "The Story without an End," wrote "Characteristics of Goethe" (1833), etc. She was the friend of John Neal, who gives some account of her in his "Autobiography." Her daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, who died in 1869, was also distinguished as a translator.

THE PASSAGE.

From the German of Uhland.

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades, true and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those days of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee!—
Take, I give it willingly—
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

John Clare.

Clare (1793–1864) was a native of Helpstone, England. His parents were peasants—his father a helpless cripple and a pauper. John got some education by his own extra work as a ploughboy. At thirteen he hoarded up a shilling to buy a copy of Thomson's "Seasons." In 1820 he published "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant." The work was kindly received, and soon he was in possession of a little fortune. But his prosperity did not last. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude. He speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, sank into nervous despondency and despair, and was finally placed in a lunatic asylum. He remained here about four years, and then effected his escape. He was retaken, and worried out twenty years more of his unfortunate life in confinement. He was a faithful painter of rustic scenes, and keenly sensitive to the beauties of nature. The last words of poor Clare, as he closed his mortal eyes forever, were, "I want to go home!"

ON AN INFANT KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

As fearless as a cherub's rest,
Now safe above the cloud,
A babe lay on its mother's breast
When thunders roared aloud:
It started not to hear the crash,
But held its little hand
Up, at the lightning's fearful flash,
To catch the burning brand.

The tender mother stayed her breath
In more than grief awhile,
To think the thing that brought its death
Should cause her babe to smile.
Ay, it did smile a heavenly smile
To see the lightning play;
Well might she shriek when it turned pale,
And yet it smiled in clay!

O woman! the dread storm was given
To be to each a friend;
It took thy infant pure to heaven,
Left thee impure, to mend.
Thus Providence will oft appear
From God's own mouth to preach:
Ah! would we were as prone to hear
As Mercy is to teach!

THE THRUSH'S NEST: A SONNET.[1]

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn-bush
That overhung a mole-hill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems,
Unfold your cups in splendor; speak!
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride arrayed,
Your errand here fulfil!
Go, bid the artist's simple stain
Your lustre imitate, in vain,
And match your Maker's skill.

[1] Montgomery says of this sonnet: "Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a thrush's nest, so simply and naturally set forth, that one might think such strains

'No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

But let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's-nest or a sonnet like this."

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to spring's refreshing air,—
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker and my God!

LINES IN A LUCID INTERVAL.

For twenty-two years Clare was the inmate of a lunatic asylum; and during that time not one of all his great or little friends or patrons ever visited him. He expresses his feelings at the neglect, in the following lines, written, it would seem, in a lucid interval.

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod,
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept;
There to abide with my creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

John Gibson Lockhart.

Lockhart (1794-1854), the son of a Glasgow minister, and the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was born in the county of Lanark, Scotland, and was educated at Glasgow and Oxford. After a brief trial of the law, he devoted himself to literary pursuits; wrote "Valerius," "Reginald Dalton," "Adam Blair," and other novels; also, some very spirited versions of Spanish ballads. He, moreover, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and edited the *Quarterly Review* from 1826 to 1853. Ill health and private calamities and bereavements darkened his latter days. His "Life of Scott" is one of the most interesting biographies in the language, hardly surpassed by Boswell's "Life of Johnson." As a poet, he was versatile, and might have excelled had he made poetry his exclusive field. His "Captain Paton's Lament," published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1819, is an admirable specimen of the humorous in elegy. Captain Paton was a well-known character in Glasgow, who died in 1807.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color,
Of a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat, slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow;
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered,
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he pickéd well
His footsteps with his rattan:
Oh, you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know

They would see him, with his *Courier*,
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton-chop,
Which his maid dressed very fine.
There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the captain
Passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or, if a bowl was mentioned,
The captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring:
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow.
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of the last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro!*
Oh! we shall ne'er see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or, when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day;
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he stayed away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And, in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe;
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

BEYOND.

When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet, modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May,—

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom;
Fond hope and vision wane
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more,—

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin, and fate's control,

Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so!

LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

From "Lockhart's Spanish Ballads."

At the gate of old Granada,
When all its bolts are barred—
At twilight, at the Vega Gate—
There is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard,
As of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women,
And a heavy sound of woe.
"What tower is fallen? what star is set?
What chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen! a star is set!
Alas, alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry,
And wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter,
And mournfully they go!
In gloomy lines they mustering stand
Beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand
A black and flaming torch.
Wet is each eye as they go by,
And all around is wailing;
For all have heard the misery—
"Alas, alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay
Of Bencerrajé's blood:
'Twas at the solemn jousting;
Around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by,
And ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows,
The haughty sight to share.
But now the nobles all lament,
The ladies are bewailing;
For he was Granada's darling knight—
"Alas, alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals,
In order, two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread,
Most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters,—
Each wrapped in sable veil,—
Between the tambour's dismal strokes,
Take up the doleful tale:
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear
Their brotherless bewailing;
And all the people, far and near,
Cry, "Alas, alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on his bier,
Above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth,
The loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eye is closéd,
His rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim
Upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour
Breaks in upon their wailing:
Its sound is like no earthly sound—
"Alas, alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,
The Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands,
And one is weeping sore.
Down to the dust men bow their heads,
And ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments
Of crimson, green, and blue.
Before each gate the bier stands still;
Then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low,—
"Alas, alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth,
When she hears the people cry;
Her hair is white as silver,
Like horn her glazéd eye:
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast,
That nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament,
But soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek she through doth break,
When her ears receive their wailing:
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die!—
Alas, alas for Celin!"[1]

[1] Lockhart's translations of ancient Spanish ballads, published in his 27th year, are admirable specimens of highly skilful literary work. Some of them are much superior to the originals in the spirit and music of the versification, while the proper simplicity of the ballad form is always faithfully preserved.

James Sheridan Knowles.

Dramatist, poet, teacher, actor, and clergyman, Knowles (1794–1862) was a native of Cork, Ireland. Going to London, he made the acquaintance of Hazlitt, of whom he speaks as his "mental sire." Knowles produced the successful plays of "William Tell," "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," etc. The success of "The Hunchback" in America led to the author's own visit; and he appeared on the stage in the principal cities of the United States in the part of Master Walter. He did not succeed either as an actor or lecturer, his Irish brogue often marring the effect of his elocution. We knew him well, having met him in Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. From the latter city he sent us, while we were editing the *Boston Atlas*, the poem entitled "The Actor's Craft," which we first published, and have here quoted. Few copies of it, we believe, are in existence. How far his views in regard to the stage were modified when he returned to England and became a Baptist minister, we cannot say. His literary and dramatic merits are unquestionable. See the poem by Charles Lamb on his "Virginius," in which Macready had a great success.

FROM THE LAST ACT OF "VIRGINIUS."

Scene — House of VIRGINIUS. *Present,* VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS, SERVIA.

Enter ICILIUS.

Virginius. Come, come, make ready. Brother, you and he
Go on before: I'll bring her after you.
Icilius. Ha!
Numitorius. My Icilius, what a sight is there!
Virginius' reason is a wreck, so stripped,
So broken by the wave and wind, you scarce
Would know it was the gallant bark you saw
Riding so late in safety.
Icil. (*taking* VIRGINIUS'S *hand*). Father, father!
That art no more a father!
Virg. Ha! what wet
Is this upon my hand? a tear, boy? Fie!
For shame! Is that the weapon you would guard
Your bride with? First assay what steel can do.
Num. Not a tear has blessed his eye since her death! No wonder!
The fever of his brain, that now burns out,
Has drunk the source of sorrow's torrents dry.
Icil. You would not have it otherwise? 'Twas fit
The bolt that struck the sole remaining branch,
And blasted it, should set the trunk on fire!
Num. If we could make him weep—
Icil. I have that will make him,
If aught will do it. 'Tis her urn. 'Twas that
Which first drew tears from me. I'll fetch it. But
I cannot think you wise to wake a man
Who's at the mercy of a tempest. Better
You suffer him to sleep it through. [*Exit* ICILIUS.
Virg. Gather your friends together: tell them of
Dentatus' murder. Screw the chord of rage
To the topmost pitch. (*Laughs.*) Mine own is not mine own!
That's strange enough. Why does he not dispute
My right to my own flesh, and tell my heart
Its blood is not its own? He might as well.
But I want my child.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Justice will be defeated!
Virg. Who says that?
He lies in the face of the gods! She is immutable,
Immaculate, and immortal. And, though all
The guilty globe should blaze, she will spring up
Through the fire, and soar above the crackling pile,
With not a downy feather ruffled by
Its fierceness!
Num. He is not himself. What new
Oppression comes to tell us to our teeth
We only mocked ourselves to think the days
Of thraldom past?
Luc. The friends of Appius
Beset the people with solicitations.
The fickle crowd, that change with every change,
Begin to doubt and soften. Every moment
That's lost, a friend is lost. Appear among
Your friends, or lose them.
Num. Lucius, you
Remain and watch Virginius.
[*Exit, followed by all but* LUCIUS *and* SERVIA.
Virg. You remember,—
Don't you, nurse?
Servia. What, Virginius?
Virg. That she nursed
The child herself. Inquire among your gossips
Which of them saw it; and, with such of them
As can avouch the fact, without delay
Repair to the Forum. Will she come or not?
I'll call myself! She will not dare—
Oh, when did my Virginia dare? Virginia!—
Is it a voice, or nothing, answers me?
I hear a voice so fine there's nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence. Such a slender one
I've heard when I have talked with her in fancy!
A phantom sound! Aha! she is not here.
They told me she was here—they have deceived me—
And Appius was not made to give her up,
But keeps her, and effects his wicked purpose,
While I stand talking here, and ask you if
My daughter is my daughter! Though a legion

Sentried that brothel, which he calls his palace,
I'd tear her from him!

Luc. Hold, Virginius! Stay!
Appius is now in prison!

Virg. With my daughter?
He has secured her there? Ha! has he so?
Gay office for a dungeon! Hold me not,
Or I will dash you down, and spoil you for
My keeper. My Virginia, struggle with him!
Appal him with thy shrieks. Ne'er faint, ne'er faint—
I am coming to thee! I am coming to thee!

[*Rushes out, followed by* LUCIUS *and* SERVIA.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
How do you look, for all your baréd brows,
More gorgeously majestical than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine; whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

THE ACTOR'S CRAFT.

LINES ON A MINISTER (NOT AN AMERICAN) WHO PREACHED IN PHILADELPHIA, ON FEBRUARY 8, 1835, A SERMON UNCHARITABLY CONDEMNATORY OF THE STAGE.

Unmerciful! whose office teacheth mercy!
Why damnest thou the Actor's craft? Is he
To starve because thou think'st thyself elected
To preach the meek and lowly Saviour's peace?
"*No, let him seek a fairer calling!*" Heaven
Appointed him to his, as thee to thine!
He hath his usefulness. The tongue wherewith
Thou didst revile him, had been barbarous
Except for him! He fixed the standard of it
That gave it uniformity and power,
And euphony and grace; and—more than that—
To thoughts that glow and shine with Heaven's own fire,
He gave revealment unto millions
That else had lived in darkness to Heaven's gift!
Would by his art thou more hadst profited,
Thou ample, comfortable piece of flesh!
Thy heart is no ascetic. Seat so soft
As thy plump cheek, I warrant, never yet
Sat self-denial on. "*Thou dost not ply*
The banquet!" Never mind! Thou dost not lack
The feast for that: the bloating fare to which
The Churchman's vanity and lust of power
Sit seeming-meekly down.—Why didst thou preach?
Hadst thou forgot the coxcomb clerical?
If not, why didst thou play him to the life?
I'll do thee justice, ay, in commendation,
Well as disparagement, for I am naught—
Not, "if not critical"—but honest! Thou
Didst read, methought, the service, like the tongue
That gave God's revelation unto man;—
Simply, adoringly, confiding in
Strength greater than thine own. I knelt in soul.
Anon, I said to one who sat beside me,
"We'll hear a preacher now." What didst thou preach?
Thyself!! The little worm that God did make,
And not the Maker! How I pitied thee!
From first to last, DISPLAY! as though the place,
The cause, the calling, the assembly, all
Were secondary to a lump of clay.
Thy elocution, too—THEATRICAL!!!
But foreign to the Actor's *proper* art.
Thy gesture *measured* to the word, not *fitted;*—
Thy modulation, running mountains high,
"Then ducking low again as hell's from heaven!"
Sufficient of the rant! Improve before
Thou mount'st the steps of charity again;
And know her handmaids are humility,
Forbearance, and philanthropy to all!
And further, know the Stage a preacher too—
Albeit a less authenticated one—
Whose moral, if occasionally wrong,
Is honest in the main!—Another word,—
Act not the damner of another's creed,
Nor call the Arian, Universalist,
Socinian, Unitarian, Catholic,
An Infidel!—"*Judge not, lest ye be judged,*"
A text in point for thee! My creed is yours,
But by that creed I never will condemn—
Myself a creature weak and fallible—
A man for faith some shade diverse from mine.

Caroline Gilman.

AMERICAN

Mrs. Gilman, daughter of Samuel Howard, a shipwright, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1794. She married Dr. Samuel Gilman, a graduate of Harvard College, and a Unitarian clergyman, who was born in Gloucester in 1791. He settled in Charleston, S. C., in 1819, and remained there till his death in 1858. Mrs. Gilman began to write and publish before her eighteenth year, and was the author of several volumes in prose and verse, showing much literary diligence and versatility. Her "Verses of a Lifetime" (Boston, 1848) is her principal collection. She was residing with a widowed daughter at Tiverton, R. I., as late as 1880. Dr. Gilman was the poet of his class at college, and the author of pieces much admired in their day.

FROM "THE PLANTATION."

Farewell awhile the city's hum
  Where busy footsteps fall;
And welcome to my weary eye
  The planter's friendly hall!

Here let me rise at early dawn,
  And list the mock-bird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
  Sits on the waving spray;—

Then tread the shading avenue
  Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum-tree, with its flickered shade,
  Or chinquapen's perfume.

The myrtle-tree, the orange wild,
  The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly, with its polished leaves,
  Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
  The rich magnolia stands;
And here, in softer loveliness,
  The white-bloomed bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully,
  Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
  The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around—the red-bird darts
  Like flame from tree to tree;
The whippoorwill complains alone,
  The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare scuds by my path,
  And seeks the thicket nigh;
The squirrel climbs the hickory bough,
  Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird, with busy wing,
  In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
  And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine
  The soaring eagle flies,
There builds her eyrie 'mid the clouds,
  And man and Heaven defies.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

She bounded o'er the graves
  With a buoyant step of mirth:
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping-willow waves,—
  Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
  And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide
  With an innocent delight.

She spelled the lettered word
  That registers the dead;
She spelled the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
  With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
  Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
  That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
  'Twas near her sister's mound;
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it a while,
  Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
  Nor turn its gush to tears:
I did not chill her heart—
Oh, bitter drops will start
  Full soon in coming years!

Henry Ware.

AMERICAN.

Ware (1794–1843), the fifth child and eldest son of a clergyman of the same name, was a native of Hingham, Mass. He became pastor of the Second Church in Boston in 1816, and remained there thirteen years, when the state of his health compelled him to resign, and accept a situation as Professor of Pulpit Eloquence in Harvard College. A memoir of his life, in two volumes, by his brother, John Ware, M.D., appeared in 1846. A selection from his writings (1846) by the Rev. Chandler Robbins, in four volumes 12mo, was also published.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Come, uncles and cousins; come, nieces and aunts;
Come, nephews and brothers — no *won'ts* and no *can'ts;*
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away;
The year has rolled round—it is Thanksgiving-day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth,
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away;
Home, home with you all—it is Thanksgiving-day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed;
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best;
No Caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving-day.

Pies, puddings, and custards; pigs, oysters, and nuts—
Come forward and seize them, without *ifs* and *buts;*
Bring none of your slim little appetites here—
Thanksgiving-day comes only once in a year.

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round!
What treasures of love in its bosom are found!
New England's high holiday, ancient and dear,—
'Twould be twice as welcome, if twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace;
The family circle's united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving-day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And, trustful, await what the future may bring;
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives *be* a Thanksgiving-day.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
"The Saviour hath risen, and man cannot die."

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us death cannot destroy!
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend;
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Edward Everett.

AMERICAN.

Everett (1794–1865) was a native of Dorchester, Mass. Entering Harvard College at the age of thirteen, he was graduated with highest honors. He was appointed tutor in Greek, and spent four years in Europe qualifying himself. In all the various offices of Governor of Massachusetts, Member of Congress, United States Senator, President of Harvard University, Minister to England, and in several other well-known positions, he served with eminent fidelity. Little known as a poet, he was the author of one piece, at least, that entitles him to a place in the list.

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;

Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes:
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods, that gave them birth—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth;
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth!
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And Vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done—
I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of Vengeance, wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

Carlos Wilcox.

AMERICAN.

Wilcox (1794–1827), the son of a farmer, was a native of Newport, N. H. He entered Middlebury College, and afterward studied theology at Andover. He commenced preaching in 1818; his discourses were eloquent and thoughtful; but he had to abandon the ministry on account of ill-health. His principal poem is "The Age of Benevolence," which he did not live to complete, and portions of which only have been published. Another incomplete poem, included in his "Remains," is "The Religion of Taste," republished in London in 1850. In his minute and accurate descriptions of natural scenery he shows some of the highest qualities of the poet. He

may lack the passionate fervor by which the most impressive effects are reached in concentrated expression and startling metaphor, but he deserved a higher fame than he ever reached among the literary men of his day. A volume of his "Remains" was published in Hartford, Conn., in 1828, by Edward Hopkins.

A LATE SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

From "The Age of Benevolence."

Long swollen in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
Is naked nature in her full attire.
On the first morn, light as an open plain
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, poured
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
In one short week the orchard buds and blooms;
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
E'en from the juicy leaves, of sudden growth,
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
  Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
New notes to swell the music of the groves.
And soon the latest of the feathered train
At evening twilight come;—the lonely snipe,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturned
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with loud hollow sound;—
And, deep at first within the distant wood,
The whippoorwill, her name her only song!
  She, soon as children from the noisy sport
Of hooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
Are by her voice diverted, and held mute,
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove;
And when the twilight, deepened into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quickened as in sport.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

From "The Religion of Taste."

Myself I found borne to a heavenly clime,—
  I knew not how, but felt a stranger there,—
Still the same being that I was in time,
  Even to my raiment! On the borders fair
  Of that blessed land I stood in lone despair;
Not its pure beauty and immortal bloom,
  Its firmament serene, and balmy air,
Nor all its glorious beings, broke the gloom
Of my foreboding thoughts, fixed on some dreadful doom.

There walked the ransomed ones of earth, in white
  As beautifully pure as new-fallen snow
On the smooth summit of some eastern height
  In the first rays of morn that o'er it flow,—
  Nor less resplendent than the richest glow
Of snow-white clouds, with all their stores of rain
  And thunder spent, rolled up in volumes slow
O'er the blue sky just cleared from every stain,
Till all the blaze of noon they drink and long retain.

Safe landed on these shores, together hence
  That bright throng took their way to where insphered
In a transparent cloud of light intense,
  With starry pinnacles above it reared,
  A city vast the inland all appeared!
With walls of azure, green, and purple stone,
  All to one glassy surface smoothed and cleared,
Reflecting forms of angel guards that shone
Above the approaching host, as each were on a throne.

And while that host moved onward o'er a plain
  Of living verdure, oft they turned to greet
Friends that on earth had taught them heaven to gain;
  Then hand-in-hand they went with quickened feet:—
  And bright with immortality, and sweet
With love ethereal, were the smiles they cast;
  I only wandered on with none to meet
And call me dear, while pointing to the past,
And forward to the joys that never reach their last.

I had not bound myself by any ties
To that blessed land; none saw me and none sought;
Nor any shunned, nor from me turned their eyes:
And yet such sense of guilt my conscience wrought,
It seemed that every bosom's inmost thought
Was fixed on me:—when back as from their view
I shrunk, and would have fled or shrunk to naught,
As some I loved and many that I knew
Passed on unmindful why or whither I withdrew.

Whereat of sad remembrances a flood
Rushed o'er my spirit, and my heart beat low
As with the heavy gush of curdling blood:—
Soon left behind, awhile I followed slow,
Then stopped and round me looked, my fate to know,
But looked in vain;—no voice my doom to tell;—
No arm to hurl me down the depths of woe;—
It seemed that I was brought to heaven to dwell,
That conscience might alone do all the work of hell.

Now came the thought, the bitter thought of years
Wasted in musings sad and fancies wild,
And in the visionary hopes and fears
Of the false feeling of a heart beguiled
By nature's strange enchantment, strong and wild;
Now, with celestial beauty blooming round,
I stood as on some naked waste exiled:
From gathering hosts came music's swelling sound,
But deeper in despair my sinking spirits drowned.

At length methought a darkness as of death
Came slowly o'er me, and with that I woke;
Yet knew not, in the first suspended breath,
Where I could be, so real seemed the stroke
That in my dream all earthly ties had broke;
A moment more, and melting in a tide
Of grateful fervor, how did I invoke
Power from the Highest to leave all beside,
And live but to secure the bliss my dream denied!

SEPTEMBER.

The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year;—
All mildness, soothing loveliness, and peace:
The fading season, ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds!
'Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attempered beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth.—
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear
E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee, long roving here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain;
Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu:—
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

William Cullen Bryant.

AMERICAN.

Bryant (1794–1878), the first American poet of celebrity, was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3d. He began to write verse at the age of ten; and at thirteen wrote and published "The Embargo," a political satire, and a very remarkable one, under the circumstances. Educated at Williams College, he was admitted to the Bar in 1815, married young, and began the practice of the law at Great Barrington. His celebrated poem of "Thanatopsis" was written before he was twenty.

In 1825 Bryant removed to New York, and in 1826 connected himself with the New York *Evening Post*, his proprietary interest in which eventually became the source of an ample fortune. In 1834 he travelled in Europe, and in 1845 and 1849 repeated his visit. A collection of his poems was published in New York in 1832, and republished in London. Repeated editions of his collected works have appeared. In 1870 a fine edition of his masterly translation of Homer, in which he surpasses all predecessors, was published in Boston.

"Bryant's writings," says Washington Irving, "transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like

a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes."

But it is not only in his descriptions of nature that Bryant excels. In his "Antiquity of Freedom," "The Future Life," "The Battle-field," etc., he reaches a high ethical strain, and is, at the same time, the genuine poet in thought and diction. Few men of letters have, in the latter half of their lives, had so prosperous, so honored, and so eminently successful a career, extending beyond fourscore years of physical activity and intellectual robustness. In his domestic relations singularly fortunate, he was equally so in all his public experiences.

"Bryant," says a German critic, "is thoroughly American in his poetry. A truly national method of thinking and judging pervades even those from among his productions which treat of non-American subjects." The remark is just, and is a sufficient reply to the superficial sarcasm, heedlessly thrown out by Lord Jeffrey, that Bryant is "but a dilution of Mrs. Hemans." We can recall no one verse of Bryant's to which this rash comment could apply. He and Mrs. Hemans were born the same year, and some of his best poems were written before she was known in America. "It is in the beautiful," says John Wilson of *Blackwood's Magazine*, "that the genius of Bryant finds its prime delight. He ensouls all dead, insensate things; * * * and thus there is animation in the heart of the solitude."

Bryant's morality was not only psychical but physiological. He reverenced and fulfilled the laws of physical health. He took scrupulous care of himself. His senses were perfect at fourscore; his eyes needed no glasses; his hearing was exquisitely fine; he outwalked most men of middle age. Milk and cereals and fruit were his preferred diet. Regular in his habits, he retained his youth almost to the last, and his final illness was contracted in a too fearless out-of-door exposure. "His power of work," says Dr. Bellows, "never abated; and the Herculean translation of Homer, which was the amusement of the last lustre of his life, showed not only no senility, but no decrease of intellectual or physical endurance."

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarléd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blueberries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou satest with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets

The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler: he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers, that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!—
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth, in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!

SUMMER WIND.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.

But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?

Oh come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life! Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!

The deep, distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant water-falls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the roadside and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet; and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name?
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

MEETING OF HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

The following is a specimen of Bryant's translation of the "Iliad." The reader of Homer will remember that Hector first retreats before Achilles, but at length turns upon his pursuer, determined to meet his fate, whatever it may be.

He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang,—as when an eagle high in heaven,
Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain,
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare.
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
Before him. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. * * *

And then the crested Hector faintly said,
"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs
To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.
Accept abundant store of brass and gold,
Which gladly will my father and the queen,
My mother, give in ransom. Send to them
My body, that the warriors and the dames
Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown,—
"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,
Nor by my parents. I could even wish
My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh
In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong
That I have had from thee. There will be none
To drive away the dogs about thy head,
Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me
Tenfold and twenty-fold the offered gifts,
And promise others,—not though Priam, sprung
From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.
Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,
To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth;
But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."

And then the crested Hector, dying, said,—
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."

Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The light of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate,—
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot:
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

FROM "AN EVENING REVERIE."

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!—
That bearest silently this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright:
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain—
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And covered with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,—

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest:

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven as I depart.

SONG.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer;
Maidens' hearts are always soft—
Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing:
When the brook-side, bank, and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking;

When, through boughs that knit the bower,
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain;
When the dropping foliage lies
In the weedy fountain;
Let the scene that tells how fast
Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
To secure her lover.

Woo her when the north winds call
At the lattice nightly;
When within the cheerful hall
Blaze the fagots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ears shall sound
Love's delightful story.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wings and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet;
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales;
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

TO THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT,

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865.

The mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
Clear-eyed and hale at eighty years,
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
Leaves eighty well-spent years behind;
And forward looks to fields more bright
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet be our Pierpont's voice and pen
Long potent with the sons of men;
And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

William Sidney Walker.

Walker (1795–1846) was one of a group of young poetical aspirants who made Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge vocal with their songs early in the nineteenth century. In his verses there is a tenderness and grace imparting a peculiar charm. He was one of the contributors to *The Etonian*, with Praed, Moultrie, and others. An edition of his poetical works, edited by Moultrie, appeared soon after his death.

THE VOICE OF OTHER YEARS.

O Stella! golden star of youth and love!
In thy soft name the voice of other years
Seems sounding; each green court and archéd grove
Where, hand-in-hand, we walked, again appears,
Called by the spell: the very clouds and tears,
O'er which thy dawning lamp its splendor darted,
Gleam bright; and they are there, my youthful peers,
The lofty-minded and the gentle-hearted;
The beauty of the earth—the light of days departed—
All, all return; and with them comes a throng
Of withered hopes, and loves made desolate,
And high resolves cherished in silence long,
Yea, struggling still beneath the incumbent weight
Of spirit-quelling Time and adverse fate.
These only live; all else have passed away
To Memory's spectre-land; and she, who sate
'Mid that bright choir so bright, is now as they—
A morning dream of life, dissolving with the day.

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning light are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee.
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years, are coming:
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never canst thou be again
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection;
And grief shall come with womanhood,
And waken cold reflection;
Thou'lt learn to toil and watch, and weep
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He who thus doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,
All rich in Nature's treasure!
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it:
'Tis Nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it?

Jeremiah Joseph Callanan.

Callanan (1795–1829) was born in Cork, Ireland, and educated for the priesthood at Maynooth. But he gave up his clerical prospects, and in 1825 was an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn, by whose introduction he became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1829 he was tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman in Lisbon, and died there in the thirty-fourth year of his age, as he was about leaving for Ireland. A small 12mo volume of his Poems was published at Cork soon after his death. A new edition appeared in 1847; and in 1848 was issued a third edition, edited by D. F. McCarthy, with an interesting Memoir.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

FOUNDED ON AN EXISTING POPULAR TRADITION IN THE COUNTY OF CORK.

The evening-star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray;
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,
And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land she neared;
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw "Our Lady" as he stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe, the radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer;
And on the kneeling Virgin then they gazed with laugh and jeer,
And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leaped about;
And, rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout;
And that vessel from a mountain-wave came down with thundering shock,
And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high;
But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed their gurgling cry;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank,
And still he calls that hillock green the Virgin Mary's Bank.

Thomas Noon Talfourd.

Talfourd (1795-1854) was a native of Doxey, a suburb of Stafford, England. His father was a brewer in Reading. Having studied the law, Thomas was called to the Bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk gown. As Sergeant Talfourd, he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and liberal principles. He was returned to Parliament for the borough of Reading. In 1835 he published his tragedy of "Ion," which was the next year produced at Covent Garden Theatre with success. It is the highest literary effort of its author; and Miss Ellen Tree, who played the part of the hero in the United States, helped to make it famous. Talfourd also produced "The Athenian Captive," a tragedy; "The Massacre of Glencoe;" and "The Castilian," a tragedy. He also wrote a "Life of Charles Lamb," and an "Essay on the Greek Drama." In 1849 he was elevated to the Bench; and in 1854 he died of apoplexy, while delivering his charge to the grand-jury at Stafford.

TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

ON THE DISPERSION OF THE EXPEDITION FROM SPAIN, APRIL, 1819.

Rejoice, ye heroes! Freedom's old ally,
Unchanging Nature, who hath seen the powers
Of thousand tyrannies decline like flowers,
Your triumph aids with eldest sympathy:—
The breeze hath swept again the stormy sky
That wooed Athenian waves with tenderest kiss,
And breathed, in glorious rage, o'er Salamis!
Leaguing with deathless chiefs, whose spirits high
Shared in its freedom—now from long repose
It wakes to dash unmastered Ocean's foam
O'er the proud navies of your tyrant foes;
Nor shall it cease in ancient might to roam
Till it hath borne your contest's glorious close
To every breast where freedom finds a home.

LOVE IMMORTAL.

FROM "ION."

Clemanthe. And shall we never see each other?
Ion (*after a pause*). Yes!
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish: we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF A CHILD NAMED AFTER CHARLES LAMB.

Our gentle Charles has passed away,
From earth's short bondage free,
And left to us its leaden day
And mist-enshrouded sea.

Here, by the restless ocean's side,
Sweet hours of hope have flown,
When first the triumph of its tide
Seemed omen of our own.

That eager joy the sea-breeze gave,
When first it raised his hair,
Sank with each day's retiring wave
Beyond the reach of prayer.

The sun-blink that through dazzling mist,
To flickering hope akin,
Far waves with feeble fondness kissed,
No smile as faint can win;

Yet not in vain with radiance weak
The heavenly stranger gleams—
Not of the world it lights to speak,
But that from whence it streams.

That world our patient sufferer sought,
Serene, with pitying eyes,
As if his mounting spirit caught
The wisdom of the skies.

With boundless love it looked abroad,
For one bright moment given,
Shone with a loveliness that awed,
And quivered into heaven.

A year, made slow by care and toil,
Has paced its weary round,
Since death enriched with kindred spoil
The snow-clad, frost-ribbed ground.

Then Lamb, with whose endearing name
Our boy we proudly graced,
Shrank from the warmth of sweeter fame
Than ever bard embraced.

Still, 'twas a mournful joy to think
Our darling might supply
For years on earth a living link
To name that cannot die.

And though such fancy gleam no more
On earthly sorrow's night,
Truth's nobler torch unveils the shore
Which lends to both its light.

The nursling there that hand may take
None ever grasped in vain,
And smiles of well-known sweetness wake,
Without their tinge of pain.

Though 'twixt the child and childlike bard
Late seemed distinction wide,
They now may trace, in Heaven's regard,
How near they were allied.

Within the infant's ample brow
Blithe fancies lay unfurled,
Which, all uncrushed, may open now
To charm a sinless world.

Though the soft spirit of those eyes
Might ne'er with Lamb's compete—
Ne'er sparkle with a wit as wise,
Or melt in tears as sweet,—

That calm and unforgotten look
A kindred love reveals
With his who never friend forsook,
Or hurt a thing that feels.

In thought profound, in wildest glee,
In sorrow's lengthening range,
His guileless soul of infancy
Endured no spot or change.

From traits of each our love receives
For comfort nobler scope;
While light which childlike genius leaves
Confirms the infant's hope:

And in that hope, with sweetness fraught,
Be aching hearts beguiled,
To blend in one delightful thought
The poet and the child.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

FROM "ION."

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,

May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

SONNET: ON THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDSWORTH AT OXFORD.

Oh, never did a mighty truth prevail
With such felicities of place and time
As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime
From the full heart of England's youth, to hail
Her once neglected bard within the pale
Of Learning's fairest citadel! That voice,
In which the future thunders, bids rejoice
Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail
To bless with love as deep as life the name
Thus welcomed;—who in happy silence share
The triumph; while their fondest musings claim
Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air,
That to their long-loved Poet's spirit bear
A nation's promise of undying fame.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

AMERICAN.

Drake (1795-1820), whose remarkable promise was checked by an early death, was a native of the city of New York. He obtained a good education, studied medicine, and was admitted to practice, soon after which he was married. With his wife he visited Europe in 1817. On his return pulmonary disease developed itself; in the winter of 1819 he visited New Orleans in the hope of relief, but died the following autumn, at the age of twenty-five. Like Bryant, he was a poet from boyhood, and wrote remarkable verses before he was fifteen. He was associated with Halleck in writing the poems signed "Croaker & Co.," and his "American Flag" first appeared among these (1819). "The Culprit Fay" (1819), his longest poem, is said to have been written in three days. It shows great facility in versifying, and an affluent fancy. The following passage is a not wholly unworthy parallel of Shakspeare's description of "Queen Mab:"

"He put his acorn helmet on,
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corselet-plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight."

When Drake was on his death-bed, his brother-in-law, Dr. De Kay, collected and copied all the young poet's productions in verse that could be found, and took them to him, saying, "See, Joe, what I have done." "Burn them," replied Drake; "they are valueless." Clever as they are, they did not come up to his ideal of what poetry ought to be. N. P. Willis remarks of him: "His power of language was prompt; his peculiarity was that of instantaneous creation; thought, imagination, truth, and imagery seemed to combine and produce their results in a moment."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,—

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,—
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall—
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave:
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

ODE TO FORTUNE.

From "The Croakers."

Fair lady with the bandaged eye!
I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks;
So thou wilt *cut* me and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks:
I'm quite contented as I am—
Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank,
My fortune just a competence—
Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,
And twenty in the six per-cents.;
No amorous chains my heart inthrall;
I neither borrow, lend, nor sell;
Fearless I roam the City Hall,
And bite my thumb at Mr. Bell.[1]

The horse that twice a year I ride,
At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;
My books at Goodrich's abide,
My country-seat is Weehawk hill;
My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
At Poppleton's I take my lunch;
Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbing Bucktails, Guards, and balls;
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton[2] and abuse canals.[3]
Then, Fortune! since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown;
The man who don't attempt to rise,
'Twere cruelty to tumble down.

THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

From "The Culprit Fay."

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light, on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone, on the wave below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;

[1] The sheriff of New York City.
[2] De Witt Clinton, Governor of the State of New York, and the advocate of the great canal project.
[3] Formerly pronounced *canawls*.

The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree.
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charméd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow:
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone;
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around, and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave, and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:
"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love.
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.

* * * * * *

Maria (Gowen) Brooks.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Brooks (1795–1845), to whom Southey gave the pen-name of "Maria del Occidente" (Maria of the West), was of Welsh descent, the daughter of Mr. Gowen, of Medford, Mass., where she was born. Before her eighteenth year she married Mr. Brooks, a Boston merchant, and on his death, in 1823, went to live with a wealthy uncle in Cuba, who, dying, left her a cotton plantation and some other property. In 1830, in company with her brother, she went to France, and in 1831 passed the spring in the house of Robert Southey, the poet, to whom she addressed, at parting, these graceful lines:

"Soft be thy sleep as mists that rest
On Skiddaw's top at summer morn;
Smooth be thy days as Derwent's breast
When summer light is almost gone!
And yet, for thee why breathe a prayer?
I deem thy fate is given in trust
To seraphs who by daily care
Would prove that Heaven is not unjust.
And treasured shall thy image be
In Memory's purest, holiest shrine,
While truth and honor glow in thee,
Or life's warm, quivering pulse is mine.'

Southey calls Mrs. Brooks "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses"—praise which was echoed by Charles Lamb, but which will seem a little extravagant to the present generation. Southey read the proofs of her "Zophiel; or, The Bride of Seven," a poem in six cantos, which, in its completed form, was published in London in 1833, and in Boston in 1834. It contains lines of great descriptive beauty, but as a whole is like a surfeit of sweets. A new edition, with a memoir by Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, author of "Meg: a Pastoral, and other Poems," was published in Boston in 1879.

SONG OF EGLA.

FROM "ZOPHIEL."

Day, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;—
Ye but waken my distress:
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken!
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee:
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent;
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure:
Let the shining ore lie darkling,—
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are naught to me;
I would only look on thee;—

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compressed
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah, come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee!
Once, in caution, I could fly thee;
Now I nothing could deny thee:
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

Thomas Carlyle.

Carlyle, famous as moralist, satirist, historian, and biographer—the "censor of his age," "the prince of scolds"—has also been, in a small way, a poet. He lacked the lyrical faculty, however, and was, perhaps, aware of his failure; for in a letter from his pen, dated 1870, we find him giving it as his mature opinion that "the writing of verse—in this age, at least—is an unworthy occupation for a man of ability." Not being able to reach the grapes, he decries them as sour. The penetrating thinker will probably find as much fresh wisdom in Wordsworth's verse as in Carlyle's rugged prose, where we often have the obscurity without the melody of the profound poet. Carlyle was born December 4th, 1795, in the village of Ecclesfechan, Scotland. His father was a man of great moral worth and sagacity, while his mother was affectionate and more than ordinarily intelligent. It is not with his remarkable prose writings that we have here to deal. There is little that is worthy of preservation in his verse. In 1834 he took up his residence in Chelsea, near London, where he was living in 1880, honored and respected for his brilliant talents and his much-prized contributions to the literature of the age.

CUI BONO?

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet:
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore:
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets!

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning another blue day!
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of Eternity this new day was born;
Into Eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

AMERICAN.

Halleck (1795–1867) was a native of Guilford, Conn. While a boy of fourteen he began to versify. In 1813 he entered the banking-house of Jacob Barker in New York, and subsequently became the confidential clerk of New York's foremost millionnaire, John Jacob Astor. In 1849 he retired to his native town on a competence. He made frequent visits to New York, however, where he had troops of friends. He remained a bachelor, and wrote little after giving up his clerkship. In 1819 he had been associated with Drake in the composition of some satirical poems called "The Croaker Papers." In 1822, '23 he visited Europe, and as the fruits of his travels we have two fine poems, "Alnwick Castle" and the lines on Burns, which last show the influence of Campbell, of whom Halleck was a great admirer.

The first collection of his poems appeared in 1827; the second in 1836; a third, with illustrations, in 1847; and a fourth in 1852. His flights were limited; his poetry is that of the emotions rather than of the meditative faculty; and a small volume will hold all that he wrote. But in his day Halleck was a conspicuous figure, and regarded with some local pride in the city of his adoption. He was an agreeable companion, scrupulously honorable in all his dealings; and his beaming countenance, the smile on which seemed to come from an affectionate nature, made him a welcome guest at all social gatherings. He had little ambition as an author, regarding himself only as an amateur, and having a keener consciousness than any of his critics of his own literary limitations. His "Life and Letters," edited by James Grant Wilson of New York, was published in 1869. Bryant, in vindicating Halleck from the charge of occasional roughness in his versification, says: "He knows that the rivulet is made musical by the obstructions in its channel."

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."—Wordsworth.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris fell in a night attack on the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20th, 1823. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms!—they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'mid flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;—
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible!—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour,—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,—
Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

BURNS.

TO A ROSE BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

Wild rose of Alloway! my thanks:
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay?
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long—
His who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong:

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair:—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak—
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm;
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers;
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm;
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do;"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth!

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee.—
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,—
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,—

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave,—

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle-gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
  Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
  Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
  While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
  A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
  Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
  As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
  Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
  The Percy's proudest border-story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch;
  Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
  The music of the trump and drum;
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
  Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
  Are gay in their young bud and bloom:
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
  A templar's knightly tomb.
He died, his sword in his mailéd hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blesséd land,
  Where the Cross was damped with his dying breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
  Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
  Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here!
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
  The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
  The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
  Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
  Each high, heroic name,
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
  Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
  A major of dragoons.[1]

That last half stanza—it has dashed
  From my warm lip the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
  The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world—is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market-town,
And this, alas! its market-day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
  Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
  Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
  So dazzling to the dreaming boy:
Ours are the days of fact, not fable;
Of knights, but not of the round-table;
  Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy:
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
  Has called "the era of good feeling:"
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
  And leave off cattle-stealing:

[1] Hugh, Earl Percy, here referred to, rose to be something more than a major. Born in 1742, and educated at Eton College, he married, unhappily (1764), a daughter of the Earl of Bute; and in 1774 was sent to the American colony. In letters to his father, the Duke of Northumberland, he writes of the country about Boston: "Nature has herself done the work of the landscape gardener; but the climate is more trying than that of England. I have been (July) in both the torrid and frigid zone in the space of twenty-four hours. Sometimes my shirt is a burden; again I need a blanket." The earl, while in Boston, occupied a fine house at the corner of Winter and Tremont streets. In the skirmish at Lexington he covered the retreat of Pitcairn's column, and showed both courage and generalship. He was the father of Thomas Smithson, who was born out of wedlock, and who founded the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come: to-day the turbaned Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)
Is England's friend and fast ally;
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the Cross and altar-stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die;
And not a sabre-blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving-men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

James Gates Percival.

AMERICAN.

A native of Berlin, Conn., son of a country physician, Percival (1795–1857) entered Yale College at sixteen, and, on graduating, began the study of medicine. He tried to establish himself in his profession at Charleston, S. C., but failed, and turned his attention to literature. In 1827 he revised the translation of Malte Brun's "Geography," and assisted Noah Webster in his "Dictionary." In both instances he quarrelled with his employers. He became a skilful geologist, and was employed in surveys by the States of Connecticut and Wisconsin. His poetry was not a source of profit to him, and he was always poor. An earnest student, he became quite an accomplished linguist. Constitutionally melancholy, he was shy of social distinction, and made few personal friends. His scholarship was remarkable, but unfruitful. He must be ranked among the true, natural poets, though there has been a disposition to underrate him among the admirers of the most modern fashion in verse. But had Percival been favored in his pecuniary circumstances, he might have left a far more imposing poetical record than he has; for there are evidences of high art, as well as flashes of genius, in some of his latest productions. An edition of his poems in two volumes was published in 1870 in Boston.

ELEGIAC.

From "Classic Melodies."

Oh, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending!
Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for aye,—
Glory that never is dim, shining on with a light never ending,—
Glory that never shall fade, never, oh never away!

Oh, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears. They crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished:
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young, who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blessed, over the blue-rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

Oh, then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

SONNET.

ACROSTIC TRIBUTE (1825) TO A BOSTON LADY, WIDELY CELEBRATED FOR HER BEAUTY.

Earth holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,
Maid of the laughing lip and frolic eye!
Innocence sits upon thy open brow
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.
If ever beauty stole the heart away,
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile;
Moments would seem by thee a summer day,
And all around thee an Elysian isle.
Roses are nothing to the maiden blush
Sent o'er thy cheeks' soft ivory, and night
Has naught so dazzling in its world of light,
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.
Love lurks amid thy silken curls, and lies
Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

MAY.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves:
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play,
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

A VISION.

"Whence dost thou come to me,
Sweetest of visions,
Filling my slumbers with holiest joy?"

"Kindly I bring to thee
Feelings of childhood,
That in thy dreams thou be happy awhile."

"Why dost thou steal from me
Ever as slumber
Flies, and reality chills me again?"

"Life thou must struggle through:
Strive,—and in slumber
Sweetly again I will steal to thy soul."

William Howitt.

Howitt (1795–1879), husband of Mary Howitt, was a native of Heanor, in Derbyshire, England. Of Quaker descent, he was educated at a public seminary of Friends. He was a great student of languages, and wrote verses almost from boyhood. He and his wife, after the year 1837, made literature their chief means of support. He was the author of "The Rural Life of England," "Visits to Remarkable Places," and other successful prose works, including translations. He also published a "History of the Supernatural." He went, with his two sons, to Australia in 1852, and gave the results of his experiences in several volumes. With his wife and family he resided at times in Germany and Italy. His poetry is scattered mostly through "Annuals" and magazines; in 1871 he published "The Mad War Planet, and other Poems." About the year 1850 he became an active Spiritualist, and wrote copiously in defence of the modern phenomena, which he reconciled with a broad Christianity. He died in Rome, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had a brother, Richard, who also wrote poetry.

HOAR-FROST: A SONNET.

What dream of beauty ever equalled this!
What bands from Fairy-land have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored! All splendors pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure;
Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be:
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon;
Still as a dream,—and like a dream to flee!

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls:
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,
'Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulkily mute.
So on it went, capering, and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed, like a monster, on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain:
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Then away went the Wind in its holiday glee!
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro:—
But, lo! night came, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done!

John Gardiner Caulkins Brainard.

AMERICAN.

Brainard (1795–1828) was a native of New London, Conn., son of a judge of the Supreme Court. He was educated at Yale College, and in 1822 went to Hartford to take editorial charge of the *Connecticut Mirror*. Samuel G. Goodrich, author of the "Peter Parley Tales," was his intimate friend, and persuaded him to publish his first volume of poems. This appeared in New York, in 1826, from the press of Bliss & White. A second edition, with a memoir by J. G. Whittier, appeared in 1832; and this was followed by a third, in 1842, from the press of Hopkins, Hartford. "At the age of eight-and-twenty," says Goodrich, "Brainard was admonished that his end was near. With a submissive spirit, in pious, gentle, cheerful faith, he resigned himself to his doom. In person he was short; his general appearance that of a clumsy boy. At one moment he looked stupid, and then inspired. He was true in friendship, chivalrous in all that belongs to personal honor." An instance of his ready wit is given in a retort he addressed to a critic, who had objected to the use of the word "*brine*," as a word which "had no more business in sentimental poetry than a pig in a parlor;" to which the poet replied that his critic, "living inland, must have got his ideas of the salt-water from his father's pork-barrel."

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

On the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death;
Who to fear of the tempest a stranger
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
Who lists to their shrieks who so wildly
Are clasped in the arms of the seas?
'Tis the sea-bird, etc.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover
With its shadow the foundering wreck?
'Tis the sea-bird, etc.

My eye in the light of the billow,
My wing on the wake of the wave,
I shall take to my breast for a pillow
The shroud of the fair and the brave.
I'm the sea-bird, etc.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
My eye, when the bark is benighted,
Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

STANZAS.

The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And withered are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—

A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
  There perched, and raised her song for me.
  The winter comes, and where is she?
Away, where summer wings will rove,
  Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of Southern sky,
  Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
The Northern breeze that rushes by
  Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
  No forest-tree stands stripped and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
  No mountain-top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds—and seek
  A happier clime, with livelier flight,
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
  And leave me lonely with the night.
  I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And walk where all its glories shone—
  See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

I pray thee by thy mother's face,
  And by her look, and by her eye,
By every decent matron grace
That hovered round the resting-place
  Where thy young head did lie,—
And by the voice that soothed thine ear,
The hymn, the smile, the sigh, the tear,
  That matched thy changeful mood;—
By every prayer thy mother taught,
By every blessing that she sought,—
  I pray thee to be good.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

In his "Recollections of a Lifetime," S. G. Goodrich (1793-1863) tells us that he was present when Brainard dashed off the following lines in the printing-office while the compositor was waiting for copy.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand;
Had hung his bow upon thy awful front;
Had spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
  Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler! what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—A light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might!

John Keats.

John Keats (1796-1821) was born in London, October 29th, 1796, in the house of his grandfather, who kept a livery-stable at Moorfields. Educated at Enfield, at fifteen years of age John was apprenticed to a surgeon. In 1818 he published "Endymion," a poem of great promise, and showing rare imaginative powers. It was criticised severely by Croker and Gifford in the *Quarterly Review;* for Keats, having been lauded and befriended by Leigh Hunt, was treated by his Tory critics as belonging to a distasteful school of politics. Keats did not write politics, but he had a friend who did. It is not probable that the *Quarterly's* abuse hastened the young poet's death, as is generally supposed. He suffered less than Shelley imagined from censure that he knew to be unjust. To him and others Keats modestly admitted the shortcomings of his early work. "I have written," he said, "independently, without judgment; I may write independently, and with judgment, hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man." That Keats was largely influenced in his style by his familiarity with the poems of Leigh Hunt is quite apparent; but he soon surpassed his model. "Endymion" seems to have worked its way gradually to recognition as the production of a true poet; and the praises bestowed on it awakened the jealousy of Byron, who wrote: "No more Keats, I entreat! flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin." But Byron lived to lament his rough words; and (November, 1821) attributes his indignation to Keats's depreciation of Pope, which, he says, "hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus."

In 1820 appeared Keats's "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other poems. Of a delicate and sensitive constitution, he had seriously impaired his health by the care he had lavished on his dying brother, Tom; and he made a trip to Italy with the hope of recovering strength: but the seeds of consumption were lodged in his constitution. Speaking of his brother's death, he writes: "I have a firm belief in immortality,

and so had Tom." "The Eve of St. Agnes" was praised warmly by Jeffrey and other leading critics. It is one of the most charming and perfect of the poet's works, and written, it would seem, under Spenserian influence.

At Rome Keats became seriously worse, and died on the 23d of February, 1821. A few days before his death he had expressed to his friend, Mr. Severn, the wish that on his gravestone should be the inscription: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Shelley was moved by Keats's death to produce the fiery elegy of "Adonais," worthy to be classed with the "Lycidas" of Milton, and the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. Keats's rank is at the head of all the poets who have died young. The affluence of his imagination is such that he often seems to have given himself no time to select and properly dispose of his images. His "Hymn to Pan," in "Endymion," was referred to by Wordsworth as "a pretty piece of Paganism"—a just criticism, but one that somewhat nettled Keats. He would have been a more popular, if not a greater, poet, if he had been less in love with the classic mythology. He has had a brood of imitators, American as well as English.

Coleridge, in his "Table-Talk," gives an interesting reminiscence, as follows: "A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. —— and myself in a lane near Highgate. —— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said, 'Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!' 'There is death in that hand,' I said to ——, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly."

The fame of Keats has not diminished since his death. The fact that what he wrote was written before his twenty-sixth year will long give to his productions a peculiar interest.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

St. Agnes' Eve,—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead on each side seem to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this agéd man and poor:
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung.
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went; and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

IV.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carvéd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties lily-white;
Nor look behind nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,

Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired—not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes;
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth, such things have been.

X.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place:
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He curséd thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs— Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"— "Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He followed through a lowly archéd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlit room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he;
"Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve,—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an agéd crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painéd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:

Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream.
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "Oh may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win, perhaps, that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storéd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare;
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with agéd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back, with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charméd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the agéd gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ringdove frayed and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,

Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warméd jewels, one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray:
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicéd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver; sumptuous they stand
In the retiréd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iceéd stream;
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in wooféd phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans merci:"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan;
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she; "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,

Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes: St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet;
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark; the icéd gusts still rave and beat;
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivéd thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unprunéd wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blessed?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped, and vermeil-dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest,
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairy-land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed;
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful blood-hound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one and one the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamed of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand avés told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

ODE.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

BEAUTY.

From "Endymion."

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season: the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now, while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now, while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy-pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write
Before the daisies, vermeil-rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet-peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
Oh! may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished; but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, on through flowers and weed.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

A BALLAD.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.
Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?

The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.
I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the mead—
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.
I made a garland for her head
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.
I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true."
She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.
And there she lullèd me asleep;
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too—
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried: "La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"
I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide;
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.
And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

SONNET.

There was a season when the fabled name
Of high Parnassus and Apollo's lyre
Seemed terms of excellence to my desire;
Therefore a youthful bard I may not blame.
But when the page of everlasting Truth
Has on the attentive mind its force impressed,
Then vanish all the affections dear in youth,
And Love immortal fills the grateful breast.
The wonders of all-ruling Providence,
The joys that from celestial Mercy flow,
Essential beauty, perfect excellence,
Ennoble and refine the native glow
The poet feels; and thence his best resource
To paint his feelings with sublimest force.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SENT ME A LAUREL CROWN.

Fresh morning gusts have blown away all fear
From my glad bosom—now from gloominess
I mount forever—not an atom less
Than the proud laurel shall content my bier.
No! by the eternal stars! or why sit here
In the Sun's eye, and 'gainst my temples press
Apollo's very leaves, woven to bless
By thy white fingers and thy spirit clear?
Lo! who dares say, "Do this?" Who dares call down
My will from its high purpose? Who say, "Stand,"
Or "Go?" This mighty moment I would frown
On abject Cæsars—not the stoutest band
Of mailèd heroes should tear off my crown:
Yet would I kneel and kiss thy gentle hand!

SONNET.

In a letter to his brother and sister in America (May, 1819), Keats introduces this sonnet thus: "I have been endeavoring to discover a better Sonnet stanza than we have. The legitimate does not suit the language well, from the pouncing rhymes; the other appears too elegiac, and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect. I do not pretend to have succeeded. It will explain itself."

If by dull rhymes our English must be chained,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fettered, in spite of painèd loveliness,
Let us find out, if we must be constrained,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of Poesy;
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gained
By ear industrious and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay-wreath crown;
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,—
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

FAIRY SONG.

Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!

FANCY.

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoiled by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakéd snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky,
—Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heapéd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reapéd corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:

And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf and every flower
Pearléd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celléd sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoiled by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, wingéd Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipped its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring:—
—Let the wingéd Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,—
    That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage, that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stainéd mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
    dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs;
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
      ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!—
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy-lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Hartley Coleridge.

The eldest son of the poet Coleridge, Hartley (1796–1849), born at Clevedon, inherited much of his father's genius, but also some of his defects of organization and temperament. At six years of age he attracted, by his superior gifts, the attention of Wordsworth, who wrote of him:—

"O thou, whose fancies from afar are brought,
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream:— * * *
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years."

What would have become of the elder Coleridge but for the friends in whose home his later years found a refuge, no one can say. With no such friends or home, poor Hartley became a castaway. In 1815 he was a student at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship-elect at Oriel; but he was dismissed, on the ground of intemperance, before his probationary year had passed. After some ineffectual literary efforts in London, he went to Ambleside, and sought for pupils; but his tutorial life, owing to his unfortunate habits, was a failure. The rest of his life was very sad, and its melancholy tone is in his verse. It was passed without any settled employment. He read diligently, thought deeply, and wrote charmingly; but his occasional fits of inebriety disqualified him for any responsible work, and at times overshadowed his mind with a depression which was pitiable.

Few men have lived more beloved (especially by the poor who surrounded him) than Hartley. At Grasmere and Rydal all knew his one infirmity; but they also knew and loved his many virtues, while they admired his great talents. His name long continued a household word among the cottagers, whom he seems to have inspired with the affection they might have felt for a very dear though erring child. With hair white as snow, he had, as a friend remarked, "a heart green as May." As a poet, Hartley is esteemed chiefly for his sonnets, some of which possess a charm almost peculiar to themselves, even in an age which has abounded in that form of composition.

STILL I AM A CHILD.

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,—
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep; and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, though I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The lovelight in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

NO COURSE I CARED TO KEEP.

How long I sailed, and never took a thought
To what port I was bound! Secure as sleep,
I dwelt upon the bosom of the deep
And perilous sea. And though my ship was fraught
With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought
From fairy-land, no course I cared to keep,
Nor changeful wind nor tide I heeded aught,
But joyed to feel the merry billows leap,
And watch the sunbeams dallying with the waves;
Or haply dream what realms beneath may lie
Where the clear ocean is an emerald sky,
And mermaids warble in their coral caves,
Yet vainly woo me to their secret home;—
And sweet it were forever so to roam!

TO WORDSWORTH.

There have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions
And all the wilful humors of the day
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth, elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue portray
Of restless Nature. But thou, mighty Seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

Youth, thou art fled,—but where are all the charms
Which, though with thee they came, and passed with thee,
Should leave a perfume and sweet memory
Of what they have been?—All thy boons and harms
Have perished quite.—Thy oft renewed alarms
Forsake the fluttering echo.—Smiles and tears
Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years,
Show the dull woe which no compassion warms,
The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish, a thought,
Unravel all the complex web of age,—
Could all the characters that Time hath wrought
Be clean effaced from my memorial page
By one short word, the word I would not say:—
I thank my God, because my hairs are gray.

NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;—
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the Morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:—
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

WISDOM THE GRAY HAIRS TO A MAN.

"I thank my God because my hairs are gray!"
But have gray hairs brought wisdom? Doth the flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so gay,
Dim and unlovely, as a dead worm's shroud?
Or is my heart, that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve, at peace?
Is it no longer wrathful, vain, and proud?
Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost,
That makes the labor of the soul to cease?

TO SHAKSPEARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky;
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

LIBERTY.

Say, What is Freedom? What the right of souls
Which all who know are bound to keep or die,
And who knows not, is dead? In vain we pry
In the dark archives, and tenacious scrolls
Of written law, though Time embrace the rolls
In his lank arms, and shed his yellow light
On every barbarous word. Eternal Right
Works its own way, and evermore controls
Its own free essence. Liberty is Duty,
Not License. Every pulse that beats
At the glad summons of imperious beauty
Obeys a law. The very cloud that fleets
Along the dead green surface of the hill
Is ruled and scattered by a godlike will.

NO LIFE VAIN.

Let me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my Being was an accident,
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade:
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?

THE WAIF OF NATURE.

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,
The waif of nature—like uprooted weed
Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,
A frail dependent of the fickle sky;
Far, far away, are all my natural kin:
The mother that erewhile hath hushed my cry,
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.
Where is my sister's smile? my brother's boisterous din?
Ah! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage,
A holy mother is that sister sweet.
And that bold brother is a pastor, meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age,
Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet;
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

TO A NEWLY-MARRIED FRIEND.

How shall a man foredoomed to lone estate,
Untimely old, irreverently gray,
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead sleeping in a hollow—all too late—
How shall so poor a thing congratulate
The blest completion of a patient wooing,
Or how commend a younger man for doing
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate?
There is a fable, that I once did read,
Of a bad angel, that was someway good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood,
Looking each way, and no way could proceed;
Till at the last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within.

THE SAME, AND NOT ANOTHER.

Think upon Death, 'tis good to think of Death,
But better far to think upon the Dead.
Death is a spectre with a bony head,
Or the mere mortal body without breath,
The state foredoomed of every son of Seth,
Decomposition—dust, or dreamless sleep.
But the dear Dead are they for whom we weep,
For whom I credit all the Bible saith.
Dead is my father, dead is my good mother,
And what on earth have I to do but die?
But if by grace I reach the blessèd sky,
I fain would see the same, and not another;
The very father that I used to see,
The mother that has nursed me on her knee.

ON RECEIVING ALMS.

What can a poor man do but love and pray?
But if his love be selfish, then his prayer,
Like noisome vapor, melts in vacant air.
I am a debtor, and I cannot pay.
The alms which drop upon the public way,—
The casual tribute of the good and fair,
With the keen, thriftless avarice of despair
I seize, and live thereon from day to day,
Ingrate and purposeless.—And yet not so:
The mere mendicity of self-contempt
Has not so far debased me, but I know
The faith, the hope, the piety, exempt
From worldly doubt, to which my all I owe.
Since I have nothing, yet I bless the thought:—
Best are they paid whose earthly wage is naught.

Thomas Dale.

Dale (1797–1870) was a native of London. He was Canon of St. Paul's, and ultimately Dean of Rochester, and was the author of two volumes of sermons (1832–1836). A collection of his poems appeared in 1842. They are noteworthy for beauty and delicacy of diction, and for smoothness of versification. He was for some time Professor of English Literature at the London University, and subsequently at King's College. He was the author of "The Widow of Nain," a poem; also of two volumes of sermons, published in 1830 and 1836.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Again the flowers we loved to twine
  Wreathe wild round every tree;
Again the summer sunbeams shine,
  That cannot shine on thee.
Verdure returns with fresher bloom
  To vale and mountain brow;
All nature breaks as from the tomb;
  But—"Where art thou?"

At eve, to sail upon the tide,
  To roam along the shore,
So sweet while thou wert at my side,
  Can now delight no more:—
There is in heaven, and o'er the flood,
  The same deep azure now;
The same notes warble through the wood;
  But—"Where art thou?"

Men say there is a voice of mirth
  In every grove and glen;
But sounds of gladness on the earth
  I cannot know again.
The rippling of the summer sea,
  The bird upon the bough,
All speak with one sad voice to me;
  'Tis—"Where art thou?"

DIRGE.

From "The Widow of Nain."

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
  We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
  It is—that thou art free.
And thus shall Faith's consoling power
  The tears of love restrain;
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour,
  Could wish thee here again!

Triumphant in thy closing eye
  The hope of glory shone,
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
  To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
  Sustained by grace divine:
Oh! may such grace on me be shed,
  And make my end like thine!

William Motherwell.

Motherwell (1797–1835) was a native of Glasgow. After studying Latin and Greek at the University, he was educated for the law. In 1828 he became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and began to devote himself to literary pursuits. In 1830 he took charge of the *Glasgow Courier*, editing it with courage and ability. In politics he was a Tory, but a very sincere one. He early showed a taste for poetry; and in his fourteenth year had produced the first draft of his "Jeanie Morrison;" of which Miss Mitford says: "Let young writers observe that this finish was the result, not of a curious felicity, but of the nicest elaboration. By touching and retouching, during many years, did 'Jeanie Morrison' attain her perfection, and yet how completely has art concealed art! How entirely does that charming song appear like an irrepressible gush of feeling!"

A volume of Motherwell's poems appeared in 1832, and at once gave him rank as a vigorous and genuine writer. It was republished in Boston in 1846. In his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," he earned celebrity as a literary antiquarian. At one period of his life he overstepped some social conventions, and incurred much unhappiness thereby, to which reference is occasionally made in the more personal of his poems. His taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. He was suddenly struck down by apoplexy in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed, a steed of matchless speed!
  A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
  All else on earthe is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
  The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
  Be soundes from heaven that come;
And oh! the thundering presse of knightes
  Whenas their war-cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright
  And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
  And don your helmes amaine:

Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
Us to the fielde againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight
Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

JEANIE MORRISON.

The heroine of this pathetic song, Miss Jane Morrison, afterward Mrs. Murdoch, was in her seventh year, in 1807, in the same class-room at school with young Motherwell. She never met the poet in after-life.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' by-gane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The scule then scail't at noon),
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees—
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blesséd time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' by-gane days and me!

LINES GIVEN TO A FRIEND

A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE DECEASE OF THE WRITER.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,—
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary,
Its loneness crowned,—
Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?—
It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,—
"Sad one, depart!"

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Bayly (1797–1839), a popular song-writer, was a native of Bath, England. He wrote thirty-six dramas and farces, among which "Perfection" and "Tom Noddy's Secret" still keep possession of the American stage. "Perfection" was refused by the managers, but Madame Vestris saw its merits, and brought it out with great applause. Bayly married young and happily, but his latter days were saddened by pecuniary reverses. He bore all, however, in the spirit and with the hope of a sincere Christian. In the epitaph, written by Theodore Hook, it is said of him: "He was a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman." His poetical works, in two volumes, with a memoir by his widow, appeared in 1848. Archdeacon Wrangham rendered some of Bayly's songs into Latin. Here are four lines of his "I'd be a Butterfly:"

"Ah! Sim Papilio natus in flosculo,
Rosa ubi liliaque et violæ halent;
Floribus advolans, avolans, osculo,
Gemmulas tangens, quæ suavé olent!"

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf
Which fluttered in the breeze.
She breathed a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear;

But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And he wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot.
Oh, do not deem him weak!
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career:
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet;
Roving forever from flower to flower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings.
Their summer-day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! naught but misery brings:
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay:
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,—
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her, leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal-wreath is there;
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted;
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

THE PREMATURE WHITE HAT.

I met a man in Regent Street,
A daring man was he;
He had a hat upon his head
As white as white could be!
'Twas but the first of March!—away
Three hundred yards I ran,
Then cast a retrospective glance
At that misguided man.

I thought it might be possible
To do so foul a deed,
Yet not commit the murderous acts
Of which too oft we read:
I thought he might have felt distress,
Have loved—and loved in vain—
And wore that pallid thing to cool
The fever of his brain!

Perchance he had no relative,
No confidential friend,
To say when summer months begin
And those of winter end.
Perchance he had a wife, who was
Unto his side a thorn,
And who had basely thrust him forth
To brave decorum's scorn.

But no!—a smile was on his cheek;
He thought himself *the thing!*
And all unblushingly he wore
The garniture of spring!
'Twas evident the man could not
Distinguish wrong from right;
And cheerfully he walked along,
Unseasonably white!

Then, unperceived, I followed him;
Clandestinely I tried
To ascertain in what strange spot
So queer a man could hide:
Where he could pass his days and nights,
And breakfast, dine, and sup;
And where the peg could be on which
He hung that white hat up!

He paused at White's—the white *capote*
Made all the members stare;
He passed the Athenæum Club,
He had no footing there!
He stood a ballot once (alas!
There sure was *pique* in that)—
Though they admit light-headed men,
They blackballed the white hat!

And on he went, self-satisfied,
And now and then did stop,
And look into the looking-glass
That lines some trinket-shop,
And smilingly adjusted it!
'Twas that which made me vexed—
"If this is borne," said I, "he'll wear
His nankeen trousers next!"

The wretched being I at length
Compassionately stopped,
And used the most persuasive words
Entreaty could adopt.
I said his hat was premature;
I never left his side,
Until he swore most solemnly
The white hat should be dyed.

John Finley.

AMERICAN.

Finley (1797–1866) was a native of Brownsburg, Rockbridge County, Va. He went to a country school, and learned "to read, write, and cipher as far as the rule of three." After serving an apprenticeship as a tanner and currier, he went West, and settled at Richmond, Wayne County, Ind., where he was mayor some dozen years. He published many short poems which had a wide circulation, and gave evidence of talents, which might have led to higher literary distinction if his early advantages of education had been greater. He belongs to the realistic school in verse, and his poems will hardly please those who deny to Pope the name of poet. His "Bachelor's Hall" has been widely circulated, and was long attributed to Moore, the Irish poet.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall! what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight wid the squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devouring it;
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing—Grimalkin is scouring it;
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can!
But hunger returns,—then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy commodities,
Ashes, and prata-skins, kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiverin',
Niver the bit is the bed made at all!
He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kiverin'—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall!

Herbert Knowles.

Knowles (1798–1817), a native of Canterbury, England, and of the humblest parentage, was left an orphan when a mere lad. He excited attention by his abilities, however, and was helped in his education by Southey, Rogers, and others. The following lines, written when Knowles was eighteen, have been justly celebrated. He did not live long to avail himself of the generous aid of literary friends.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Matthew xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here:
  If thou wilt, let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
  But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
  The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no:
  Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
  In a small narrow cave; and, begirt with cold clay,
  To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no: she forgets
  The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
  The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
  For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
  The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
  And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
  But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
  Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
  And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
  But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
  The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
  But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
  And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
  Ah! no: they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above:
  Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
  Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
  Nor a sob, nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
  Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
  Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
  Ah! no: for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
  Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
  Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
  And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
  And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice,
  Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

John Banim.

Banim (1798–1842) was a native of Kilkenny, Ireland, and received his education in its college. He wrote "Tales of the O'Hara Family" (1825–'6), in which he was assisted by his brother Michael (born 1796). As a novelist, John Banim's rank is among the best; and some of his poems are full of pathos and vigor. He was the author of the five-act play of "Damon and Pythias," brought out May, 1821, at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, and of which Leigh Hunt says he "never saw a more successful reception. The interest is strongly excited from the first, and increases to the last." Banim expresses his acknowledgments to Sheil, the gifted orator, for revising the play. The part of "Damon" was a favorite one both with Macready and Forrest. The extract we quote has been slightly abridged from the original.

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
  Soggarth aroon?[1]
Since you did show the way,
  Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
  Soggarth aroon?

[1] Priest dear.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,—
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you,—
Och! out of fear to *you*,
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon,—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And, when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
When, for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

FROM "DAMON AND PYTHIAS," ACT V.

Pythias. Calanthe here! My poor, fond girl!
Thou art the first to meet me at the block;
Thou'lt be the last to leave me at the grave!
Calanthe. O my Pythias, he yet may come!
Into the sinews of the horse that bears him
Put swiftness, gods!—let him outrace and shame
The galloping of clouds upon the storm!
Blow, breezes, with him; lend every feeble aid
Unto his motion!—and thou, thrice solid earth,
Forget thy immutable fixedness—become
Under his feet like flowing water, and
Hither flow with him!
Pyth. I have taken in
All the horizon's vast circumference
That, in the glory of the setting sun,
Opens its wide expanse, yet do I see
No signal of his coming.—Nay, 'tis likely—
Oh no! he could not! It is impossible!
Cal. I say he is false! he is a murderer!
He will not come! the traitor doth prefer
Life, ignominious, dastard life!—Thou minister
Of light, and measurer of eternity
In this great purpose, stay thy going down,
Great sun, behind the confines of this world!
On yonder purple mountains make thy stand;
For while thine eye is opened on mankind,
Hope will abide within thy blesséd beams:
They dare not do the murder in thy presence!
Alas! all heedless of my frantic cry,
He plunges down the precipice of heaven!
Procles. Take a last farewell of your mistress, sir,
And look your last upon the setting sun;
And do both quickly, for your hour comes on.
Pyth. Come here, Calanthe—closer to me yet!
Ah! what a cold transition it will be
From this warm touch, all full of life and beauty!—
Cal. Hush! Stand back there!
There is a minute left: look there! look there!
But 'tis so far off, and the evening shades
Thicken so fast, there are no other eyes
But mine can catch it! Yet, 'tis there! I see it!
A shape as yet so vague and questionable,
'Tis nothing, just about to change and take
The form of something!
Pyth. Damon, I do forgive thee!—I but ask
Some tears unto my ashes. * * * By the gods,
A horse and horseman!—Far upon the hill,
They wave their hats, and he returns it—yet
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch!
Why should they shout as he comes on? It is—
No!—that was too unlike—but there, now—there!

O Life! I scarcely dare to wish for thee;
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me.
No! let it not be Damon!—he has a wife
And child! Gods, keep him back!
Damon (*without*). Where is he? (*Rushes in.*)
Ha! he's alive, untouched!
Pyth. Damon, dear friend—
Dam. I can but laugh—I cannot speak to thee!
I can but play the maniac, and laugh.
Even in the very crisis to have come,—
To have hit the very forehead of old Time!
By heavens! had I arrived an hour before,
I should not feel this agony of joy—
This triumph over Dionysius!
Ha, ha! But thou didst doubt me; come, thou didst—
Own it, and I'll forgive thee.
Pyth. For a moment.
Dam. O that false slave! Pythias, he slew my horse,
In the base thought to save me. I'd have killed him,
And to a precipice was dragging him,
When, from the very brink of the abyss,
I did behold a traveller afar,
Bestriding a good steed. I rushed upon him:
Choking with desperation, and yet loud,
In shrieking anguish, I commanded him
Down from his saddle: he denied me—but
Would I then be denied? As hungry tigers
Clutch their poor prey, I sprang upon his throat—
Thus, thus, I had him, Pythias! Come, your horse,
Your horse! I cried. Ha, ha!

David Macbeth Moir.

Under the signature of "Delta," Moir (1798–1851) was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. A native of Musselburgh, Scotland, he practised there as a surgeon, much beloved by all who knew him. His poetical works, edited by Thomas Aird, were published in 1852. Moir was a successful prose writer, and his "Autobiography of Mansie Wauch" (1828) is quite an amusing production. He published volumes of verse in 1818, 1824, and 1843. His "Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the last Half Century" appeared in 1851.

LANGSYNE.

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we fret and pine:
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free!
Langsyne!—the merry school-boy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is in pensive mood
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared,
And some have bowed beneath the scythe
Of death,—while others scattered far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne!—the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne!—with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit and refine:—
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

Samuel Lover.

Lover (1798–1868) was a native of Dublin. His first occupation was that of a miniature painter. In 1838 his best known novel, "Handy Andy," was commenced in *Bentley's Miscellany*. As a song-writer he won a high degree of popularity. He also produced several pieces for the stage, among which are "The Beau Ideal," "The White Horse of the Peppers," and "Il Paddy Whack in Italy." With his short Irish sketches and his songs he made up a public entertainment, which he gave with much success in Ireland, but with less in the United States. His "Life," by Bayle Bernard, appeared in 1874.

RORY O'MORE; OR, GOOD OMENS.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good-luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good-luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—Don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir,—you'll hug me no more,—
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

In Ireland they have a superstition that when a child smiles in its sleep it is talking with angels.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

Thomas Hood.

Hood (1798–1845) was a native of London, the son of a bookseller. At school he picked up some Latin and more French. On leaving, he was planted on a counting-house stool, where he remained long enough to get materials for the following sonnet:

"Time was, I sat upon a lofty stool,
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,
To write in Bell & Co.'s commercial school;
In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
The favorite retreat of merchant men;
Yet would my pen turn vagrant even then,
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—
Blogg Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—
Bristles—and Hogg—Glynn Mills and Halifax—
Rogers and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax!"

After passing two years with his father's relatives in Dundee, Hood returned to London, and was apprenticed

to his uncle, Robert Sands, as an engraver. He made his first mark as a writer by joining with his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, in a playful volume of "Odes to Great People"—such as Graham, the aeronaut; Macadam, the improver of roads; and Kitchener, author of "The Cook's Oracle." In 1826 Hood published his first series of "Whims and Oddities;" a second series in 1827; and then a volume, "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, with other Poems." In 1829 he commenced "The Comic Annual," which was continued for nine years. In 1834 he published "Tylney Hall," a novel. It was a failure. Ill health compelled him to travel on the Continent to recruit; and on his return home he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. From this he retired in 1843, and in 1844 started *Hood's Magazine*, and contributed to its pages until within a month before his death. His celebrated "Song of the Shirt" first appeared in *Punch* in 1844.

Hood died a poor man, leaving a widow and two children. His life was one of incessant brain-work, aggravated by ill health and the uncertainties and disquiets of authorship. After his death his literary friends contributed liberally to the support of his widow and family; Government had already granted to Mrs. Hood a pension of £100. There is a healthy moral tone in nearly all Hood's poetry, and in some of it he shows high imaginative power. If he had not been compelled to coin his brain into money for immediate use, he would doubtless have tried many nobler flights. He left a son of the same name, who died in 1874, not without giving tokens that he had inherited some of the paternal genius.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
  Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
  Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her:
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family;
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
  Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
  Or was there a dearer one
  Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full.—
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
  Feelings were changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black flowing river;

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen so rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on my birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

FAIR INES.

Oh saw you not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines!
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright.
And blessèd will the lover be,
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek.
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side
And whispered thee so near!—

Were there no loving dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With a band of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youths and maidens gay,—
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng.
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before:—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HOOD'S DEATH.

Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose.

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives:
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR: A FABLE.

'Tis strange what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewildered journals—
Turn State physicians,
And make themselves fool's-cap of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipped, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious:
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had cleared a road to Freedom's shrine—
Unless, perchance, the turnpike men should stop 'em.

Full of this rancor,
Pacing one day St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee as well as blackee—man—cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) a universal license—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seemed
So fine, he deemed
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walked out at last, and turned into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,

And striding with a step that seemed designed
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confined,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile!

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile, Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnoticed in the din
Of tuneless throats that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For, like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastile,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable! And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprisoned in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot,
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged
(It was before the elephant was shot);
A doleful wanderow, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportioned to his pound.
Pug's wrath waxed hot,
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls;
In fact, it was a sort of poultry-compter,
Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those wingéd fowls, that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fixed air.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this bird-cage walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's free list thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw—
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin;
Meanwhile, with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows, the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave).—Alas
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

THE LEE SHORE.

Sleet, and hail, and thunder!
And ye winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave—

Winds that like a demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat—

From his humble dwelling
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar—

From that weeping woman,
Seeking with her cries
Succor superhuman
From the frowning skies—

From the urchin pining
For his father's knee—
From the lattice shining,
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam;—
O God! to think man ever
Comes too near his home!

TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks,
And his *passage* be as clever
As the best among his works.

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened:—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim:—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck,
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,

In harmless sport and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on, my elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand;
A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound positively for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Bulogine, and thou
Richard, lion-hearted king,
Candidly inform us, now,
Did you ever?
No, you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Entered your imaginations
As the ensuing—
"Ease her, stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir!"
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile,
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes, sir!" "Steady!"
"Now where's that party for Engedi?"—
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,
Had ye e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say:
"'Buss," perchance, to Jericho;
"Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply,
—'Tis a not unlikely tale—
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

John Moultrie.

Moultrie (1799–1874) was associated with Praed, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and others in the *Etonian* and in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. He studied for the Church, and became Rector of Rugby. A complete edition of his poems, with a memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, was published in 1876. Moultrie edited an edition of Gray's poetical works. He was the author of "My Brother's Grave, and other Poems," published in 1837; "Lays of the English Church, 1843," etc. He also edited the "Poetical Remains" of his friend, William Sidney Walker.

"FORGET THEE?"

"Forget thee?" If to dream by night,
And muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild
A poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee
To Heaven's protecting power,
If wingéd thoughts that flit to thee,—
A thousand in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee
With all my future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting,"
Thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?" Bid the forest-birds
Forget their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink
The eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine own "dear land,"
And its "mountains wild and blue."
Forget each old familiar face,
Each long-remembered spot,—
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace,
Still calm and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart
Should grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon,
Oh! bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith,
And uncomplaining love;—
If these, preserved for patient years,
At last avail me not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe
That thou canst be forgot!

HERE'S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie,
Here's a hearty health to thee!
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light,
And thy step so firm and free;
For all thine artless elegance,
And all thy native grace,
For the music of thy mirthful voice,
And the sunshine of thy face;
For thy guileless look and speech sincere,
Yet sweet as speech can be,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie,
Here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—
Though my glow of youth is o'er,
And I, as once I felt and dreamed,
Must feel and dream no more,—
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms,
Has chilled my soul at last,
And genius, with the foodful looks
Of youthful friendship, passed,—
Though my path is dark and lonely now
O'er this world's dreary sea—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie,—
Here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—
Though I know that not for me
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light,
And thy step so firm and free;
Though thou, with cold and careless looks
Wilt often pass me by,
Unconscious of my swelling heart,
And of my wistful eye,—
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love,
Nor waste one thought on me—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie,
Here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!
When I meet thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens
Dancing lightsomely along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain,
Still gazing on thy form,
As it flashes through the baser crowd
Like lightning through a storm;
And I perhaps shall touch thy hand,
And share thy looks of glee,
And for once, my Scottish lassie,
Dance a giddy dance with thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—
I shall think of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star
Come smiling up through heaven:
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice
In every wind that grieves,
As it whirls from the abandoned oak
Its withered autumn leaves;
In the gloom of the wild forest,
In the stillness of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie,
I shall often think of thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—
In my sad and lonely hours,
The thought of thee comes over me
Like the breath of distant flowers;—
Like the music that enchants mine ear,
The sights that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow,
Like the azure of the sky:—
Like the rainbow in the evening,
Like the blossoms on the tree,—
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie,—
Is the lonely thought of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—
Though my muse must soon be dumb,—
(For graver thoughts and duties
With my graver years are come),—
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth,
And learn to soar on high,
And to look on this world's follies
With a calm and sober eye,—
Though the merry wine must seldom flow,
The revel cease for me—
Still to thee, my Scottish lassie,
Still I'll drink a health to thee!

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie,
Here's a parting health to thee!
May thine be still a cloudless lot,
Though it be far from me!
May still thy laughing eye be bright,
And open still thy brow,
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free,
Thy heart as light as now!
And whatsoe'er my after fate,
My dearest toast shall be,—
Still a health, my Scottish lassie,
Still a hearty health to thee![1]

[1] Moultrie was one of the most graceful and meditative of England's minor poets; but he was not of the "modern school."

Robert Pollok.

Pollok (1799–1827) was a native of Eaglesham, Scotland. He studied at the Glasgow University, and was five years in the divinity hall under Dr. Dick. His application to study brought on a pulmonary disease, and shortly after he began to preach (1827) he had to seek a milder air in the South of England. It effected no improvement. The "Course of Time," his principal poem, had a prodigious success, passing through a vast number of editions both in Great Britain and America. It is a strange mixture of prosaic utterances with brief bursts of poetic fervor: a long disquisition in verse, extending to ten books. John Wilson said of it: "Though not a poem, it overflows with poetry." The praise is overstrained. The oases in this desert of words are few and far between. At times we see in the style the influence of Milton, Blair, and Young. It bears all the marks of mental immaturity, and, as Chambers says, "is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety, which repels the reader, in spite of many fine passages." The same year witnessed Pollok's advent as a preacher, and his untimely death.

INVOCATION: OPENING OF BOOK I.

From "The Course of Time."

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are; Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unscaled, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens which made the pagan mountains shake
And Zion's cedars bow—inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what, while I of things to come,
As past, rehearsing, sing the Course of Time,
The second Birth, and final Doom of man.
The muse, that soft and sickly wooes the ear
Of love, or chanting loud in windy rhyme
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not; such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought, and phrase, severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant—uttering as 'tis
The essential truth: Time gone, the righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

PRIDE THE CAUSE OF SIN.

From "The Course of Time," Book II.

Pride, self-adoring pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin;

Great fountain-head of evil; highest source
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God;
Envy and slander; malice and revenge;
And murder, and deceit, and every birth
Of damnéd sort, was progeny of pride.
It was the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenewed, to be
A god:—in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored: whatever shape or form
His actions took: whatever phrase he threw
About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
To be the highest, was the inward cause
Of all—the purpose of the heart to be
Set up, admired, obeyed. But who would bow
The knee to one who served and was dependent?
Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and day,
To prove he was his own proprietor,
And independent of his God, that what
He had might be esteemed his own, and praised
As such. He labored still, and tried to stand
Alone, unpropped—to be obliged to none;
And in the madness of his pride he bade
His God farewell, and turned away to be
A god himself; resolving to rely,
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

From "The Course of Time," Book V.

True happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went; with justice went;
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruiséd spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;—
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

HOLY LOVE.

From "The Course of Time," Book V.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss!
Gives and receives all bliss; fullest when most
Thou givest. Spring-head of all felicity!
Deepest when most is drawn. Emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink.
Essence that binds the uncreated Three;
Chain that unites creation to its Lord;
Centre to which all being gravitates.
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blessed, because it seeks no more;
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in its arms.
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven; sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise; the spring, the well
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky.

A MOONLIGHT EVENING.

From "The Course of Time," Book V.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;
The cornfields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly: nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker: now and then the agéd leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground:
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself; Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled:
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

George Washington Doane.

AMERICAN.

Born in Trenton, N. J., in 1799, Doane studied for the Episcopal Church, and was consecrated bishop of the diocese of his native State in 1832. He published a collection of poetical pieces in 1824, and was the author of various theological treatises. He died April 27, 1859.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

What is that, mother?—

The Lark, my child,—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—

The Dove, my son,—
And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For the distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—

The Eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The Swan, my love,—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

Alaric Alexander Watts.

Watts (1799–1864) was a native of London. He became connected with the periodical press, and was also among the first editors of those illustrated "Annuals," once so fashionable, in which poems, essays, and stories by the popular writers of the day were published. His "Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems," appeared in 1851. He also conducted, at different periods, *The United Service Gazette*, *The Standard*, and other newspapers.

A REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED OF BEING ALONE IN THE WORLD.

Oh! say not thou art all alone
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;
Sigh not o'er joys forever flown,
The vacant chair,—the silent hearth:
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude!

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace;—
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place:
Nor time nor grief can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine,—
The fadeless love,—all-pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone—for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a pure, untravelled page:—
Youth's dreams, the golden light of age,
The poet's lore—are still thine own:
Then while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh, how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone: the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above—below—on morning's wings:
The softer murmurs twilight brings,—
The cricket's chirp, cicala's glee:—
All earth—that lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone: the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,—
Have each peculiar harmonies,
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,—
To say, thou art not all alone!

Not all alone: a watchful eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall:
A saving hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call:
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft His tenderest mercy shown;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be ALONE.

FOREVER THINE.

Forever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
Forever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love—till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us, we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline:
Though bowed by cankering cares, we'll smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

Forever thine, when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;
When youth's rich glow, its "purple light," is fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now;—

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?—
No,—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age—thine own, forever thine!

Forever thine, at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline;
When balmiest odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me,—thine, forever thine!

Forever thine! 'mid Fashion's heartless throng;
In courtly bowers; at Folly's gilded shrine;—
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart still is thine,—forever thine!

Forever thine, amid the boisterous crowd,
Where the jest sparkles, with the sparkling wine;
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought,—forever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound,—
The depths of love could such rude hearts divine?
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, — forever thine!

Forever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
Forever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love,—till life itself be past!

John Abraham Heraud.

An English poet and miscellaneous writer (born 1799). Heraud has been a diligent, if not a successful, cultivator of the poetic art. He has written tragedies, lyrics, and narrative poems: "The Legend of St. Loy" (1821); "The Descent into Hell, and other Poems" (1830); "Judgment of the Flood: a Poem" (1834); "The War of Ideas" (1871). It was his fortune to be snubbed by the critics, and not always unjustly. On his asking Douglas Jerrold whether he had ever seen his "Descent into Hell," the reply was, "No, but I would like to see it." Heraud was a man of genius, though his writings show much misplaced power and abortive striving. Chambers says of him, that "he was in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible." His "Descent" and "Judgment" are chiefly remarkable as psychological curiosities.

THE EMIGRANT'S HOME.

Prepare thee, soul, to quit this spot,
Where life is sorrow, doubt, and pain:
There is a land where these are not,
A land where Peace and Plenty reign.

And, after all, is Earth thy home?
Thy place of exile, rather, where
Thou wert conveyed, ere thought could come,
To make thy young remembrance clear.

Oh! there in thee are traces still,
Which of that other country tell—
That angel-land where came no ill,
Where thou art destined yet to dwell.

Yon azure depth thou yet shalt sail,
And, lark-like, sing at heaven's gate;
The bark that shall through air prevail,
Even now thy pleasure doth await.

The Ship of Souls will thrid the space
'Twixt earth and heaven with sudden flight:
Dread not the darkness to embrace,
That leads thee to the Land of Light!

William Kennedy.

Kennedy (1799–1849) was a native of Paisley, Scotland. Before he was twenty-five years old he wrote "My Early Days," a pathetic little story, which had great success, and was republished in Boston. In 1827 appeared his volume of poems, under the title of "Fitful Fancies;" in 1830, "The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems." He was the literary associate of Motherwell in conducting the *Paisley Magazine*. Removing to London, he engaged in some literary enterprises with Leitch Ritchie. He accompanied the Earl of Dalhousie to Canada as his private secretary, and was appointed consul at Galveston, Texas, where he resided several years. In 1841 he published in two volumes, in London, the "Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas." He returned to England in 1847, retired on a pension, and took up his residence near London, where he died, shortly after a visit to his native Scotland.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND, WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, NOVEMBER, 1847.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the poet's retreat:—
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honors its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
Hence, not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor head 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep minster-bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight, will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who, for the early day,
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves,—
Tears—which devotedly,
Though all unnotedly,
Flow from their spring in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flowerets, when pensive moons shine,
His grassy covering,
Where spirits, hovering,
Chant for his requiem music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.

A THOUGHT.

Oh that I were the great soul of a world!
A glory in space!
By the glad hand of Omnipotence hurled
Sublime on its race!
Reflecting the marvellous beauty of heaven,
Encircled with joy;
To endure when the orbs shall wax dim that are given
Old Time to destroy!

Oh that I were this magnificent spirit!
Embodied to prove
The measureless bliss they were sure to inherit,
Who lived in my love:
With elements infinite fitted for taking
All forms of my will,—
To give me forever the rapture of making
More happiness still!

Robert Comfort Sands.

AMERICAN.

Sands (1799–1832) was a native of the city of New York, and a graduate of Columbia College, of the class of 1815. One of his college companions, two years his senior, was James Wallis Eastburn, who was also a poet, and wrote, in conjunction with Sands, the poem of "Yamoyden," founded on the history of Philip, the Pequod chieftain. Eastburn took orders in the Episcopal Church, and died in 1819, in his twenty-second year. The best part of "Yamoyden" is the "Proem," written by Sands, and containing some graceful and pathetic stanzas in reference to Eastburn, one of which we subjoin:

"Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them in a happier day:

Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay,
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honors crave:
His harp lies buried deep in that untimely grave!"

Sands was a lawyer, but the attractions of literature drew him away from his profession, and he became an associate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. He ventured on several literary projects, edited magazines, and wrote a "Life of John Paul Jones." He did not live to fulfil the promise which his early compositions gave. He died unmarried, having always lived at home in his father's house. His "Writings in Prose and Verse, with a Memoir of the Author," in two volumes, were published by the Messrs. Harper in 1834.

THE DEAD OF 1832.

O Time and Death! with certain pace,
Though still unequal, hurrying on,
O'erturning in your awful race
The cot, the palace, and the throne,—

Not always in the storm of war,
Nor by the pestilence that sweeps
From the plague-smitten realms afar
Beyond the old and solemn deeps,

In crowds the good and mighty go,
And to those vast dim chambers hie,
Where, mingled with the vile and low,
Dead Cæsars and dead Shakspeares lie!—

Dread Ministers of God! sometimes
Ye smite at once, to do His will,—
In all earth's ocean-severed climes,—
Those—whose renown ye cannot kill!

When all the brightest stars that burn
At once are banished from their spheres,
Men sadly ask, When shall return
Such lustre to the coming years?

For where is he[1]—who lived so long—
Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
And showed his fate, in powerful song,
Whose soul for learning's sake was lost?

Where he—who backward to the birth
Of Time itself adventurous trod,
And in the mingled mass of earth,
Found out the handiwork of God?[2]

[1] Goethe and his "Faust." [2] Cuvier.

Where he—who in the mortal head[1]
Ordained to gaze on heaven, could trace
The soul's vast features, that shall tread
The stars, when earth is nothingness?

Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre,[2]
Till round the world its echoes roll,
And swept, with all a prophet's fire,
The diapason of the soul?

Where he—who read the mystic lore,[3]
Buried, where buried Pharoahs sleep,
And dared presumptuous to explore
Secrets four thousand years could keep?

Where he—who with a poet's eye,[4]
Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,
And made even sordid Poverty
Classic, when in his numbers glazed?

Where—that old sage, so hale and staid,[5]
The "greatest good" who sought to find;
Who in his garden mused, and made
All forms of rule, for all mankind?

And thou—whom millions far removed[6]
Revered—the hierarch meek and wise;
Thy ashes sleep,—adored, beloved!—
Near where thy Wesley's coffin lies!

He too, the heir of glory—where
Hath great Napoleon's scion fled?
Ah! glory goes not to an heir!
Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs! for he,[7]
Last of the brave, who perilled all
To make an infant empire free,
Obeys the inevitable call!

They go—and with them is a crowd,
For human rights who thought and did!
We rear to them no temples proud,
Each hath his mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre,
The MIND, their monument sublime—
Young in eternal Fame they are—
Such are your triumphs, Death and Time!

[1] Spurzheim. [2] Scott.
[3] Champollion. [4] Crabbe.
[5] Jeremy Bentham. [6] Adam Clarke.
[7] Charles Carroll.

William B. O. Peabody and Oliver W. B. Peabody.

AMERICANS.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody (1799–1847) and Oliver William Bourne Peabody (1799–1848) were twin brothers, natives of Exeter, N. H., and sons of Judge Oliver Peabody. They entered Harvard College together at the early age of thirteen, and graduated in 1817. Both were men of fine intellectual endowments, gentle and affectionate, keenly sensitive to all that is beautiful and good in nature and in art. Both brothers studied divinity, and became clergymen. William was settled over the Unitarian Church in Springfield, Mass., in 1820, and continued in his pastorate till his death. Oliver was settled, in 1845, over the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vt. Both brothers wrote poetry, very similar in style; and both were so indifferent to fame that neither made a collection of his writings. A selection from the sermons and poems of William was published in 1849. The noble "Hymn to the Stars" (see page 544) is believed to have been from the pen of O. W. B. Peabody, but is not in his MS. collection.

The poetical faculty is not unfrequently inherited, and this was notably so in the case of Colonel Everett Peabody (1830–1862), son of William, and who wrote the following spirited song, which was sung at a supper given in 1852 by the Boston Independent Cadets:

"We have met again to-night; we're hand in hand once more,
A century behind us, eternity before;
Then let the wine-cup circle round; like the cavaliers of old,
In the revel we'll be joyous, in the hour of battle bold.
Fill the cup, brimming up; by its light divine,
We swear he is no true Cadet who shuns the sparkling wine.

"For the wine-cup and the sword are married since the day
When King Arthur spread the festive board, and led the battle fray.
And shall we part what Heaven hath joined? No! thunders forth with might
The ghost that you have summoned up, one of his knights – to-night.
Fill the cup, brimming up, etc.

"And if the armies of the foe invade our native land,
Or rank disunion gathers up its lawless, faithless band,
Then the arm upon our ancient shield shall wield his blade of might,
And we'll show our worthy brethren that gentlemen can fight.
Fill the cup, brimming up, etc."

The result showed that Colonel Everett Peabody was no mere hero on paper. The last stanza is prophetic of his own high daring and honorable death. He was acting Brigadier-general in the battle of Shiloh, near Pittsburgh Landing, in which the Twenty-fifth Missouri regiment took part, in 1862. If it had not been for his vigilance in sending out a scouting-party, the whole of the brigade under his command would have been captured by the Confederate army. While waving his sword, and bravely rallying his men in the action that ensued, a Minie-ball struck him in the upper lip, passed through his head, and killed him instantly. There was no officer more beloved by his men, or whose loss was more deplored.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

W. B. O. Peabody.

Behold the Western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

THE ALARM.

W. B. O. Peabody.

Look there! the beacon's crimson light
Is blazing wide and far!
And sparkles in its towering height
The rocket's signal star!
Rise! rise! the cannon rolls at last
Its deep and stern reply;
And heavier sleep is coming fast
Than seals the living eye.

And now the warning trumpet peals!
The battle's on the way;
The bravest heart that moment feels
The thrilling of dismay.
Around the loved, in shrinking fear,
Love's straining arms are cast;

The heart is in that single tear,
That parting is the last.

A thousand windows flash with fires
To light them through the gloom,
Before the taper's flame expires,
To glory or the tomb.
Far down the hollow street rebounds
The charger's rattling heel;
And ringing o'er the pavement sounds
The cannon's crushing wheel.

Then answers to the echoing drum
The bugle's stormy blast;
With crowded ranks the warriors come,
And bands are gathering fast;
Red on their arms the torch-light gleams,
As on their footsteps spring,
To perish ere the morning beams—
For death is on the wing.

The courier, in his arrowy flight,
Gives out the battle-cry!
And now march on with stern delight—
To fall is not to die!
Already many a gallant name
Your country's story bears:
Go! rival all your fathers' fame,
Or earn a death like theirs.

NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE GIRL OF NINE YEARS.

W. B. O. Peabody.

Louisa, did you never trace
The smile on Nature's glorious face,
That seems to breathe from every part
The deep expression of a heart?
I know you have;—in every flower
You feel a presence and a power;
To you the blue and silent sky
Has meaning, like an earnest eye;
And all the warm and living glow
Where foliage heaves, and waters flow,
Inspires in every changing tone
Some feelings answering to your own.

But tell me whence that smile can be?
The earth says, "It is not in me;"
"'Tis not in me," the deep replies;
The same voice answers from the skies.
The smile divine that nature wears
Comes from some higher source than theirs;
For such expression never springs
From lifeless and unmeaning things;
They have no influence to impart,
They have no power to touch the heart;
And all the brightness round them thrown
Is beautiful, but not their own.

Then there must be a living soul
That quickens and informs the whole;
There is! in Nature ever shine
The kindlings of that Soul Divine.
And thus the rich and dreamy haze,
That sweetly veils the autumn days,
The scarlet leaves that, glancing round,
With rainbow fragments strew the ground,
The clear transparency of noon,
The bright and thoughtful harvest-moon,
And all around us and above,
Reflect a Father's smile of love.

I know that your young heart discerns
What man's hard spirit coldly learns—
The truth which throws the brilliant ray
Of joy upon the earthly way;
You have a Father,—kind and true,
And full of sympathy for you;
And, though with warm affection blessed,
Remember that he loves you best;
Oh turn, then, to that Friend above,
Resolve to answer love with love;
And ever act the filial part
With faithful and confiding heart.

VISIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

O. W. B. Peabody.

Yes, visions of his future rest
To man, the pilgrim, here are shown;
Deep love, pure friendship, thrill his breast,
And hopes rush in of joys unknown.

Released from earth's dull round of cares,
The aspiring soul her vigor tries;
Plumes her soiled pinions, and prepares
To soar amid ethereal skies.

Around us float in changing light
The dazzling forms of distant years,
And earth becomes a glorious sight,
Beyond which opening heaven appears.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

O. W. B. Peabody.

Too lovely and too early lost!
My memory clings to thee;
For thou wast once my guiding-star
Amid the treacherous sea;—
But doubly cold and cheerless now,
The wave too dark before,
Since every beacon-light is quenched
Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first, when hope arose
On youth's triumphant wing,
And thou wast lovelier than the light
Of early dawning spring.
Who then could dream that health and joy
Would e'er desert the brow,
So bright with varying lustre once,—
So chill and changeless now?

That brow! how proudly o'er it then
Thy kingly beauty hung,
When wit, or eloquence, or mirth,
Came burning from the tongue;
Or when upon that glowing cheek
The kindling smile was spread,
Or tears, to thine own woes denied,
For others' griefs were shed!

Thy mind! it ever was the home
Of high and holy thought;
Thy life, an emblem of the truths
Thy pure example taught;
When blended in thine eye of light,
As from a royal throne,
Kindness, and peace, and virtue there
In mingled radiance shone.

One evening, when the autumn dew
Upon the hills was shed,
And Hesperus far down the west
His starry host had led,
Thou said'st how sadly and how oft
To that prophetic eye,
Visions of darkness and decline,
And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,
Which none beside might hear;—
Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,
Breathed faintly on the ear;
It was the warning kindly given,
When blesséd spirits come,
From their bright paradise above,
To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then,
That fatal warning fell!
But oh! the dark reality
Another voice may tell;
The quick decline,—the parting sigh,—
The slowly moving bier,—
The lifted sod,—the sculptured stone,—
The unavailing tear!—

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven,
Entwine thy temples now;
The crown that shines immortally,
Is beaming on thy brow;
The seraphs round the burning throne
Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
Companion of the blessed.

The sun hath set in folded clouds,—
Its twilight rays are gone;
And, gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
Alas! how ill that bursting storm
The fainting spirit braves,
When they,—the lovely and the lost,—
Are gone to early graves!

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O. W. B. Peabody.

O sacred star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal spheres of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amid those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,

Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever-during notes of praise?

Oh, who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its peril past,
The bright wave of eternity!

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When Hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

HYMN OF NATURE.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

God of the earth's extended plains,
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky.
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the dale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

God of the forest's solemn shade;
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee:
But more majestic far they stand
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow,—
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue
Suspended on the rainbow's wings!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free,
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that glows alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay,
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow,
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

Grenville Mellen.

AMERICAN.

Mellen (1799–1841) was a native of Biddeford, Me. He graduated at Cambridge, and studied law; but a tendency to epilepsy prevented all professional success. He resided at times in Boston, Washington, and New York. A man of singular elevation and purity of character, and a true poet in feeling, he lacked the artistic gift by which expression is made to interpret and impart, in aptest, briefest form, what is powerfully felt. The chief collection of his poems, "The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems" (of which few copies are to be found), was published in Boston in 1833.

THE BUGLE.

"But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle's note;
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream:
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo 'turned an answering blast."
Lady of the Lake.

O wild enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there,
Till a new melody is born;—

Wake, wake again! the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon,
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old, remembered shout.

Oh, have ye heard that peal
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye, in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go! no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

John Imlah.

Imlah (1799–1846), a Scottish song-writer, was a native of Aberdeen, the son of an innkeeper, and the youngest of seven sons born in succession. On completing an ordinary education at the grammar-school, he was apprenticed to a piano-forte-maker. Excelling as a piano-tuner, he got employment in that capacity in London. He composed songs from his boyhood. In 1827 he published "May Flowers," a 12mo volume of lyrics, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. His second volume of poems appeared in 1841.

THE GATHERING.[1]

Rise, rise! Lowland and Highland men,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise, rise! main-land and island men,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie;
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothie, and shieling,—
Bugle and battle-drum,
Bid chief and vassal come!
Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch are pealing.

Men of the mountains—descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
Say, shall the Southron, the Sassenach, fear us,
When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Red rust has blunted the armor of Albyn;
Seize, then,—ye mountain Macs!—
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbin!

When hath the tartan-plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue-bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader, the rightful, the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald Macdonald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!

[1] This song has been erroneously ascribed to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

FROM "THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE."

There lives a young lassie
Far down you lang glen;
How I lo'e that lassie
There's nae ane can ken!
O! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithful I'll be;
For well I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan[1]
Her smiling wee mou';
And white as the gowan[2]
Her breast and her brow!
Wi' a foot o' a fairy
She links[3] o'er the lea:
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
And Mary lo'es me.

[1] Mountain-ash berry. [2] Daisy. [3] To trip along.

Anonymous and Miscellaneous Poems of the 18th and 19th Centuries.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

ANONYMOUS (SCOTTISH—18TH CENTURY).

As I came down through Cannobie,
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
The summer sun had shut his e'e,
And loud a lass did sing, O:
Ye westlin winds, all gently blow;
Ye seas, soft as my wishes flow;
And merry may the shallop row
That my true love sails in, O!

My love hath breath like roses sweet,
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
And arms like lilies dipped in weet,
To fold a maiden in, O!
There's not a wave that swells the sea
But bears a prayer and wish frae me;—
Oh soon may I my true love see,
Wi' his bauld hands again, O!

My lover wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue—
A rose so white, a heart so true,
A dimple on his chin, O!
He bears a blade his foes have felt,
And nobles at his nod have knelt;
My heart will break, as well as melt,
Should he ne'er come again, O!

OH SAW YE THE LASS?

ANONYMOUS (SCOTTISH—18TH CENTURY).

Oh saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.

The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen
Is the dear one I love wi' the bonnie blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
And when the moon shines on yon valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THOMAS NOEL (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

SONNET: DECEMBER MORNING.

ANNA SEWARD (LICHFIELD, ENGLAND—1747–1809).

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom,
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold,
By whose blessed use we lengthen life, and, free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old!

SONG OF BIRTH.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Hail, new-waked atom of the Eternal whole,
Young voyager upon Time's mighty river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and forever!
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who at first called forth
From nothingness the earth,
Who clothed the hills in strength, and dug the sea;
Who gave the stars to gem
Night, like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee;
Young habitant of earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
Thou art akin to God who fashioned thee!

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,
The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,
But thou, O human Soul,
Shalt be immortal! Hail!
Thou young Immortal, hail!
He, before whom are dim
Seraph and cherubim,
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Thou little child, made thee!
Fair habitant of Earth,
Immortal in thy God, though mortal by thy birth,
Born for life's trials, hail, all hail to thee!

SONG OF DEATH.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Shrink not, O human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save!
Look up, look up, frail nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!
Quickly goes down the sun;
Life's work is almost done;
Fruitless endeavor, hope deferred, and strife!
One little struggle more,
One pang, and then is o'er
All the long, mournful, weariness of life.
Kind friends, 'tis almost past;
Come now and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And his last blessing hear,
See how he loved you who departeth now!
And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
Oh, most belovéd one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath!
The fluttering spirit panteth to be free,
Hold him not back who speeds to victory!
—The bonds are riven, the struggling soul is free!

Hail, hail, enfranchised Spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod!
On, blessed Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face;
And stand before thy God!
Life's weary work is o'er,
Thou art of earth no more:
No more art trammelled by the oppressive clay,
But tread'st with wingéd ease
The high acclivities
Of truths sublime, up Heaven's crystalline way.
Here is no bootless quest;
This city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear appal;
Here love is all in all;
Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire;
Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
Lift, lift thy wond'ring eyes!
Yonder is Paradise,
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of thy land!
And these who throng to meet thee are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
—The city's gates unfold—enter, oh! enter in!

YOUNG AIRLY.

ANONYMOUS (SCOTTISH—18TH CENTURY).

Ken ye aught of brave Lochiel?
Or ken ye aught of Airly?
They have belted on their bright broadswords,
And off and awa' wi' Charlie!
Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,
And bring it red and yarely—
At mirk midnight there flashed a light
O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe[1] is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,
Which gleams so red and rarely?
By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,
It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,
And calm your mood, said Charlie;
Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, yon fair tower's my native tower!
Nor will it soothe my mourning,
Were London palace, tower, and town,
As fast and brightly burning.
It's no my hame—my father's hame,
That reddens my cheek sae sairlie—
But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left
To smoor[2] in the smoke of Airly.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

JAMES KENNEY (SEE PAGE 359).

Dear Tom, my brave, free-hearted lad,
Where'er you go, God bless you;
You'd better speak than wish you had,
If love for me distress you.
To me, they say, your thoughts incline,
And possibly they may so:
Then, once for all, to quiet mine,
Tom, if you love me, say so.

On that sound heart and manly frame
Sits lightly sport or labor,
Good-humored, frank, and still the same,
To parent, friend, or neighbor:
Then why postpone your love to own
For me, from day to day so,
And let me whisper, still alone,
"Tom, if you love me, say so?"

How oft when I was sick, or sad
With some remembered folly,
The sight of you has made me glad,—
And then most melancholy!
Ah! why will thoughts of one so good
Upon my spirit prey so?
By you it should be understood—
"Tom, if you love me, say so!"

Last Monday, at the cricket-match,
No rival stood before you;
In harvest-time, for quick despatch
The farmers all adore you;
And evermore your praise they sing,
Though one thing you delay so,
And I sleep nightly murmuring,
"Tom, if you love me, say so!"

Whate'er of ours you chance to seek,
Almost before you breathe it,
I bring with blushes on my cheek,
And all my soul goes with it.
Why thank me, then, with voice so low,
And faltering turn away so?
When next you come, before you go,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

When Jasper Wild, beside the brook,
Resentful round us lowered,
I oft recall that lion-look
That quelled the savage coward.
Bold words and free you uttered then:
Would they could find their way so,
When these moist eyes so plainly mean,
"Tom, if you love me, say so!"

My friends, 'tis true, are well to do,
And yours are poor and friendless;
Ah, no! for they are rich in you,
Their happiness is endless.
You never let them shed a tear,
Save that on you they weigh so;
There's one might bring you better cheer;
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My uncle's legacy is all
For you, Tom, when you choose it;
In better hands it cannot fall,
Or better trained to use it.
I'll wait for years; but let me not
Nor wooed nor plighted stay so;
Since wealth and worth make even lot,—
Tom, if you love me, say so!

[1] A flame. [2] To smother.

SONNET: COMPARISON.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

The lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand
The little billows hastening silently
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,
Soon as they touched the shore all doomed to die.
I gazed upon them with a pensive eye;
For, on that dim and melancholy strand,
I saw the image of man's destiny:
So hurry we right onward thoughtlessly,
Unto the coast of that Eternal Land,
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,
The first faint touch unable to withstand,
We melt at once into eternity.
O Thou who weighest the waters in thine hand,
My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in Thee!

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

Miss Hannah Flagg Gould (1789–1865), by whom the following little poem was written, was a native of Lancaster, Vt., but subsequently resided in Newburyport, Mass. A volume of her poems appeared in 1832; another in 1836; and a third in 1841.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me,
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful crocus.

Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder that one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow:
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

THE MANAGING MAMMA.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

She walketh up and down the marriage mart,
And swells with triumph as her wares depart;
In velvet clad, with well-bejewelled hands,
She has a smile for him who owns broad lands,
And wears her nodding plumes with rare effect
In passing poverty with head erect.
She tries each would-be suitor in the scale—
That social scale whose balance does not fail;
So much for wealth, so much for noble blood,
Deduct for age, or for some clinging mud.
Her daughters, too, well tutored by her art,
All unreluctant in her game take part;
Or, meekly passive, yield themselves to fate,
Knowing full well resistance is too late.
Thus are her victims to the altar led,
With shining robes and flowers upon the head;
There, at the holy shrine, 'mid sacred vows,
She fancies Heaven will bless what earth allows,
And sells her child to Mammon with a smile,
While Mephistopheles approves the style.

A RIDDLE ON THE LETTER H.

MISS CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE (ENGLAND—1764–1834).

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder,
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death:
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart; and though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

SWEET TYRANT, LOVE.

The following appeared in the *London Literary Gazette*, October 9, 1830, as undoubtedly the production of James Thomson. It was taken from a manuscript volume of dramatic and other collections, made by a Mr. Ogle, who published a work on Gems, toward the latter part of the 18th century. The internal evidence is good, and justifies the ascription. For an account of Thomson, see page 165.

Sweet tyrant, Love! but hear me now,
And cure, while young, this pleasing smart,
Or rather aid my trembling vow,
And teach me to reveal my heart:
Tell her whose goodness is my bane,
Whose looks have smiled my peace away—
Oh, whisper how she gives me pain,
Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay!

'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
For what the vulgar beauty call;
'Tis not a cheek, a lip, an eye—
But 'tis the soul that lights them all.
For that I drop the tender tear,
For that I make this artless moan,
Oh, sigh it, Love, into her ear,
And make the bashful lover known!

THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

The rain's come at last!
And 'tis pouring as fast
As if it would pay the arrears of the past;
While the clouds on the wind
Press on thicker and thicker,
As if they'd a mind
To disgorge all their liquor.

Let them patter away—
There's a toper to-day
That will take their whole tonnage to moisten his clay:
Yea, though they keep up
For a fortnight their dropping,
He won't flinch a cup,
Nor require any mopping.

Yea, earth that was cursed
With a vehement thirst,
Is drinking so eager you'd fancy he'd burst;
And his hot chappy lips—
How he smacks them together
As he gulps, tastes, and sips
The delicious wet weather!

See the beautiful flowers,
How they soak in the showers
That plash on the meadows or splash through the bowers!
Leaves, blossoms, and shoots
Quaff with succulent mouth;
And the fibres and roots
Are imbibing the South.

The farmer's nice ear
Distinctly can hear
The growth of his crops through their bacchanal cheer;
And the boozy potatoes
Cry out, under cover,
"With elbow-room treat us,
Arrah! neighbors, lie over."

The horses and cows,
Neglecting to browse,
Stand still when they give their parched hides a carouse;
And the indolent sheep
Their frieze jackets unbutton,
While with rain-drops they steep
Their half-roasted mutton.

The birds of the air
Seem little to care,
If the summer should never again dry up fair;
For they're dabbling, like snipes,
And rejoicing together,
While the quail tunes his pipes
To *wet-weather! wet-weather!*

The ducks and the drakes
Spread their feathers in flakes,
And dabble their bellies in stable-yard lakes;
And nothing on earth
Can be half so absurd
As the bibulous mirth
Of the pond-loving bird.

In brief, to sum up—
All things seem to sup
New vigor from Nature's most bountiful cup;
While the sky dropping rain,
And the sun, shining southerly,
Make the country again
Look good-natured and motherly.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

From one of "Esther Wynn's Love-letters," by the Anonymous Author of the Saxe-Holm Stories (1873).

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow:
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,—
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain:
We have hurt each other often,—
We shall again,—
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;—
Buried—forgiven before it comes,
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space.
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro.
I kiss thee, darling, for all the joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath:
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

In Cassell's "Illustrated Readings," edited by Tom Hood, the younger (1835-1875), this amusing song is credited to William Pitt, who was master attendant at Jamaica Dock-yard, and afterward at Malta, where he died in 1840. It is credited in many collections to Charles Dibdin; an error arising probably from the fact that Dibdin wrote a song under the same title, and commencing—

"Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns still he'd whistle and sing:
Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honor gives greatness, was great as a king."

This song was set to music, and published by Novello & Co., London. Pitt's song (a much better one) was also set to music, and published by Purday & Son, London.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling—
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Billy—
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em! how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town—
What danger they are all in!
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying—
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

WHERE IS HE?

Henry Neele (1798–1828), author of the following poem, was a native of London, who published two volumes of poems, and wrote "The Romance of English History." Just after his thirtieth birthday he committed suicide in a fit of despondency.

And where is he? Not by the side
  Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
  Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend
That form beloved he marks no more;
  Those scenes admired no more shall see—
Those scenes are lovely as before,
  And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no! the radiance is not dim
  That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
  Are dear to life and nature still;
But ah! his home is not so fair;
  Neglected must his garden be—
The lilies droop and wither there,
  And seem to whisper, where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall!
  But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
  Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
  Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
  Seemed proudly strong—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
  The fireside shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
  And death displays his banner there;
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
  And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
  O where are they? and where is he?

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Anonymous (British—18th Century).

For England when with favoring gale
  Our gallant ship up Channel steered,
And, scudding under easy sail,
  The high blue western land appeared;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
  "By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
  Some well-known object kept in view;
An abbey-tower, the harbor-fort,
  Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
  "By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
  With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
  Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
  "Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
  We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
"Stand clear the cable," is the cry—
  The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seaman with delight
  Proclaim—"All's well!"

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Anonymous (Scottish—18th Century).

Gin a body meet a body
  Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
  Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie—
  Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
  When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
  I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
  I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
  Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
  Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie—
  Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
  When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
  I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
  I dinna care to tell.

OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.[1]

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,—
She loves, and loves forever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm,—
She loves, and loves forever.

LOVE AND AGE.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.[1]

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together:
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along:
And I did love you very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly:
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely,—
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened:—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire gray:
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago!

GO, SIT BY THE SUMMER SEA.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—18TH CENTURY).

Go, sit by the summer sea,
Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
Where the flood hasteth.
Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest:
Such is his heart's unrest,
Who of love tasteth!

[1] Novelist and poet, Peacock (England—1785-1866) wrote "Headlong Hall" (1815). His chief poems were "Palmyra" (1806); "The Genius of the Thames" (1810, 1812); and "Rhododaphne; or, the Thessalian Spell" (1818). Peacock held an appointment in the India House, but found his best relaxation in literature.

Griev'st thou that hearts should change?
Lo! where life reigneth,
Or the free sight doth range,
What long remaineth?
Spring with her flowers doth die;
Fast fades the gilded sky;
And the full-moon on high
Ceaselessly waneth.

Smile, then, ye sage and wise!
And if love sever
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
Such does it ever!
Deep as the rolling seas,
Soft as the twilight breeze,—
And yet of more than these
Boast could it never!

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

John Quincy Adams, son of the second President of the United States, and himself President for one term, published, in 1832, a long composition in verse, entitled "Dermot MacMorrogh." The following tender little lyric from his pen will probably outlast all his other poetical productions. Adams died in the Capitol at Washington, February 23d, 1848. His last words were, "This is the last of earth!" He was born in Braintree, Mass., July 11th, 1767.

Sure, to the mansions of the blessed
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.
That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam
The more it lingers upon earth.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb,
No passion fierce, nor low desire
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded as it came.
Fond mourner, be that solace thine!
Let Hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe, with melodies divine,
The anguish of a mother's heart.

Oh, think! the darlings of thy love,
Divested of this earthly clod,
Amid unnumbered saints, above,
Bask in the bosom of their God.
O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend;
For thee the Lord of life implore;
And oft from sainted bliss descend
Thy wounded spirit to restore.
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear;
Their part and thine inverted see:
Thou wert their guardian angel here,
They guardian angels now to thee!

AGAIN.

Anonymous (British—19th Century).

O sweet and fair! O rich and rare!
That day so long ago;
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow!
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore:
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
Forever, evermore.

O fit and few! O tried and true!
The friends who met that day;
Each one the other's spirit knew;
And so, in earnest play,
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore.
We said, "Such days shall come again
Forever, evermore."

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast;
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past.
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung—
Like,—unlike,—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred our harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said;
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
O never, never more!"

NEVER DESPAIR.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

The opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter-hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches Truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic Need
Begets the Deed:

Nerve, then, thy soul with direst need to cope:
Life's brightest Hope
Lies latent in Fate's darkest, deadliest lair—
Never despair!

MY PHILOSOPHY.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Bright things can never die,
Even though they fade;
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away?
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Solace the night?
Bright things can never die,
Saith my philosophy:
Phœbus, while passing by,
Leaves us the light.

Kind words can never die:
Cherished and blessed,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast!
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Ay, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy;
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die;
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Even to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisied spring
Float, on Time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die,
Saith my philosophy;
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die;
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream
In the lone glade.
Yea, though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy,
Bright things can never die,
Even though they fade.

PROGRESS.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

All victory is struggle, using chance
And genius well; all bloom is fruit of death!
All being, effort for a future germ;
All good, just sacrifice; and life's success
Is rounded-up of integers of thrift,
From toil and self-denial. Man must strive
If he would freely breathe or conquer: slaves
Are amorous of ease and dalliance soft;
Who rules himself calls no man master, and
Commands success even in the throat of Fate.
Creation's soul is thrivance from decay;
And nature feeds on ruin; the big earth
Summers in rot, and harvests through the frost,
To fructify the world; the mortal Now
Is pregnant with the spring-flowers of To-come;
And death is seed-time of Eternity.

RELIQUIÆ.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

A wild, wet night! The driving sleet
  Blurs all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shake; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet;
  The wind raves from the sea.

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
  My long day's work is almost done;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all the nights in the year, to-night
  I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
  Before my open desk I stand.
Alas! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth, since last
  I held thee in my hand?

So, there it lies! From year to year
  I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellower; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
  And fade away with age.

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
  The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered harebell, and a fold
  Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
  Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these house-gods from my hearth;
And yet the secret of their worth
  Must live and die with me.

FAITH.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Ye who think the truth ye sow
Lost beneath the winter snow,
Doubt not, Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw;
  God in nature ye can trust:
  Is the God of mind less just?

Read we not the mighty thought
Once by ancient sages taught?
Though it withered in the blight
Of the mediæval night,
  Now the harvest we behold;
  See! it bears a thousand-fold.

Workers on the barren soil,
Yours may seem a thankless toil;
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
Listen to the cheering word:
  Now the faithful sower grieves;
  Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

If great Wisdom have decreed
Man may labor, yet the seed
Never in this life shall grow,
Shall the sower cease to sow?
  The fairest fruit may yet be born
  On the resurrection morn!

GENIUS.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
  While veered the wind, and flapped the sail—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
  Dancing before the fitful gale,
    Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
  His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
  Then fluttered o'er the waters blue;
    Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;
  Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
  The spirit-life in this vast scene;
    Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee!
  Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain—and he
  No more will dance before the morn,
    Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween;
  Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,
  A larger life and hope—though lost,
    Far out at sea.

DEIRDRÉ'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.

ANONYMOUS (FROM THE GAELIC).

Deirdré, wife of Naise, the son of Usna, returning with her husband to Emania in Erin, laments for Alba (Scotland), her adopted country. Both the original and the translation are anonymous. The poem is exceptionally beautiful.

Alas! and alas, my sorrow!
The pain that hath no relief,
Alas! for the dreadful morrow
To dawn on our day of grief!—
Oh land in the orient glowing,
The last of thy smiles hath shone
On us, for Fate's wind is blowing,
And the wave of our doom speeds on,
And a blight from the westward cometh, and the bloom of our life is gone!

Oh land of the morn-bright mountains
With the purple moors at their feet,
Of the clear leaf-mirroring fountains
And rivers of water sweet;
Of the fragrant wood-bowers twining,
And the cataract's sounding roar,
Of the lakes in their splendor shining,
With the pine-woods whispering o'er,
Ah! naught but my lord, my lover, could lure me from thy green shore!

Sweet is it in Daro's valley
To list to the falling rill,
To the breeze in the woodland alley,
And the goshawk's note from the hill;
To the light-winged swallow pursuing
His mate with a joyous cry,
To the cuckoo's voice and the cooing
Of doves in the pine-tops high,
And the throstle's song in the thicket, and the lark's from the morning sky.

Under the summer arbor
By the fresh sea-breezes fanned,
Where the waters of Drayno's harbor
Sing over the silver sand,
Happy from morn till even
We've watched the sea-birds play,
And the ocean meeting the heaven,
In the distance far away,
And the gleam of the white-sailed galleys, and the flash of the sunlit spray!

In Masan the green, the blooming,
How happy our days did pass;
Many its flowers perfuming
And studding like gems the grass:
There the foxglove purpled the hollow,
And the iris flaunted its gold,
And the flower that waits for the swallow,
Its dainty bloom to unfold,
With the hyacinth blue and the primrose, laughed in the breezy wold.

In Eta of sunny weather,
'Neath our happy home-porch hid,
On venison sweet from the heather
And flesh of the mountain kid,
On game from the forest cover
And fish from the crystal stream,
We feasted till eve was over,
And the moon with her silver gleam
Soared o'er the dusky pine-woods out from the realm of dream.

O land of the East! O Giver
Of freedom from sore distress!
O land where no cloud came ever
To darken our happiness!
O home of pleasure and promise
And peace unto mine and me,
When I see thy shores fade from us,
I sigh in my misery,
And send my voice o'er the waters crying, farewell to thee!

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY JOHN GAMBOLD, A BISHOP AMONG THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN, WHO DIED IN 1771.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have and manhood known;
Oh what is life?—and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind;
Oh what is thought?—and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:

Oh what is all we feel?—why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,—
Some at one interview displayed,—
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,—
In lasting bonds my heart have laid;—
Oh what is friendship?—why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
Oh, what is virtue?—why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave,—who strangely fills
This frame—and waft me to the dead!
Oh, what is death? 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys!

FAME.

PARAPHRASE FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER (1759–1805).

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean, fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?—
Thy duty ever.—
This did full many who yet slept unknown.—
Oh! never, never!
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown,—
Divine their lot!

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife!
Yea, with thy might!
E'er perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled:
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

THE CLOWN'S SONG.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

"Here I am!"—and the house rejoices;
Forth I tumble from out the slips;
"Here I am!"—and a hundred voices
Welcome me on with laughing lips.
The master, with easy pride,
Treads the sawdust down;
Or quickens the horse's stride,
And calls for his jesting clown.

"What, ho, Mr. Merriman!—Dick,
Here's a lady that wants your place."
I throw them a somerset, quick,
And grin in some beauty's face.
I tumble, and jump, and chaff,
And fill them with wild delights;
Whatever my sorrow, I laugh,
Through the summer and winter nights.

I joke with the men, if I dare;
Do they strike, why I cringe and stoop;
And I ride like a bird in air,
And I jump through the blazing hoop.
Whatever they say or do,
I am ready with joke and jibe;
And, whenever the jests are new,
I follow, like all my tribe.

But life is not all a jest,
Whatever the wise ones say;
For when I steal home to rest
(And I seek it at dawn of day),
If winter, there is no fire;
If summer, there is no air:
My welcome's a hungry choir
Of children, and scanty fare.

My wife is as lean a scold
As famine can make man's wife;
We are both of us sour and old
With drinking the dregs of life.
Yet, why do I sigh? I wonder,
Would the "Pit" or the "Boxes" sigh,
Should I wash off my paint, and, under,
Show how a fool must die?

THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply,—
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the coulter now,—
The coulter of the kindly plough.
Sweet Mary, mother, bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang!—our coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide;
Amid the song of morning birds,
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes, which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,—
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold,—
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides:
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests,—though far away,
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay,—
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
By Afric's pestilential shore?
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,—
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in spring's perpetual smile?
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply;
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the Sword.

The Sword!—a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or amid crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or as, when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide,—
Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is Liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the Sword!

SUNRISE COMES TO-MORROW.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

True it is that clouds and mist
Blot the clear, blue weather;
True that lips that once have kissed
Come no more together:

True that when we would do good,
Evil often follows;
True that green leaves quit the wood,
Summers lose their swallows;
True that we must live alone,
Dwell with pale dejections;
True that we must often moan
Over crushed affections;
True that man his queen awaits—
True that, sad and lonely,
Woman, through her prison-gates,
Sees her tyrant only:
True, the rich despise the poor,
And the poor desire
Food still from the rich man's door,
Fuel from his fire;
True that, in this age of ours,
There are none to guide us—
Gone the grand primeval powers!
Selfish aims divide us:
True the plaint; but, if more true,
I would not deplore it;
If an Eden fade from view,
Time may yet restore it.

Evil comes, and evil goes,
But it moves me never;
For the good, the good, it grows,
Buds and blossoms ever.
Winter still succeeds to Spring,
But fresh springs are coming;
Other birds are on the wing,
Other bees are humming.
I have loved with right good-will,
Mourned my hopes departed,
Dreamed my golden dream—and still
Am not broken-hearted.
Problems are there hard to solve,
And the weak may try them—
May review them and revolve,
While the strong pass by them.
Sages prove that God is not;
But I still adore him,
See the shadow in each spot
That he casts before him.
What if cherished creeds must fade?
Faith will never leave us;
God preserves what God has made,
Nor can Truth deceive us.
Let in light—the holy light!
Brothers, fear it never;
Darkness smiles, and wrong grows right:
Let in light forever!

Let in light! When this shall be
Safe and pleasant duty,
Men in common things shall see
Goodness, truth, and beauty;
And as noble Plato sings—
Hear it, lords and ladies!—
We shall love and praise the things
That are down in Hades.
Glad am I, and glad will be;
For my heart rejoices
When sweet looks and lips I see,
When I hear sweet voices.
I will hope, and work, and love,
Singing to the hours,
While the stars are bright above,
And below, the flowers:—
Apple-blossoms on the trees,
Gold-cups in the meadows,
Branches waving in the breeze,
On the grass their shadows:—
Blackbirds whistling in the wood,
Cuckoos shouting o'er us;
Clouds, with white or crimson hood,
Pacing right before us:
Who, in such a world as this,
Could not heal his sorrow?
Welcome this sweet sunset bliss—
Sunrise comes to-morrow!

WHERE ARE YE?

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted;
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother—
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth no other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she whose looks were love and gladness—
Love and gladness I no longer see?
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? Life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death!—ah! whither am I going?
All is well—my spirit parts in peace!

COME, SUNSHINE, COME!

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES VINCENT.

Come, Sunshine, come! thee Nature calls!
Give to the grape its vermeil hue,
Dispel the frost, the cloud, the storm,—
Come, Sunshine, come! the year renew!
The grain lies dormant in the soil,
The bird sings from the withered tree,
The ice-bound brook, the buried flowers,
Tarry, and watch, and long for thee.

Come, Sunshine, come! the torpid Earth
Beneath thy kisses will awake;
Her blush, her bloom, shall truly tell—
She loves thee, for thy own love's sake.
Lo, at the opened sash, the Poor!
Waiting for thee, their being's sum!
Cold their abode, and scant their store—
Come and relieve them, Sunshine, come!

Mountain, and vale, and desert waste,
Prairie, and wood, and sea-bound isle,
Herb, tree, and insect, roof and spire,
Kindle to life beneath thy smile.
Pleasure and love thy coming wait,
Poets and birds thy coming sing;
Thy quickening kiss Creation needs;—
Come, Sunshine, come: we yearn for Spring!

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

ANONYMOUS (AMERICAN – 19TH CENTURY).

When the grass shall cover me
Head to foot where I am lying,—
When not any wind that blows,
Summer bloom or winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was;"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom,
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore for anything,—
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders of my cause,
That shall speak me as I was,—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah! belovéd, in my sorrow
Very patient can I wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow,—
When your heart will moan, "Alas,
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was,"—
When the grass grows over me.

BATTLE HYMN AND FAREWELL TO LIFE.

The following spirited translation is from the German of Theodore Korner. Born in the year 1791, he fell in battle with the French, August 25th, 1813, when he was scarcely twenty-two years old.

Father of earth and heaven, I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame—
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round the struggling hour,—
Thou knowest if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! Oh hear, God of eternal power!

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
Forward, through blood and toil, and cloud and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:
Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

My deep wound burns; my pale lips quake in death;
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife;
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!
Yet many a dream hath charmed my youthful eye,
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh, surely, no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here shall live with me on high.
And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise before me now!
And as my failing senses fade away,
It beckons me on high, to realms of endless day!

THE GOING OF MY BRIDE.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

By the brink of the river our parting was fond,
But I whispered the words soft and low;
For a band of bright angels were waiting beyond,
And my bride of a day was to go:

Was to go from our shore, with its headland of years,
On a water whose depths were untold;
And the boat was to float on this River of Tears,
Till it blent with an ocean of gold.

Our farewell was brief as the fall of a tear—
The minutes like winged spirits flew,
When my bride whispered low that a shallop drew near,
And the beck of the boatman she knew.

Then I spoke in one kiss all the passion of years,
For I knew that our parting was nigh;
Yet I saw not the end—I was blinded by tears,
And a light had gone out from the sky.

But I caught the faint gleam of an outdrifting sail,
And the dip of a silver-tipped oar;
And knew, by the low, rustling sigh of the gale,
That a spirit had gone from the shore.

All alone in my grief, I now sit on the sand,
Where so often she sat by my side;
And I long for the shallop to come to the strand,
That again I may sit by my bride.

ERIN.

Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820), author of "Glendalloch, and other Poems" (1815), was one of the ablest writers among the United Irishmen. He was the first to bestow on Ireland the title of "The Emerald Isle." It occurs in the subjoined poem of "Erin," esteemed by Moore as "among the most perfect of modern songs."

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the dear island, and saw it was good;
The emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blessed,
With her back toward Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O sons of green Erin! lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime,
When man, in God's image, inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man;—

When the int'rest of State wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed,
And clasped the invader more close to her breast;
When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Eyed each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas for poor Erin! that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;
Yet, oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the EMERALD ISLE.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue!
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full-swelling chest and the fair-flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Erin! arise and make haste to be blest,—
Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

THE SWANS OF WILTON.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Oh how the Swans of Wilton
Twenty abreast did go,
Like country brides bound for the church,
Sails set and all aglow!
With pouting breast in pure white dressed,
Soft gliding in a row.

Where through the weed's green fleeces,
The perch in brazen coat,
Like golden shuttles mermaids use
Shot past my crimson float;
Where swinish carp were snoring loud
Around the anchored boat,—

Adown the gentle river
The white swans bore in sail,
Their full soft feathers puffing out
Like canvas in the gale;
And all the kine and dappled deer
Stood watching in the vale.

The stately Swans of Wilton
Strutted and puffed along,
Like canons in their full white gown
Late for the even-song,
Whom up the vale the peevish bell
In vain has chided long.

Oh how the Swans of Wilton
Bore down the radiant stream;
As calm as holy hermits' lives
Or a play-tired infant's dream;—
Like fairy beds of last year's snow,
Did those radiant creatures seem!

HYMN TO THE STARS.

This remarkable poem appeared in the Boston *Christian Examiner* in 1824; but whether it had previously appeared in some other work, British or American, we cannot yet say.

Ay, there ye shine, and there have shone
In one eternal hour of prime;
Each rolling, burningly alone,
Through boundless space and countless time!
Ay, there ye shine—the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod,
There through yon echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine;—
Yes, bright as then ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high immortal watch;
And gird your God's pavilion there!

Gold frets to dust,—yet there ye are;
Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll,
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul!—
And do they not—since yon bright throngs
One all-enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blessed, and lone?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,
The glance how rich, the range how vast!
The birth of time—the rise, the fall
Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships—all
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend—
The living hills his mighty fane!
Beneath his blue and beaming sky
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire!
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and flood, and flame,
All Nature's ills (and Life's worst woes),
Are naught to you—ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
Of Him, whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves;—
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
Yon burning blazonry of God!

SUMMER DAYS.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flutterings were in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And in the twilight and the breeze
We feasted many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,—
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood:
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

WITH A ROSE IN HER HAIR.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

My own, it is time you were coming,
For the ball-room is flooded with light,
And the leader impatiently humming
The *valse* they begin with to-night!
But the music, the flowers, and the lustre
Lack completeness when you are not there,
So hasten to join Beauty's muster
With a rose in your hair.

'Twas thus I first saw you, my own one!
As adown the long terrace you paced,
You had plucked the white rose—a full blown one—
Which amid your dark tresses was placed.
Then my heart blossomed forth like the flower,
To see you so young and so fair,
As you stood in the shade of the tower
With a rose in your hair.

And for aye, since that moment enchanted,
My life, both in sun and its storm,
In sorrow and joy, has been haunted
By an angel in feminine form.
Yet I can't—though 'tis constantly nigh me—
Describe all its loveliness rare;
But I know this—it always floats by me
With a rose in its hair.

And then you remember—(come nearer,
A word in that ear—like a shell!—)
When you whispered me none could be dearer
Than one—but his name I'll not tell—
Ah! your hair—of its flower who bereft it?
For you had none, I vow and declare,
On regaining the house; though you left it
With a rose in your hair.

But why waste we moments of pleasure?
Hark! the music invites us above:
Soon our feet shall beat time to the measure,
As our hearts beat the measure of love.
Come, queen of the poet's rich fancies—
My queen, with whom none may compare,
Come and glide in your grace through the dances
With a rose in your hair.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

William Goldsmith Brown (19th Century).

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lips, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now,
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,
The rich, the poor; on land and sea,—
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands shall till,
And others then our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,—
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

LINES ON A SKELETON.

The MS. of the following piece was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, placed near one of the skeletons, about the year 1807. The secret of its authorship has not been divulged, though a reward was offered for it.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasures long forgot!
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But—start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent Tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned;
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

SONNET: THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.[1]

Anonymous (British—19th Century).

It is a spectral show—this wondrous world—
And all things in it are a spectral show.
In everything is something else infurled;
And in the known lurks what we cannot know:
And from decay outgrowths stupendous grow;
And naught coheres. The hardest iron hurled
From catapult is not a solid; no!
Its atoms teem with tinier atoms whirled
Within; distinct as they who walk the pave
Of crowded cities, or the stars whose course
We watch at midnight. For in tossing wave,
In dense deposit, or pneumatic source,
We find no substance—naught enduring—save
The mutable results of hidden Force.

[1] From "Light Leading unto Light."

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

Mrs. Howarth (Published 1865).

Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth:
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
Oh, holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win;
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet; I am laden with care;
Dark are my garments with mildew and mould:
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old!

Now canst thou hear from thy home in the skies
All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free?
So I believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold:
Thou wilt still love me, and (pleasure sublime!)
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth, and transplanted in heaven:
Oh, holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old!

HAPPIEST DAYS.

Anonymous (British—19th Century).

They tell us, love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eye
The change that waits on being.

Ah! life, they say, is a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow,
For where the sunlight falls to-day
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow;
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness,
As well as depths of pleasure;
And those who love, love not, unless
They both of these can measure.
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover;
And woe if either then be dumb
To power that moved the lover.

There are some spots where each may fall,
And each will need sustaining;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining;
Then wherefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor?

Then, while these happy days we bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though he should change the showing.
Such be our faith, as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by his hand are led,
And hear what he is saying.

I AM THE LORD; I CHANGE NOT.[1]

Change not, change not to me, my God,
I would that thou shouldst be
To farthest worlds what thou hast been
On this sad earth to me:
Though thou hast baffled sore my life,
Though thy swift-scourging rod
Hath left me spirit-scarred, I cry,
Change not to me, my God!

[1] From "The New Minnesinger, and other Poems," by Arrah Leigh, London, 1875.

Change not to me for any change
That o'er my soul may come,
When lips that dearly love thy praise
In bitterness are dumb;
Yea, when I love thee not at all,
When from thy face I flee,
Let thy compelling love pursue,—
My God, change not to me!

When Death has wrought his awful change,
And left me spirit-bare,
Thou, who didst hide me 'neath thy wings,
Thy mantling love prepare.
I am no other than I was
When most Thou didst befriend;
I trust thee, Lord, for what thou wert:
Be changeless to the end.

I do not ask with sudden step
Thy purest heaven to win;
Be still, Most Merciful, all love,
Relentless to my sin;
Yea, Lord, make wholly beautiful
What thou hast loved so well;
Burn out in me whate'er defiles,—
Burn out in fire of hell.

Let me but know thy voice, its word
I will in all obey;
In outer darkness still most sure
That thou wilt find a way
To bring thy banished to thyself,
As thou didst bring of old,
When thy sin-wearied child but thought
On the forsaken fold.

Change not to me in those far worlds,
Where all is strange and new;
Where can my stranger spirit rest,
If thou art changéd too?
As turns the child from alien crowd
To the one kindred face,
To find that mother-eyes make home
In unfamiliar place,—

So, trembling, must I turn to thee,
The God whom I have known,
The God who, in this lonely world,
Hath never left me lone.
Do with me, Lord, whate'er thou wilt,
So only thou wilt be,
Forever and for evermore,
What thou hast been to me.

INVOCATION OF EARTH TO MORNING.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Wake from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiaraed head,
And, in thy vestal robes arrayed,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister! the dark-browed night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While, sitting supreme in regal sway,
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud-pavilioned home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.

When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turned to smile good-night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught—
There seemed not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.

I hear the sparkling midnight spheres
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet, ere Earth was stained with tears,
Burst on the joy-entrancéd ears
Of holy seraphim:
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.

Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister, dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome, forth to sing
With many a melting lay;
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

The sunflower her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;

Though round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watched and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And, like a desolate bride, she waits
For the opening of her lover's gates.

Oh, then arise, fair sister, dear!
Awake, belovéd Day!
For many a silent trembling tear
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay,
From the rosy bowers of the orient skies.
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!

ODE TO WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Annis Boudinot Stockton, of New Jersey, author of "The Triumph of Mildness," and who wrote in the latter half of the eighteenth century, addressed some of her poetry to Washington, whose reply, from which the following is an extract, shows he was not so austere that he could not indulge, on occasion, in the playful gallantry of the old school:

"Rocky Hill, September 24, 1783.

"You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though I were your father-confessor. If it is a crime to write elegant poetry, and if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penitence, I will strive hard to acquit you of your poetical trespasses.

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,
"George Washington.

"*To* Mrs. Stockton."

The following lines, though they may lack the ideal graces of the modern school, are superior to much that passed as poetry a hundred years ago, when Darwin and Hayley ruled the popular taste.

With all thy country's blessings on thy head,
And all the glory that encircles man,—
Thy deathless fame to distant nations spread,
And realms unblessed by Freedom's genial plan;—
Addressed by statesmen, legislators, kings,
Revered by thousands as you pass along,
While every muse with ardor spreads her wings,
To greet our hero in immortal song:—
Say, can a woman's voice an audience gain,
And stop a moment thy triumphal car?
And wilt thou listen to a peaceful strain,—
Unskilled to paint the horrid wrack of war?
For what is glory? What are martial deeds,
Unpurified at Virtue's awful shrine?
Full oft remorse a glorious day succeeds—
The motive only stamps the deed divine.
But thy last legacy, renownéd chief,
Hath decked thy brow with honors more sublime:—
Twined in thy wreath the Christian's firm belief,
And nobly owned thy faith to future time!

REQUIESCAM.

This remarkable little poem, said to have been found under the pillow of a wounded soldier near Port Royal (1864), is the production of an American lady, Mrs. Robert S. Howland.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,—

And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

THE DEPARTED GOOD.

Isaac Williams (England—1802–1865).

The good—they drop around us, one by one,
Like stars when morning breaks; though lost to sight
Around us are they still in Heaven's own light,
Building their mansions in the purer zone
Of the invisible: when round are thrown
Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright
To faith they gleam; and blessed be sorrow's night
That brings the o'erarching heavens in silence down,
A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair!
Alas! to us they are not, though they dwell,
Divinely dwell in memory; while life's sun
Declining, bids us for the night prepare;
That we, with urns of light, and our task done,
May stand with them in lot unchangeable.

A SPRING SONG.

EDWARD YOUL (*Howitt's London Magazine*—1847).

Laud the first spring daisies;
Chant aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses;
Make handfuls into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills:
Pluck the violets blue,—
Ah, pluck not a few!
Knowest thou what good thoughts from heaven the violet instils?

Give the children holidays
(And let these be jolly days);
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring:
Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.
Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo Spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as men);
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor,—
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet, and the wren.
As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and mild beast
Keep no Lent, but feast;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy is increased,
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.

Ah, come and woo the spring!
List to the birds that sing;
Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets;
Pluck the daisies,
Sing their praises;
Friendship with the flowers some noble thought begets.
Come forth and gather these sweet elves
(More witching are they than the fays of old).
Come forth and gather them yourselves,
Learn of these gentle flowers, whose worth is more than gold.

Come, come into the wood;
Pierce into the bowers
Of these gentle flowers,
Which not in solitude
Dwell, but with each other keep society;
And, with a simple piety,
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.
Or, upon summer earth,
To die, in virgin worth,
Or to be strewn before the bride,
And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays;
Come forth on Mondays;
Come forth on any day;
Children, come forth to play:—
Worship the God of nature in your childhood;
Worship him at your tasks with best endeavor;
Worship him in your sports; worship him ever;
Worship him in the wild wood;
Worship him amid the flowers;
In the greenwood bowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in his praise.

MY TREASURES.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

Let me count my treasures, all my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits whom I used to fear:—
Through long days of anguish and sad nights did Pain
Forge my shield Endurance, bright and free from stain.
Doubt, in misty caverns, 'mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel, Faith, to me she brought.
Sorrow (that I wearied should remain so long),
Wreathed my starry glory, the bright Crown of Song!
Strife, that racked my spirit without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower, Patience, on my breast.
Suffering, that I dreaded, ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity, smiling in my arms.
So I count my treasures, stored in days long past;
And I thank the givers, whom I know at last!

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."—Job vii. 16.

The Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, a great-grandson of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, who was the founder of the German Lutheran Church in America, was born in Philadelphia in 1796, and died in 1877. The great charities of St. Luke's Hospital and St. Johnland remain as enduring monuments of his untiring energy and Christian spirit. His "Life and Works" were published by the Messrs. Harper in 1880. We subjoin his popular hymn as it appears in his latest revision.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.
There too is the pillow where Christ bowed his head—
Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear.
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh, give me—oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

E. H. Burrington (British—19th Century).

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant: be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face,
Some, in a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled! whate'er thine eye may trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise;
Then seek it everywhere.

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee: believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet's cup?
I'll teach thee miracles: walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected* flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!"—if thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;
It turns the feelings prematurely old,
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the Beautiful!

THE JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

ANONYMOUS (UNKNOWN—19TH CENTURY).

If all our life were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no deep gloom enshrouded; -

If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the slow unfolding,
And happiness mayhap were thrown
On hands too weak for holding;—

Then we should miss the twilight hours,
The intermingling sadness,
And pray, perhaps, for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness.

If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We hardly could be tender.

Did our belovéd never need
Our loving ministration,
Life would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its finest consolation.

If sorrow never smote the heart,
And every wish were granted,—
Then faith would die, and hope depart,
And life be disenchanted.

And if in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow,—
Such unimagined, pure delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow.

UNCROWNED KINGS.

BERKELEY AIKEN (BRITISH—ABOUT 1854).

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Made royal by the brain and heart;
Of all earth's wealth the noblest part,
Yet reckoned nothing in the mart
Where men know naught but sordid things,—
All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose breath and words of living flame
Have waked slaved nations from their shame,
And bid them rise in manhood's name,—
Swift as the curved bow backward springs,—
To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose strong right arm hath oft been bared
Where fires of righteous battle glared,
And where all odds of wrong ye dared!—
To think on you the heart upsprings,
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose burning songs, like lava poured,
Have smitten like a two-edged sword
Sent forth by heaven's avenging Lord
To purge the earth where serfdom clings
To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
To whose ecstatic gaze alone
The beautiful by heaven is shown,
And who have made it all your own;
Your lavish hand around us flings
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
The heart leaps wildly at your thought,
And the brain fires as if it caught
Shreds of your mantle; ye have fought
Not vainly, if your glory brings
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,
And went in fiery chariots up
When each had drained his hemlock cup,—
Ye friends of God, but tyrants' stings,
Uncrowned, but still the kingliest kings!

WONDERLAND.

CRADOCK NEWTON (ENGLISH—1851).

Mournfully listening to the waves' strange talk,
And marking, with a sad and moistened eye,
The summer days sink down behind the sea,—
Sink down beneath the level brine, and fall
Into the Hades of forgotten things,—
A mighty longing stealeth o'er the soul;
As of a man who panteth to behold
His idol in another land—if yet
Her heart be treasured for him,—if her eyes
Have yet the old love in them. Even so,
With passion strong as love and deep as death,
Yearneth the spirit after Wonderland.

Ah, happy, happy land! The busy soul
Calls up in pictures of the half-shut eye
Thy shores of splendor: as a fair blind girl,
Who thinks the roses must be beautiful,
But cannot see their beauty. Olden tones,
Borne on the bosom of the breeze from far,—
Angels that came to the young heart in dreams,
And then, like birds of passage, flew away,—
Return. The rugged steersman at the wheel
Softens into a cloudy shape. The sails
Move to a music of their own. Brave bark,
Speed well, and bear us unto Wonderland!

Leave far behind thee the vexed earth, where men
Spend their dark days in weaving their own shrouds;
And Fraud and Wrong are crownéd kings; and Toil
Hath chains for hire; and all creation groans,
Crying, in its great bitterness, to God;
And Love can never speak the thing it feels,
Or save the thing it loves,—is succorless.
For, if one say "I love thee," what poor words
They are! While they are spoken, the belovéd
Travelleth, as a dooméd lamb, the road of death;
And sorrow blanches the fair hair, and pales
The tinted cheek. Not so in Wonderland!

There larger natures sport themselves at ease
'Neath kindlier suns that nurture fairer flowers,
And richer harvests billow in the vales,
And passionate kisses fall on godlike brows
As summer rain. And never know they there
The passion that is desolation's prey;
The bitter tears begotten of farewells;
Endless renunciations, when the heart
Loseth the all it lived for; vows forgot,
Cold looks, estrangéd voices,—all the woes
That poison earth's delight. For love endures,
Nor fades, nor changes, in the Wonderland.

Alas! the rugged steersman at the wheel
Comes back again to vision. The hoarse sea
Speaketh from its great heart of discontent,
And in the misty distance dies away.
The Wonderland!—'Tis past and gone. O soul!
While yet unbodied thou didst summer there,
God saw thee, led thee forth from thy green haunts,
And bade thee know another world, less fair,
Less calm! Ambition, knowledge, and desire
Drove from thee thy first worship. Live and learn;
Believe and wait; and it may be that he
Will guide thee back again to Wonderland.

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

By "The Ettrick Shepherd" (see Page 277).

Could this ill warld ha'e been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might ha'e lived,
Released frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case
That man maun ha'e this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
O had she no been made sae bonny!

I might ha'e roamed wi' cheerfu' mind,
Nae sin or sorrow to betide me,
As careless as the wandering wind,
As happy as the lamb beside me:
I might ha'e screwed my tunefu' pegs,
And carolled mountain-airs fu' gayly,
Had we but wanted a' the Megs,
Wi' glossy een sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking;
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,—
Of wild witch-notes it has nae ony
Sin e'er I saw that pawky quean,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

THE WATER-DRINKER.

Edward Johnson, M.D. (*London Metropolitan Magazine*—1837).

Oh, water for me! Bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
Oh, water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light:—
So, water! I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,—
Oh, cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O sleep! fall thy poppies on me;
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
So, hurrah for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star!
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah, hurrah!

GLENLOGIE.

SMITH'S SCOTTISH MINSTREL (18TH CENTURY).

Threescore o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed, and his bonnie black e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O haud your tongue, daughter, ye'll get better than he;"
"O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;
Though Dounlie is richer and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?"
"O here am I a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "Wash and go dine:"
'Twas "Wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine."
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee:"
The first line that he read, a low smile gave he;
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town."
But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he came to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there:
Bonnie Jean's mither was tearing her hair;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e,
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

THE PLACE TO DIE.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY (*Dublin Nation*, 1846).

How little recks it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
Upon the battle plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain:

But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,—
What recks it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God!

The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er him spread:
But ye who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere:
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

TO MY WIFE.

William Smith (England—1809–1871).

Oh! vex me not with needless cry
Of what the world may think or claim:
Let the sweet life pass sweetly by,
The same, the same, and every day the same.

Thee, Nature,—thought,—that burns in me
A living and consuming flame,—
These must suffice: let the life be
The same, the same, and evermore the same.

Here find I task-work, here society.
Thou art my gold, thou art my fame:
Let the sweet life pass sweetly by,
The same, the same, and every day the same.

LOVE AND ABSENCE.

From "The Pelican Papers," by James Ashcroft Noble. London, 1873.

Let it not grieve thee, dear, to hear me say
'Tis false that absence maketh the fond heart
More fond; that when alone, and far apart
From thee, I love thee more from day to day.
Not so; for then my heart would ever pray
For longer separation, that I might
In absence from thee gain the utmost height
Of love unrealized; nor would I stay
In my swift course, but ever onward press,
Until mine eager hand should touch the goal
Of possible passion. Did I love thee less,
Then might I love thee more; but now my soul
Is filled throughout with perfect tenderness;
No part of me thou hast, but the full whole.

DREAMS.

Anonymous (British—19th Century).

Oh, there's a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again:
'Tis a vision of light, of life, of truth,
That flits across the brain:
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after-life, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh, there's a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood and of woman's tears,
And the theme of that dream is war:
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And we shout in the battle-array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath
That vanisheth away.

Oh, there's a dream of hoary age:
'Tis a vision of gold in store;
Of sums noted down on a figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er:—
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust
As a refuge from grief and pain,—
Till our limbs are laid on that cold bed
Where the wealth of the world is in vain.

And is it thus from man's birth to his grave,
In the path that we all are treading?
Is there naught in his wild career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding!
Oh yes! there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
And the theme of that dream is heaven.

EPIGRAM BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

JOHN TODHUNTER, AUTHOR OF "LAURELLA, AND OTHER POEMS," LONDON, 1876.

But one short week ago the trees were bare;
And winds were keen, and violets pinched with frost;
Winter was with us; but the larches tossed
Lightly their crimson buds, and here and there
Rooks cawed. To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood: sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills; in lanes the wild flowers blow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries. The thrush apart
Sits throned, and loud his ripe contralto rings.
Music is on the wind,—and, in my heart,
Infinite love for all created things!

UNBELIEF.

ANONYMOUS (BRITISH—19TH CENTURY).

There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,—
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath Winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,—
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that Power alone,
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why!

ON A VIRTUOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN WHO DIED SUDDENLY.

These lines, given in some collections as anonymous, were written by William Cartwright, born in England in 1611, and educated at Oxford. He took orders, and in 1643 became junior proctor and reader in metaphysics at the University, but died the same year of a malignant fever. A collected edition of his "Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, and other Poems," appeared in 1647, and again in 1651. He seems to have been a favorite with his contemporaries; and Ben Jonson remarked of him, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." He must have cultivated poetry in his youth, for he was only twenty-six at the time of the death of Jonson, whose loss he mourned in a eulogy of which the following lines are a specimen:

> "But thou still putt'st true passion on; dost write
> With the same courage that tried captains fight;
> Giv'st the right blush and color unto things;
> Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
> Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
> Big without swelling, without painting, fair."

When the old flaming Prophet climbed the sky,
Who at one glimpse did vanish, and not die,
He made more preface to a death than this:
So far from sick she did not breathe amiss.
She who to Heaven more heaven doth annex,
Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,
Accounted nothing death but t' be reprieved,
And died as free from sickness as she lived.
Others are dragged away, or must be driven;
She only saw her time, and stepped to Heaven,
Where Seraphims view all her glories o'er
As one returned, that had been there before.
For while she did this lower world adorn,
Her body seemed rather assumed than born:
So rarefied, advanced, so pure and whole,
That body might have been another's soul;
And equally a miracle it were
That she could die, or that she could live here.

THE WAY.

WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF (AMERICAN—1877).

First, find thou Truth, and then—
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men
To untrod ways—
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate;
And whether smiles or scorn
Thy passing greet,
Or find'st thou flower or thorn
Beneath thy feet,—
Fare on! nor fear thy fate
At Heaven's gate.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

One of the most brilliant and estimable of England's men of letters, Macaulay (1800–1859), who became Lord Macaulay in 1857, was born October 5th, at Rothley Temple, in Lincolnshire. His father was Zachary Macaulay, a Scottish Presbyterian. Thomas was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1819 gained the Chancellor's Medal for a poem entitled "Pompeii"—hardly above the average of similar prize poems. He was a devoted student, however, and his improvement was rapid. He wrote the best of his poems, "The Battle of Ivry," in his twenty-fourth year; and was only twenty-five when he contributed his brilliant article on Milton to the *Edinburgh Review*. It was the first of a series of remarkable papers on distinguished characters. Having been admitted to the Bar, in 1830 he became a Member of Parliament. His speeches, which are very able, were carefully studied, and usually committed to memory, which was an easy task to him.

In 1834 he proceeded to India, as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of Calcutta. He returned to England in 1838; represented Edinburgh in Parliament up to the year 1847; held seats in the Cabinet; and in 1849 published the first two volumes of his great "History of England." It commanded a larger and more rapid sale, both in England and America, than any historical work known to the trade. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" had appeared in 1842; eighteen thousand copies were sold in ten years. It was his last attempt at poetry. "Like a wise gamester," he writes, "I shall leave off while I am a winner, and not cry 'Double or Quits.'" In the extract which we give from the "Lay of Horatius," thirty-one of the stanzas are omitted. Wordsworth denied that the "Lays" were poetry at all; and Leigh Hunt, in a letter asking Macaulay to lend him money, wrote him that he lamented that his "verses wanted the true poetical aroma which breathes from Spenser's 'Faery Queene.'" Upon which Macaulay says: "I am much pleased with him for having the spirit to tell me, in a begging letter, how little he likes my poetry."

Great as he was in literary execution, Macaulay, in one of his letters, remarks: "I never read again the most popular passages of my own works without painfully feeling how far my execution has fallen short of the standard which is in my mind." It was as an essayist and a writer of history that his contemporary laurels were gained. His poetry is quite overshadowed by his prose; but had he been unknown as a prose writer, he would have enjoyed no ordinary fame as a poet. His memory was wonderfully quick and tenacious, and his conversational powers were the wonder of his hearers. He has been accused of talking too much; and Sydney Smith once said of him: "He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful."

Take him for all in all, Macaulay was one of the noblest characters in English literature; generous to the needy, warm in the family affections, self-sacrificing and magnanimous, irreproachable in his habits and his life. He was never married. His mortal remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, his favorite haunt. An interesting "Life" of him, by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, who has also edited a volume of selections from his writings, appeared in 1877.

FROM THE LAY OF "HORATIUS."

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day;
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west, and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower, and town, and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands:
Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote,
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee!"

And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accurséd sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes:—
A wild and wrathful clamor,
From all the vanguard rose!
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank:
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a râging flood
Safe to the landing-place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands:
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?
Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley and Sir Marmaduke and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's [right.
And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God, for the Cause, for the Church, for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks: grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here; they rush on; we are broken; we are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast: [right!
O Lord, put forth thy might; O Lord, defend the
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark, hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!
Stand up another minute: brave Oliver is here.
Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accursed,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he—he turns, he flies; shame on those cruel eyes,
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.
Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab, to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.
Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?
Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope:
There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.[1]

[1] Sir Thomas Fairfax (1612–1671), who commanded the army of the Parliament during England's Civil Wars, was the true hero of the Battle of Naseby. His gallant charge at the head of the right wing of his army insured the success of Cromwell's division. George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham (1627–1688), author of "The Rehearsal," and other dramatic pieces, who married Fairfax's daughter Mary, was one of the wildest of the gay and dissolute courtiers of the period; but that he appreciated the noble qualities of his father-in-law is evident from the following eulogistic lines:

EPITAPH ON FAIRFAX BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I.

Under this stone doth lie
One born for victory,—
Fairfax the valiant, and the only He
Who ere for that alone a conqueror would be.

II.

Both sexes' virtues were in him combined:
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too of womankind.

III.

He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing besides, quite out of date,
Called modesty.

* * * * * *

VI.

When all the nation he had won,
And with expense of blood had bought
Store great enough, he thought,
Of fame and of renown.—
He then his arms laid down,
With full as little pride
As if he'd been the other, conquered side,
Or one of them could be that were undone.

VII.

He neither wealth nor places sought:
For others, not himself, he fought;
He was content to know
(For he had found it so)
That when he pleased to conquer he was able,
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.

VIII.

He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honorably good.

IX.

This from the world did admiration draw,
And from his friends both love and awe,
Remembering what he did in fight before.
Nay, his foes loved him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was resolved to fight no more.

X.

So, blessed of all he died, but far more blessed were we
If we were sure to live till we could see
A man as great in war, as just in peace as he.

THE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise:
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain, [Spain.
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;—
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall; [ty hall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecomb's lof-
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums:
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behooves him to set up the standard of her Grace:
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown, [down!
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!
Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM! the banner of our pride!

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea:
Such night in England ne'er hath been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head:
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu:
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth:
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North;
And on and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill;
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

* * * * * *

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war:
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood, [blood;
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war, [varre.
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Na-

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war; [varre."
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Na-

Hurrah! the foes are moving! hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain, [mayne.
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest;
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star, [Navarre.
Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go!"
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war, [Navarre!
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Génévière, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

Sir Henry Taylor.

Taylor (1800–18..) was a native of the County of Durham, England. In 1827 appeared his play of "Isaac Comnenus," which, says Southey, "met with few readers, and was hardly heard of." In 1834 his great dramatic poem of "Philip Van Artevelde" gave him at once an assured rank in English literature. It has gone through eight editions. Some of his other works are "Edwin the Fair," a historical drama, 1842; "The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems," 1847; "Notes from Life," 1847; "A Sicilian Summer, and Minor Poems," 1868. A baronetcy was bestowed on him, and he was known as Sir Henry Taylor. Crabb Robinson says of him: "His manners are shy, and he is more a man of letters than of the world."

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HON. EDWARD ERNEST VILLIERS.

I.

A grace though melancholy, manly too,
Moulded his being: pensive, grave, serene,
O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
Unceasing pain, by patience tempered, threw
A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
In happier hours and by the friendly few,
That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
And reason imped with inquisition keen,
Knowledge long sought with ardor ever new,
And wit love-kindled, showed in colors true
What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
Touched by the brightness of the golden dawn,
Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
Saw what would not be willingly passed by.
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace and gentle dignity,
That failed not at the first accost to please;
And as reserve relented by degrees,
So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,
That who but saw him once remembered long,
And some in whom such images are strong
Have hoarded the impression in their heart
Fancy's fond dreams and Memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
From the loud world, which yet he understood
Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
For he by privilege of his nature proof
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed
With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
And gently judged for evil and for good.
But while he mixed not for his own behoof
In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,
Not shorn of action for the public weal,—
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
For freedom as its signature and seal.
His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
From vain ambition and inordinate care,
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
Became a temple and a place of prayer.
In latter years he walked not singly there;
For one was with him, ready at all hours
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
Who buoyantly his burdens helped to bear,
And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground
Is holier than the Muse herself may tread;
Nor would I it should echo to a sound
Less solemn than the service for the dead.
Mine is inferior matter,—my own loss,—
The loss of dear delights forever fled,
Of reason's converse by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
Friend of my youth! though younger, yet my guide;
How much by thy unerring insight clear
I shaped my way of life for many a year,
What thoughtful friendship on thy death-bed died!
Friend of my youth, while thou wast by my side
Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
How like a charm thy life to me supplied
All waste and injury of time and tide,
How like a disenchantment was thy death!

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

What makes a hero?—not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutted avarice—caps tossed up in air,
Or pen of journalist, with flourish fair,

Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titular name—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero?—an heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved;
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain, well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,—
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and loved;
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown;
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still—
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

EXTRACT FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

Adriana. Oh, Artevelde;
What can have made you so mysterious? [soon
What change hath come since morning? Oh! how
The words and looks which seemed all confidence,
To me at least—how soon are they recalled!
But let them be—it matters not; I, too,
Will cast no look behind—Oh, if I should,
My heart would never hold its wretchedness.
Artevelde. My gentle Adriana, you run wild
In false conjectures; hear me to the end.
If hitherto we have not said we loved,
Yet hath the heart of each declared its love
By all the tokens wherein love delights.
We heretofore have trusted in each other,
Too wholly have we trusted to have need
Of words or vows, pledges or protestations.
Let not such trust be hastily dissolved.
Adri. I trusted not. I hoped that I was loved,
Hoped and despaired, doubted and hoped again,
Till this day, when I first breathed freelier,
Daring to trust—and now—O God, my heart!
It was not made to bear this agony—
Tell me you love me, or you love me not.
Artev. I love thee, dearest, with as large a love
As e'er was compassed in the breast of man.
Hide then those tears, belovéd, where thou wilt,
And find a resting-place for that so wild
And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,
And be its flood of passion wept away.
Adri. What was it that you said then? If you love,
Why have you thus tormented me?
Artev. Be calm;
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity:
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;
The seaman who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave,—
These have not lived more undisturbed than I:
But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman roused, at length
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;—
And now the time comes fast when here in Ghent
He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armèd men, must be himself in arms.
This time is near for all,—nearer for me:
I will not wait upon necessity,
And leave myself no choice of vantage ground,
But rather meet the times where best I may,
And mould and fashion them as best I can.
Reflect, then, that I soon may be embarked
In all the hazards of these troublesome times,
And in your own free choice take or resign me.
Adri. Oh, Artevelde, my choice is free no more.
Be mine, all mine, let good or ill betide.
In war or peace, in sickness or in health,
In trouble and in danger and distress,
Through time and through eternity I'll love thee;
In youth and age, in life and death I'll love thee,
Here and hereafter, with all my soul and strength.
So God accept me as I never cease
From loving and adoring thee next him:
And oh, may he pardon me if so betrayed
By mortal frailty as to love thee more.
Artev. I fear, my Adriana, 'tis a rash
And passionate resolve that thou hast made;
But how should *I* admonish thee, myself
So great a winner by thy desperate play?
Heaven is o'er all, and unto Heaven I leave it.
That which hath made me weak shall make me strong,
Weak to resist, strong to requite thy love;
And if some tax thou payest for that love,
Thou shalt receive it back from Love's exchequer.
Now must I go; I'm waited for ere this.

Adri. Upon this finger be the first tax raised.
[*Draws off a ring, which she gives him.*
Now what shall I receive?
Arter. The like from mine.
I had forgot—I have it not to-day:
But in its stead wear this around thy neck.
And on thy lips this impress. Now, good-night.

GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

From "Philip Van Artevelde."

He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
While lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace,—
The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

ARTEVELDE'S SOLILOQUY.

From "Philip Van Artevelde."

To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—
It is a hard condition. For myself,
I know not that the circumstance of life
In all its changes can so far afflict me,
As makes anticipation much worth while.
But she is younger,—of a sex beside
Whose spirits are to ours as flame to fire,
More sudden and more perishable too;
So that the gust wherewith the one is kindled
Extinguishes the other. Oh, she is fair!
As fair as heaven to look upon! as fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blessed
That weary pilgrim, resting at the fount
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage,
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.
This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
And loth I am to take my staff again.
Say that I fall not in this enterprise—
Still must my life be full of hazardous turns,
And they that house with me must ever live
In imminent peril of some evil fate.
—Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round,
And be the prattling voice of children heard.
Now let us make good cheer; but what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form that midmost in the circle sits
Half visible, his face deformed with scars,
And foul with blood?—Oh yes, I know it—there
Sits Danger, with his feet upon the hearth.

ARTEVELDE AND ELENA.

From "Philip Van Artevelde."

Elena. I cannot—no—
I cannot give you what you've had so long;
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.
I must be gone.
Arter. Nay, sweetest, why these tears?
Elena. No, let me go—I cannot tell—no—no:
I want to be alone.
Oh, Artevelde, for God's love let me go! [*Exit.*
Arter. (*after a pause*). The night is far advanced
upon the morrow.

* * * * * *

—Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent? Successfully it was.
How little flattering is a woman's love!
Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world;
Worth to men's measures of their own deserts,
If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing.
The few hours left are precious—who is there?
Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—when we think upon it,
How little flattering is a woman's love!
Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest,
And propped with most advantage; outward grace
Nor inward light is needful; day by day
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice.
Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?
Are none of you awake?—and as for me,
The world says Philip is a famous man—
What is there woman will not love, so taught?
Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must wake.
[*Enter an officer.*
Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.

Maria Jane (Jewsbury) Fletcher.

Miss Jewsbury (1800–1833) was a native of Warwickshire, England. She was married (1833) to the Rev. William Fletcher, missionary to India, and died soon after arriving in Bombay. She wrote "Lays of Leisure Hours" and "Letters to the Young." Her poetical vein was delicate and genuine. She was an amiable, accomplished woman.

BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou!
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow:
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie;
But, oh! do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie:
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie;
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie,
Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
How soon life's schemes are crossed.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
And he calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life;
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear,
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,
Alas! shall I live to see?
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree:
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think of the grave betimes, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

James Gordon Brooks.

AMERICAN.

Brooks (1801–1841), the son of a Revolutionary officer, was a native of Claverack, N. Y., on the Hudson. He was graduated at Union College in 1819, studied law, and began to write poetry under the signature of "Florio." He removed in 1823 to the city of New York, where he became connected as editor with various journals. In 1828 he married Mary Elizabeth Akin, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who wrote under the signature of "Norna," and shared the poetical gift, as the following lines from her pen attest:

PSALM CXXXVII.

"Come, sweep the harp! one thrilling rush
Of all that warmed its chords to song,
And then the strains forever hush
That oft have breathed its wires along!
The ray is quenched that lit our mirth,
The shrine is gone that claimed the prayer,
And exiles o'er the distant earth,—
How can we wake the carol there?

"One sigh, my harp, and then to sleep!
For all that loved thy song have flown:
Why shouldst thou lonely vigils keep,
Forsaken, broken, and alone?
Let this sad murmur be thy last,
Nor e'er again in music swell;
Thine hours of joyousness are past,
And thus we sever:—fare thee well!"

In 1829 the Messrs. Harper published "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems," by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks. In 1830 husband and wife removed to Winchester, Va., to take charge of a newspaper; but in 1839 they took up their residence in Albany, N. Y., where Mr. Brooks died. He was esteemed for his many good qualities, and held a high social position, though hardly favored by fortune in his various editorial enterprises.

GREECE:—1822.

Land of the brave! where lie inurned
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burned
And blazed upon the battle's fray;—
Land where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore;—

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rang,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sang,—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song!

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beamed on Marathon,
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play:
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered, spear in rust:
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised, degraded—in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?—
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 'tis the dim sepulchral light
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moonbeams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance!
Behold, thy banner waves afar;
Behold, the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief, of high emprise,
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee, Greece, to rise
In might, in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!
His banner totters—see! it falls
In ruin, freedom's battle-shroud!
Thy children have no soul to dare
Such deeds as glorified their sires;
Their valor's but a meteor's glare
Which flames a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high,—
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summits peering to the sky,—
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky!
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And Freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

Mrs. Archer (Wigley) Clive.

Miss Wigley (1801–1873), author of the novel of "Paul Ferroll" (1855), was a native of England. She became Mrs. Clive, and published, under the signature of V, poems which were collected in a volume in 1872. While sitting before the fire at Whitfield her dress caught, and, before help could be rendered, she was so burnt that she died of her injuries in a few hours. Her poems were highly praised by Lockhart. But he could not accord his approval to the "spirit which animates" the following lines. Is not the spirit, however, that of one confident of the future? The lines are remarkable as foreshadowing the actual manner of her death.

THE WISH.

Forbid, O Fate! forbid that I
Should linger long before I die!
Ah! let me not, sad day by day,
Upon a dying bed decay;—
And lose my love, my hope, my strength,
All save the baser part of man;
Concentring every wish, at length,—
To die as slowly as I can!

* * * * * *

I'd die in battle, love, or glee,
With spirit wild and body free:
With all my wit, my soul, my heart,
Burning away in every part;—
That so more meetly I might fly
Into mine Immortality:
Like comets, when their race is run,
That end by rushing on the sun!

William Wilson.

Wilson (1801–1860) was a native of Crieff, Scotland. While yet a child, he lost his father, a respectable merchant, and thenceforward was obliged to rely chiefly on his own efforts for education and advancement. He became an editor at twenty-two; moved to Edinburgh, and wrote for the leading periodicals. In 1833 he emigrated to the United States, settled at Poughkeepsie, and established himself in the bookselling and publishing business. It was not till after his death that his poems were collected and published. General James Grant Wilson, of New York, born (1832) in Edinburgh, author of a "Life of Halleck" and other works, also editor of "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland" (Harper & Brothers), in two elegant volumes, was his son.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE WOODS.

O blesséd morn! whose ruddy beam
Of gladness mantles fount and stream,
And over all created things
A golden robe of glory flings!

On every tendril, leaf, and spray,
A diamond glistens in the ray,
And from a thousand throats a shout
Of adoration gushes out;
A glad but sweet prelusive psalm
Which breaks the hallowed morning's calm.

Each wimpling brook, each winding rill
That sings and murmurs on at will,
Seems vocal with the blessed refrain,
"The Lord has come to life again!"

And from each wild flower on the wold,
In purple, sapphire, snow, or gold,
Pink, amethyst, or azure hue,
Beauteous of tint and bright with dew,
There breathes an incense offering, borne
Upon the wakening breath of morn
To the Creator, all divine,—
Meet sacrifice for such a shrine!

Far down those lofty forest aisles,
Where twilight's solemn hush prevails,
The wind its balmy censer swings,—
Like odors from an angel's wings,
Who, passing swift to earth, had riven
Their fragrance from the bowers of heaven!

And through each sylvan tangled hall,
Where slanting bars of sunlight fall,
Faint sounds of hallelujahs sweet
The trancéd ear would seem to greet,
As if the holy seraphim
Were choiring here their matin hymn.

God of all nature! here I feel
Thy awful presence, as I kneel,
In humble heart-abasement meet,
Thus lowly at thy mercy-seat!—
And while I tremble, I adore,
Like him by Bethel's stone of yore;—
For thus thy vouchsafed presence given
Hath made this place the Gate of Heaven!

Lord Kinloch.

William Penney (1801–1872) was a native of Glasgow, the son of a respectable merchant. Educated at the University he studied law, and in 1858 was appointed a judge of the Court of Session, taking the title of Lord Kinloch. In publishing his "Devout Thoughts" (1863), he remarks: "I offer this volume as a collection of thoughts rather than poems. The object is not an exhibition of poetic fancy, but an expression of Christian life."

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

I sought for wisdom in the morning time,
When the sun cleared the hills; and strove to climb
Where I could farther see; but all in vain
The efforts made! 'twas but unwearying strain
At truth, nor had of knowledge save the pain.

There rose a star in the East before 'twas night,
And spoke of God; but only spoke of might
And height and distance; in a gathering mist
I lost the star: I could not but persist
To seek, but how to find it, nothing wist.

I journeyed long and darkly; but at last
The star appeared; and now its beams were cast
On a poor stable, where, in swaddling bands,
An infant lay in virgin mother's hands;
Fixed there it stood, and fixed for me still stands.

I found where wisdom dwelt; and in my joy
Brought forth my gifts: gold, though it held alloy,
Which dimmed its worth; incense from forth a breast
Warm with new love; myrrh, through all life possessed,
Fragrant to make the couch of earth's last rest.

Samuel Carter Hall.

A native of England, Hall (1801-18..) was editor of the London *Art Journal*, and of several illustrated works of a high character: "The Book of Gems," "The Book of British Ballads," etc. He has also written, both in prose and verse, in behalf of the temperance and other great reforms. The poem we quote is from "Hereafter," produced in his eightieth year, and prefaced with the following passage from the "Life of the Prince Consort" by Theodore Martin:

"Death in his view was but the portal to a further life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclogged by the weaknesses, and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, and the sorrows of earthly existence."

Hall was married in 1824 to Miss Fielding, a native of Wexford, Ireland (1804), who, as Mrs. S. C. Hall, won reputation by her "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," and other successful works.

NATURE'S CREED.

Science may sneer at Faith; and Reason frown;
  May *prove* there are *no* souls—to live or die!
May scorn and scout the creed they argue down,
  And give the Great Omnipotent the lie:—

They limit Him—who made all worlds—to acts
  That Science calls "the possible;" and thus,
Bounding the Infinite by rules and facts,
  Explain the "fable of the soul" to us.

Ten thousand thousand things exist, we know,
  By Science tested and by Reason tried,
With no conclusive issue: save to show
  How much we need a better light and guide!

Can Science gauge the influence that draws
  The needle to the magnet? Can it see
The perfume of the rose? or measure laws
  By which the flower gives honey to the bee?

In spite of Science and its five poor tests,
  It *may* be but a part of "Nature's" plan
To people other spheres with other guests,
  Ascending (as descending) up from man.

And beings not of earth, or mortal birth,
  The first-born of Creation, *may* have been,—
And may be—ministers of love to earth—
  "A cloud of witnesses," though yet unseen:

And those we call "the dead" (who are not dead—
  Death was their herald to Celestial Life!)
May soothe the aching heart, and weary head,
  In pain, in toil, in sorrow, and in strife.

That is the pith of every natural creed,—
  (Instinctive teachings of an after-state
When from earth-manacles the soul is freed!)—
  Poor sceptics strive in vain to dissipate!

And there are many ways to Heaven that lead:
  Woe to the "prophets," foul and false, who teach
The narrow, cruel, cold, and selfish creed,
  That there are souls His voice can never reach.

In tortuous, tangled paths we tread; but trust
  One Guide to lead us forth and set us free;
Give us, Lord God All Mighty and All Just!
  The Faith that is but Confidence in thee!

John Henry Newman.

The son of a banker, Newman (1801-18..) was a native of London. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820. Seceding from the Established Church, he became a priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and in 1878 was made a Cardinal. His collected works form twenty-two volumes. His poems appeared in 1868, under the title of "Verses on various Occasions." They are mostly on religious topics, though some are playful in tone. His brother, Francis William Newman, born in 1805, resigned an Oxford fellowship because he could not subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles for his Master's degree. His ethical and theological writings have been very numerous, and his religious faith would seem to be that of a pure theism, free from the adulteration of any historical creed. The two brothers appear to have been diametrically opposed in their religious notions.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
  That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
  And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
  In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
  And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
  Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
  Which bloom their hour and fade.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

Weep not for me;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
Now too I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread;—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blessed.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death;—

Thou hast been ever at my side:
My Maker to thy trust
Consigned my soul, what time he framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, informed aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might.

Nor patron saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known,
And blessed as thou hast blessed.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe,
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet.

And thou wilt hang about my bed
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burned away.

And mine, oh brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

AMERICAN.

Pinkney (1802–1828) was born in London while his father was American Commissioner at the Court of St. James. He entered the navy as a midshipman, but afterward became a lawyer. A volume of his poems was published in Baltimore in 1825, and a second edition in 1838.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;

The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

SONG: WE BREAK THE GLASS.

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feeling out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

•

But still the old impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain.
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
On that soft chain of spoken flowers,
And airy gems, thy words.

Robert Macnish.

Macnish (1802–1837) was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. He studied medicine, and when eighteen received the degree of Master of Surgery. He manifested marked talents for literary pursuits; contributing some graceful poems to *Blackwood's Magazine*, also the striking story of "The Metempsychosis" (1825). He was the author of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness," "The Philosophy of Sleep," and other approved works. After eighteen months of country practice in Caithness, where his health failed, he went abroad and spent a year in Paris; attended the lectures of Broussais and Dupuytren, met Cuvier, and became acquainted with Galt, the phrenologist. On his return to Scotland he settled in Glasgow, but died young, beloved and lamented. His literary writings were collected, and published in a volume by his friend, D. M. Moir.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

Thy memory as a spell
Of love comes o'er my mind;
As dew upon the purple bell,
As perfume on the wind;
As music on the sea,
As sunshine on the river,
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive water-fall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth;
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle, kind and free,
Thou utteredst in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

The son of a sergeant-at-law, Praed (1802–1839), a native of London, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He studied for the Bar, but entered political life, and became a member of the House of Commons. While at Eton, in conjunction with Moultrie, William Sidney Walker, Chauncey Hare Townshend, and others, he edited that remarkably clever college magazine, *The Etonian*, of which Praed was the life. His poems are what have been styled *vers de société;* but they are sprightly, original, and witty, and have had hosts of imitators. His charades, too, are the best of their kind. On the maternal side Praed was related to the well-known Winthrop family of Boston, U. S. A.

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

"E voi ridete?—Certe Ridiamo."—Così fan tutte.

Laugh on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May:
You've not been introduced to Care—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice, whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away:
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Oh yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league;—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay:
But what you are you will not be—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy!
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept;
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 'tis true,
My hair is hardly gray;
But now I cannot laugh like you—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow:
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave!
Don't interrupt your play;
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

Air: "Sweet Kitty Clover."

Where is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell?
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She flirts with another, I know very well;
And I—am left all alone!
She flies to the window when Arundel rings,—
She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings,—
It's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings:
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Her love and my love are different things;
And I—am left all alone!

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She told me such horrors were never worn now:
And I—am left all alone!
But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,
And I guess who it came from—of course I don't care.
We all know that girls are as false as they're fair;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear:
And I—am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride,—
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She looks for another to trot by her side:
And I—am left all alone!
And whenever I take her down-stairs from a ball,
She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl:
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl;—
Where is she gone, where is she gone?

But I'd give a trifle to horsewhip them all;
And I—am left all alone!

She tells me her mother belongs to the sect
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect:
And I—am left all alone!
But a fire's in my heart, and a fire's in my brain,
When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim O'Shane;
I don't think I ever *can* ask her again;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
And, Lord! since the summer she's grown very plain;
And I—am left all alone!

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
And how should I guess that she'd torture me so?
And I—am left all alone!
Some day she'll find out it was not very wise
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs;
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize:
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes;
And I'll—be no longer alone!

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

Tell him I love him yet, as in that joyous time;
Tell him I ne'er forget, though memory now be crime;
Tell him, when sad moonlight is over earth and sea,
I dream of him by night,—he must not dream of me!

Tell him to go where Fame looks proudly on the brave;
Tell him to win a name by deeds on land and wave;
Green, green upon his brow the laurel-wreath shall be;
Although the laurel now may not be shared with me.

Tell him to smile again in pleasure's dazzling throng,
To wear another's chain, to praise another's song:
Before the loveliest there, I'd have him bend the knee,
And breathe to her the prayer he used to breathe to me.

And tell him, day by day life looks to me more dim;
I falter when I pray, although I pray for him.
And bid him, when I die, come to our favorite tree;
I shall not hear him sigh,—then let him sigh for me!

APRIL-FOOLS.

This day, beyond all contradiction,
This day is all thine own, Queen Fiction!
And thou art building castles boundless
Of groundless joys, and griefs as groundless;
Assuring beauties that the border
Of their new dress is out of order,
And school-boys that their shoes want tying,
And babies that their dolls are dying.
Lend me—lend me some disguise;
I will tell prodigious lies;
All who care for what I say,
Shall be April-fools to-day!

First I relate how all the nation
Is ruined by Emancipation;
How honest men are sadly thwarted,
How beads and fagots are imported,
How every parish church looks thinner,
How Peel has asked the Pope to dinner;
And how the Duke, who fought the duel,
Keeps good King George on water-gruel.
Then I waken doubts and fears
In the Commons and the Peers;
If they care for what I say,
They are April-fools to-day!

Next I announce to hall and hovel
Lord Asterisk's unwritten novel;
It's full of wit, and full of fashion,
And full of taste, and full of passion;
It tells some very curious histories,
Elucidates some charming mysteries,
And mingles sketches of society
With precepts of the soundest piety.
Thus I babble to the host
Who adore the *Morning Post;*
If they care for what I say,
They are April-fools to-day!

Then to the artist of my raiment
I hint his bankers have stopped payment;
And just suggest to Lady Locket
That somebody has picked her pocket;
And scare Sir Thomas from the City
By murmuring, in a tone of pity,
That I am sure I saw my Lady
Drive through the Park with Captain Grady.
Off my troubled victims go,
Very pale and very low;
If they care for what I say,
They are April-fools to-day!

I've sent the learnéd Doctor Trepan
To feel Sir Hubert's broken knee-pan:
'Twill rout the Doctor's seven senses
To find Sir Hubert charging fences!
I've sent a sallow parchment-scraper
To put Miss Trim's last will on paper:
He'll see her, silent as a mummy,
At whist, with her two maids and dummy.
Man of brief, and man of pill,
They will take it very ill;
If they care for what I say,
They are April-fools to-day!

And to the world I publish gayly
That all things are improving daily;
That suns grow warmer, streamlets clearer,
And faith more warm, and love sincerer;
That children grow extremely clever,
That sin is seldom known, or never;
That gas, and steam, and education,
Are killing sorrow and starvation!
Pleasant visions!—but alas,
How those pleasant visions pass!
If you care for what I say,
You're an April-fool to-day!

Last, to myself, when night comes round me,
And the soft chain of thought has bound me,
I whisper, "Sir, your eyes are killing;
You owe no mortal man a shilling;
You never cringe for Star or Garter;
You're much too wise to be a martyr;
And, since you must be food for vermin,
You don't feel much desire for ermine!"
Wisdom is a mine, no doubt,
If one can but find it out;
But, whate'er I think or say,
I'm an April-fool to-day!

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night to thee, lady!—though many
Have joined in the dance to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good-night to thee, lady!—'tis over—
The waltz—the quadrille, and the song—
The whispered farewell of the lover,
The heartless adieu of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eyelid that longed for repose—
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay;
And beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homeward she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor.
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue—
Wherever next season may find me—
Of England—of Almack's—and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten,
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless
For aye on the lip they may be;
There are hearts that, though fettered, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpressed, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light.
—The ball and my dream are all over—
Good-night to thee, lady! good-night!

CHARADE.

CAMP-BELL.

Come from my First, ay, come;
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die;
Fight, as thy father fought;
Fall, as thy father fell;

Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought—
So, forward! and farewell!

Toll ye my Second, toll;
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night;
The helm upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
Now take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, go, call—
The Lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day:
Ay, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care;
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were blithe as blithe could be;
And all their radiant flowers
Were coronals for me:
Gems to-night, love—gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair;
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.

I was singing—I was singing,
And my songs were idle words;
But from my heart was springing
Wild music like a bird's:
Now I sing, love—now I sing, love,
A fine Italian air;
But it's not so glad a thing, love,
As childhood's ballads were!

I was merry—I was merry,
When my little lovers came,
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game;
Now I've you, love—now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Miss Landon, the daughter of an army agent, was born in Chelsea, England, in 1802, and died in 1838. She began to write verses at an early age, and, under the signature of L. E. L., contributed largely to the *London Literary Gazette*. Her father died, and she supported herself and some of her relatives by her pen. In 1838 she was married to George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and sailed for her new home. There, in October of the same year, she died from an over-dose of prussic acid, which she was in the habit of taking for an hysterical affection. Her poems, popular in their day, show, with some flashes of genius, the "fatal facility" which rests in mediocrity. Perhaps she could not afford to blot, so long as her most trifling productions brought the much-needed money. Her "Poetical Sketches" appeared in 1821; "The Improvisatrice, and other Poems," in 1824. Her "Life and Literary Remains" were published by Laman Blanchard in 1841. Her collected poems, edited by W. B. Scott, appeared in 1873. She wrote several novels, the reputation of which was ephemeral.

SUCCESS ALONE SEEN.

Few know of life's beginnings—men behold
The goal achieved;—the warrior, when his sword
Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun;
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
And mould opinion, on his gifted tongue:
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
What are to them the solitary nights
Passed, pale and anxious, by the sickly lamp,
Till the young poet wins the world at last
To listen to the music long his own?
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"Not yet,—the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet,—my heart is full of hope,
I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet,—I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love, O Death!
I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die!"

Albert Gorton Greene.

AMERICAN.

Greene (1802–1868) was a native of Providence, R. I., and graduated at Brown University. He became a lawyer, and filled various municipal offices. He was the author of "The Baron's Last Banquet," quite a spirited ballad, and of several fugitive poems, not yet collected in a volume.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark, and rather small;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

George Denison Prentice.

AMERICAN.

Prentice (1802–1870) was a native of Preston, Conn., and graduated at Brown University in 1823. From 1828 to 1830 he was editor of the New England *Weekly Review*. In 1831 he became editor of the Louisville (Ky.) *Journal*, and retained that position until his death. He was quite celebrated for his editorial witticisms.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis morn; the sea-breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew;

And perfumes rise from many a grove
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad—thou art not here.

'Tis noon; a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over hill and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lovely star;
But I am sad—thou art afar.

'Tis eve; on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms in the waves below;
And, like some unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange-trees,
Breathing in music round the spot;
But I am sad—I see thee not.

'Tis midnight; with a soothing spell
The far tones of the ocean swell,
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking-bird
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad—thou art away.

I sink in dreams, low, sweet, and clear;
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my cheek thy tresses twine,
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,
Thy head is pillowed on my breast.
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear;
And I am happy,—thou art here.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Historic mount! baptized in flame and blood,
Thy name is as immortal as the rocks
That crown thy thunder-scarred but royal brow.
Thou liftest up thy agéd head in pride
In the cool atmosphere, but higher still
Within the calm and solemn atmosphere
Of an immortal fame. From thy sublime
And awful summit I can gaze afar
Upon innumerous lesser pinnacles,
And oh! my wingéd spirit loves to fly,
Like a strong eagle, 'mid their up-piled crags.
But most on thee, imperial mount, my soul
Is chained as by a spell of power.—I gaze
Where Death held erst high carnival. The waves
Of the mysterious death-river moaned;
The tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-roar
Of red-breathed cannon, and the wailing cry
Of myriad victims, filled the air. The smoke
Of battle closed above the charging hosts,
And, when it passed, the grand old flag no more
Waved in the light of heaven. The soil was wet
And miry with the life-blood of the brave,
As with a drenching rain; and yon broad stream,
The noble and majestic Tennessee,
Ran reddened toward the deep.
But thou, O bleak
And rocky mountain, wast the theatre
Of a yet fiercer struggle. On thy height,
Where now I sit,—a proud and gallant host,
The chivalry and glory of the South,
Stood up awaiting battle. Sombre clouds,
Floating afar beneath them, shut from view
The stern and silent foe, whose storied flag
Bore on its folds our country's monarch-bird,
Whose talons grasp the thunder-bolt. Up, up
Thy rugged sides they came with measured tramp,
Unheralded by bugle, drum, or shout;
And though the clouds closed round them with the gloom
Of double night, they paused not in their march
Till sword and plume and bayonet emerged
Above the spectral shades that circled round
Thy awful breast. Then suddenly a storm
Of flame and lead and iron downward burst
From this tall pinnacle, like winter hail.
Long, fierce, and bloody was the strife,—alas!
The noble flag, our country's hope and pride,
Sank down beneath the surface of the clouds,
As sinks the pennon of a shipwrecked bark
Beneath a stormy sea, and naught was heard
Save the wild cries and moans of stricken men,
And the swift rush of fleeing warriors down
Thy rugged steeps.
But soon the trumpet-voice
Of the bold chieftain of the routed host
Resounded through the atmosphere, and pierced
The clouds that hung around thee. With high words
He quickly summoned his brave soldiery back
To the renewal of the deadly fight:
Again their stern and measured tramp was heard
By the flushed Southrons, as it echoed up
Thy bald, majestic cliffs. Again they burst,

Like spirits of destruction, through the clouds,
And 'mid a thousand hurtling missiles swept
Their foes before them as the whirlwind sweeps
The strong oaks of the forest. Victory
Perched with her sister-eagle on the scorched
And torn and blackened banner.

Awful mount!
The stains of blood have faded from thy rocks;
The cries of mortal agony have ceased
To echo from thy hollow cliffs, the smoke
Of battle long since melted into air,
And yet thou art unchanged. Ay, thou wilt lift
In majesty thy walls above the storm,
Mocking the generations as they pass;
And pilgrims of the far-off centuries
Will sometimes linger in their wanderings,
To ponder, with a deep and sacred awe,
The legend of the fight above the clouds.

Mrs. Louisa Jane Hall.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Hall was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1802. She was the daughter of Dr. James Park, who established a flourishing school for young ladies in Boston. She married the Rev. Dr. Edward B. Hall, of Providence, R. I. She was the author of "Miriam," a dramatic poem, illustrative of the early conflicts of the Christian Church; "Joanna of Naples," a historical tale; and other works. But her "Waking Dreams" will probably outlive her longer productions.

GROW NOT OLD.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart;
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Downhill the path of age? Oh no!
Up, up, with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my road small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart, and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

WAKING DREAMS.

Of idle hopes and fancies wild,
O Father, dispossess thy child;
Teach me that wasted thought is sin,
Teach me to rule this world within.

While waking dreams the mind control,
There is no growth in this poor soul;
And visions hold me back from deeds,
And earth is dear, and heaven recedes.

Oh, with one flash of heavenly light
Rouse me, although with pain and fright!
Show me the sin of wasted powers,
Scourge me from useless, dreaming hours.

Thomas Aird.

Aird (1802–1876) was a native of the village of Bowden, Scotland. He went through a course of study at the University of Edinburgh, where he made the acquaintance of Wilson, Moir, and other literary men. He wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and became editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. In 1848 he collected and published his poems; of which a new edition appeared in 1856, and a fifth edition in 1878.

THE SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be;
How pleasant, through the pleasant sleep, thy early
twitter heard—
O swallow by the lattice! glad days be thy reward!

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's out for
honey-dew,
And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshopper
and you;
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light
thee home—
What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till the morrow come.

The river blue that lapses through the valley, hears
thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light,
dipping wing;
The thunder-cloud, over us bowed, in deeper gloom
is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brings thee back, with leading-strings of love,
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves;
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

Richard Hengist Horne.

Horne, born in London in 1803, was educated at Sandhurst College. He entered the Mexican navy as a midshipman in the war against Spain, and when peace came returned to England, and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of three tragedies, of which he regarded "Gregory the Seventh" as his best; has written stories for children, disquisitions, ballads and romances, biographies and essays. His most successful work, "Orion, an Epic Poem" (1843), had reached a ninth edition in 1874. The price of the first edition was placed at a farthing, "as a sarcasm upon the low estimation into which epic poetry has fallen." Three large editions were sold at a farthing a copy; the fourth was raised to a shilling, and the fifth to half a crown. In his "Literati" Poe gives an elaborate and eulogistic review of "Orion." The poem contains some beautiful passages, but lacks the human, normal interest which a successful epic must have.

MORNING.

From "Orion."

O'er meadows green or solitary lawn,
When birds appear earth's sole inhabitants,
The long, clear shadows of the morning differ
From those of eve, which are more soft and vague,
Suggestive of past days and mellowed grief.
The lights of morning, even as her shades,
Are architectural, and pre-eminent
In quiet freshness, 'mid the pause that holds
Prelusive energies. All life awakes:
Morn comes at first with white, uncertain light;
Then takes a faint red, like an opening bud
Seen through gray mist; the mist clears off; the sky
Unfolds; grows ruddy; takes a crimson flush;
Puts forth bright sprigs of gold,—which soon expanding
In saffron, thence pure golden shines the morn;
Uplifts its clear, bright fabric of white clouds,
All tinted, like a shell of polished pearl,
With varied glancings, violet gleam and blush;
Embraces nature; and then passes on,
Leaving the sun to perfect his great work.

SUMMER NOON.

From "Orion."

There was a slumbrous silence in the air,
By noontide's sultry murmurs from without
Made more oblivious. Not a pipe was heard
From field or wood; but the grave beetle's drone
Passed near the entrance: once the cuckoo called
O'er distant meads, and once a horn began
Melodious plaint, then died away. A sound
Of murmurous music yet was in the breeze,
For silver gnats that harp on glassy strings,
And rise and fall in sparkling clouds, sustained
Their dizzy dances o'er the seething meads.

Laman Blanchard.

Samuel Laman Blanchard (1803–1845) was a native of Great Yarmouth, England. His father, a painter and glazier, gave him a good classical education, but could not afford to send him to college. Laman had a week's experience on the stage, and was disenchanted of his theatrical aspirations. He then thought of joining Lord Byron in Greece, in company with Jerrold. This plan was abandoned, and at the age of twenty he married. He engaged editorially in literature and politics; was connected successively with the *Monthly Magazine*, *La Belle Assemblée*, the *True Sun*, the *Court Journal*, *Ainsworth's Magazine*, and the *Examiner*. In 1828 he published "Lyric Offerings," a volume cordially praised by Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and editing the *New Monthly Magazine;* who called attention to "the following exquisite lines" in a sonnet on Noon:

> "This is sweet,
> To see the heavens all open, *and the hood*
> *Of crystal Noon flung back!* the earth meanwhile
> Filling her veins with sunshine—vital blood
> Of all that now from her full breast doth smile
> (Casting no shadow) on that pleasant flood
> Of light, *where every mote is some small minstrel's isle.*"

Laman Blanchard died by his own hand, while he was in a state of great nervous excitement, bordering on insanity. Six months before, he had expressed his horror of suicide. "How dreadful," he said, "it would be for the children! If nothing else would deter me, *that* would." In 1846 appeared "Sketches from Life, by the late Laman Blanchard: with a Memoir of the Author by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.;" who says of Blanchard: "He was thoroughly honest, true, and genuine; ever ready to confer a kindness; and of a grateful disposition, which exaggerated into obligation the most commonplace returns to his own affectionate feelings and ready friendship."

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers:
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will to others' soon resigned;
But, more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deemed that love of God was best arrayed
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deemed man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—
Yet in his heart was he a simple child.

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

Gently, gently yet, young stranger,
Light of heart and light of heel!
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.
Silence! Ah! your scheme is failing!
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure, the wingéd creature's sleeping
Wrapped in forest-dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing—
Nest of green or mossy bough;
Not a thought it has of fleeing;
Yes, you'll catch it now.

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;
Now stoop down and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on that long feather:
Ha! it flies! it flies!

Hear it, hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!—
Led, like you, my hopes to centre
On a grain of salt!

On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here and creeping there,
All to see my bright hopes mounting
High into the air!
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes—on high!

SONNET: HIDDEN JOYS.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem:
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Eden, and its Eves, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touched mine ear with power. Thus far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

SONNET: WISHES OF YOUTH.

Gayly and greenly let my seasons run:
And should the war-winds of the world uproot
The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun,—
The dews be turned to ice,—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that suit
Despair and discord keep Hope's harp-string mute,
Still let me live as Love and Life were one:
Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze,
And trust the whispered charities that bring
Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common thing,
And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

AMERICAN.

The maiden name of Mrs. Whitman (1803–1878) was Power, and she was a native of Providence, R. I. In 1828 she married John Winslow Whitman, a Boston lawyer, who died in 1833, after which she resided in Providence. For a short period during her widowhood she was betrothed (1848) to Poe, the poet, and one of his most impassioned poems is addressed to her. In 1853 she published "Hours of Life, and other Poems;" and in 1859, "Edgar Poe and His Critics." Among the many obvious allusions to Poe in her poems is the following:

"Oh! when thy faults are all forgiven,
When all my sins are purged away,
May our freed spirits meet in heaven,
Where darkness melts to perfect day!
There may thy wondrous harp awake,
And there my ransomed soul with thee
Behold the eternal morning break
In glory o'er the jasper sea."

"Both the verse and prose of Mrs. Whitman," says Mr. George W. Curtis, "have a distinctive attraction from the same pure and fresh earnestness, combined with sweet and grave restraint, which was the basis of her character." A complete edition of her poems, revised in the last year of her life, was published in Boston in 1879. The pieces which we quote have an obvious reference to Poe.

THE LAST FLOWERS.

Dost thou remember that autumnal day
When by the Seekonk's lonely wave we stood,
And marked the languor of repose that lay,
Softer than sleep, on valley, wave, and wood?

A trance of holy sadness seemed to lull
The charméd earth and circumambient air,
And the low murmur of the leaves seemed full
Of a resigned and passionless despair.

Though the warm breath of Summer lingered still
In the lone paths where late her footsteps passed,
The pallid star-flowers on the purple hill
Sighed dreamily, "We are the last—the last!"

I stood beside thee, and a dream of heaven
Around me like a golden halo fell!
Then the bright veil of fantasy was riven,
And my lips murmured, "Fare thee well! farewell!"

I dared not listen to thy words, nor turn
To meet the mystic language of thine eyes;
I only *felt* their power, and in the urn
Of memory treasured their sweet rhapsodies.

We parted then, forever—and the hours
Of that bright day were gathered to the past—
But, through long, wintry nights, I heard the flowers
Sigh dreamily, "We are the last!—the last!"

SONNETS: TO E. A. P.[1]

I.

When first I looked into thy glorious eyes,
And saw, with their unearthly beauty pained,
Heaven deepening within heaven, like the skies
Of autumn nights without a shadow stained,—
I stood as one whom some strange dream inthralls;
For, far away, in some lost life divine,
Some land which every glorious dream recalls,
A spirit looked on me with eyes like thine.
E'en now, though death has veiled their starry light,
And closed their lids in his relentless night—
As some strange dream, remembered in a dream,
Again I see in sleep their tender beam;
Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,
Heaven deepening within heaven, serene and still.

II.

If thy sad heart, pining for human love,
In its earth-solitude grew dark with fear,
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should prove
Powerless to save from that phantasmal sphere
Wherein thy spirit wandered—if the flowers
That pressed around thy feet seemed but to bloom
In lone Gethsemanes, through starless hours,
When all who loved had left thee to thy doom:—
Oh, yet believe that in that hollow vale
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall avail
To lift its burden of remorseful pain,—
My soul shall meet thee, and its heaven forego
Till God's great love on both one hope, one Heaven, bestow.

Douglas Jerrold.

Jerrold (1803–1857) was a native of London. His early days were passed in Sheerness, where his father, an actor, was lessee of the theatre. Before he had completed his tenth year, Douglas served two years at sea as a midshipman. Then he removed with his parents to London, became apprentice to a printer, and gave every spare moment to solitary self-instruction. He took early to dramatic writing. His nautical drama, "Black-eyed Susan," was brought out at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and had a run of three hundred nights, though Jerrold got from

[1] Edgar A. Poe.

it only about £70. Other dramas followed, abounding in pointed and witty sayings. He contributed largely to *Punch*, and in 1852 became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* at a salary of £1000 per annum. He died in 1857, after a short illness, and a fund of £2000 was raised by his friends for the benefit of his family. Jerrold's wit was neat and brilliant. Here are specimens: "Dogmatism is the maturity of puppyism." "A friend of an unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: 'Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil.' *Jerrold:* 'That's all right; then he is sure to get it back again.'" "Some member of a club, hearing a certain melody mentioned, said: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold." Though his poetical effusions are few in number, they are always sensible and pithy.

THE DRUM.

Yonder is a little drum, hanging on the wall;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din;
And happy was the shepherd-boy while tending of his fold,
Nor thought he there was in the world a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day; but change with time will come,
And he (alas for him the day!)—he heard the little drum.
"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story!
For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of glory."
"*Rub-a-dub! and rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock on Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying;
Around him many a parching tongue for "water" faintly crying.
Oh that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed;
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales!
At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again, till wakened by the drum.
"To arms! to arms!" his leader cries; "the foe—the foe is nigh!"
Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "Oh water—give me some!
My voice might meet a friendly ear but for that little drum!"

'Mid moaning men and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured abhorred the drum that day.
"*Rub-a-dub! and rub-a-dub!*" the drummer beat aloud—
The shepherd died; and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his shroud.
And this is "glory?" Yes; and still will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its drum, is but a sound, and hollow.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Hawker (1803–1875), a native of Plymouth, England, was for more than forty years Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall. He was educated at Oxford, and as early as 1821 published a collection of poems anonymously, under the title of "Tendrils, by Reuben." He was twice married. The evening before his death he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. A collection of his poems was published by Kegan, Paul & Co., London, 1879. There is much in it that is commonplace; but the "Song of the Cornish Men" is one of the most spirited little lyrics in the language.

SONG OF THE CORNISH MEN.

With the exception of the choral lines,

"And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why"—

and which have been, ever since the imprisonment by James II. of the seven bishops, a popular proverb in Cornwall, the whole of this song was composed by Hawker in 1825. It was praised by Scott, Macaulay, and Dickens under the persuasion that it was the ancient song. Dickens afterward admitted its paternity in his "Household Words."

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Outspake their captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar land to land,
The Severn is no stay,—
With one and all, and hand-in-hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,—
A pleasant sight to view,—
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
To better men than you!

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!"

"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?"

We see them not—we cannot hear
The music of their wing—
Yet know we that they sojourn near,—
The Angels of the Spring!

They glide along this lovely ground,
When the first violet grows;—
Their graceful hands have just unbound
The zone of yonder rose.

I gather it for thy dear breast,
From stain and shadow free;
That which an Angel's touch hath blessed
Is meet, my love, for thee!

Charles Swain.

A native of Manchester, England, and carrying on business there as an engraver, Swain (1803–1874) wrote verses for the *Literary Gazette* and other journals. If his lyrical flights were not high, they were short and graceful. He published "Metrical Essays" (1827); "The Mind, and other Poems" (1831); "Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs" (1847); "English Melodies" (1849); "Songs and Ballads" (1868).

WHAT IT IS TO LOVE.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where time seems young—and life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss:
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true;
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew;
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh, who can but recall the eve they met,
To breathe in some green walk their first young vow,
While summer flowers with evening dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then, which is but memory now!

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Day on the mountain, the beautiful day!
And the torrents leap forth in the pride of his ray.
The chamois awakes from his wild forest dream,
And bounds in the gladness and life of his beam;
And the horn of the hunter is sounding,—away!
Light, light on the hills, 'tis the beautiful day!

Day in the valley,—the rivulet rolls
Cloudless and calm as the home of our souls;
The harvest is waving, and fountain and flower
Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour:
And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay,
Proclaim through the valley, day, beautiful day!

Oh, solemn and sad his far setting appears,
When the last ray declines, and the flowers are in tears;
When the shadows of evening like death-banners wave,
And darkness encloses the world like a grave:
Yet the sun, like the soul, shall arise from decay,
And again light the world with day, beautiful day!

Gerald Griffin.

Griffin (1803–1840), author of the remarkable novel of "The Collegians," was a native of Limerick, Ireland. He emigrated to London in his twentieth year, became a reporter, and then an author. In 1838 he joined the Christian Brotherhood, a Roman Catholic institution, and two years later died of fever. He gave proof of rare literary abilities. "The book that above all others," says Miss Mary Russell Mitford, "speaks to me of the trials, the sufferings, the broken heart of a man of genius, is that Life of Gerald Griffin, written by a brother worthy of him, which precedes the only edition of his collected works."

SONG.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
  Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
  The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
Another may win and wear;
I care not, though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
  Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
  That ever loved thee.
But a cloud o'er my pathway is glooming
Which never must break upon thine,
And Heaven, which made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me not as a lover
  Whose fond hopes are crossed,
Whose bosom can never recover
  The light it has lost:—
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, yet never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
Oh, dearest, remember me.

ADARE.[1]

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
  Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale
  E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.

How shall I tell the thousand charms
  Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where, lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
  Soft peace abides and joy excelling?

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
  The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
While lingering o'er the silent lawn,
  With odor of the harebell taken!
Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
  Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
  And many a grove and glancing fountain!

In sweet Adare, the jocund spring
  His notes of odorous joy is breathing;
The wild birds in the woodland sing,
  The wild flowers in the vale are wreathing.
There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
  Among the elms so sweetly flowing,
There fragrant in the early year,
  Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
  Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
Where graceful droop and cluster dank
  The osier bright and rustling willow.
The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
  In thicket lone the stag is belling,
And sweet along the echoing vale
  The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide;
The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad
  bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and drum!
'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they come!
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed;
With accents that falter her promise is made:
From father and mother forever to part,—
For *him* and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed, the two, they are one;

[1] This beautiful and interesting locality is about eight miles from Limerick.

The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
The foe's on the border! his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found!

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen near the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother! arise to the strife!
For sister and mother, for children and wife!
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow! let dastards remain!"

Farrah! to the battle!—they form into line;—
The shields, how they rattle! the spears, how they shine!
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue:—
On, burgher and yeoman! to die or to do!

The eve is declining in lone Malahide;
The maidens are twining fresh wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding; her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain—'tis victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated! he flees to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come;—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does *he* tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning—how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning, the star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—his triumph is sped;
His hope, it is over—the chieftain is dead!

But, oh! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen and broken with grief!
She sinks on the meadow—in one morning tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story for ages of pride,—
He died in his glory—but, oh! he *has* died!

Chauncy Hare Townshend.

A graduate of Cambridge University, England, Townshend (1803–1860) wrote verses early in life. He studied for the Church, and his convictions took the form of Universalism. In 1839 he published "Facts in Mesmerism," one of the best and most philosophical works on the subject. In his Preface he says: "I have scarcely conversed with one person of education in Germany who was not able to detail to me some interesting fact relating to mesmerism which had been personally witnessed and authenticated." In 1851 appeared his "Sermons in Sonnets, and other Poems." He made Charles Dickens his literary executor.

"JUDGE NOT."—Matt. vii. 1.

From "Sermons in Sonnets."

Judge not, because thou canst not judge aright.
Not much thou know'st thyself; yet better far
Than thou know'st others!—Language is at war
With purposes; appearances must fight
'Gainst real inward feelings. All is slight
To give a picture of the things that are.
Feel'st thou not friends who blame thee ever jar
With truth, nor on thy soul's true ulcer bite?
Feel'st thou not utterly that nothing can
Convey thy being to another's breast?
Then how shalt thou explore thy fellow-man?
Rather let Christ's great wisdom be confessed,
Who taxed rash judgment as this world's worst leaven,
And the worst temper for the courts of heaven.

"WHAT GOD HATH CLEANSED, THAT CALL NOT THOU COMMON."—Acts x. 15.

From "Sermons in Sonnets."

Behold men's judgments! Common and unclean
We call whatever with our pride doth jar,
Though from one God and Father all things are.
Behold men's judgments! The deep truth unseen,
Rash we decide what mere externals mean.
Know'st thou, while thy proud eye is closed afar,
In what mean worm God may illume a star?
Know'st thou where his great Spirit dwells serene?
Thou dost not. What thy pride may worthless deem,
Ay, tainted with pollution, may become,
Raised from the dust, the fairest, loveliest home,
Where radiant Deity can shrine its beam;
May be redeemed from Nature's common blot,
Ay, though perhaps thy very self be not!

"HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE."
CANT. ii. 4.

FROM "SERMONS IN SONNETS."

He who loves best knows most. Then why should I
Let my tired thoughts so far, so restless, run,
In quest of knowledge underneath the sun,
Or round about the wide-encircling sky?
Nor earth nor heaven is read by scrutiny!
But touch me with a Saviour's love divine,
I pierce at once to wisdom's inner shrine,
And my soul seeth all things like an eye.
Then have I treasures, which to fence and heed
Makes weakness bold, and folly wisdom-strung,
As doves are valorous to guard their young,
And larks are wary from their nests to lead.
Is there a riddle, and resolved you need it?
Love—only love—and you are sure to read it!

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."—ST. JOHN xiv. 2.

FROM "SERMONS IN SONNETS."

Ye orbs that tremble through infinity,
And are ye, then, linked only with our eyes,
Dissevered from our thoughts, our smiles, our sighs,—
Our hopes and dreams of being yet to be?
Oh, if all nature be a harmony
(As sure it is), why in those solemn skies
Should ye our vision mock, like glittering lies
To man all unrelated? Must I see
Your glories only as a tinselled waste?
If so, I half despise your spectacle!
But if I deem that ye form eras vast,
And do, by mighty revolutions, tell
Time to intelligent existences,
Awe-struck, I do assist at your solemnities!

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Reflected in the lake, I love
To mark the star of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless on the wave below!

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope—how bright soe'er—
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair!

ON POETRY.

With thine compared, O sovereign Poesy,
Thy sister Arts' divided powers how faint!
For each combines her attributes in thee,
Whose voice is music, and whose words can paint.

MAY.

FROM "THE MONTHS."

Oh, darling of the year,—delicious May!
If poet-love have painted thee too bright,
'Tis that men gaze on thee with dazzled sight,
Brimful of ecstasy! Thy true array
Lies beyond language! Who would wish away
The few soft tears that in thine eyes of light
Tremble; or waving shades indefinite
Which o'er thy green and lustrous mantle play?
Who, that e'er wandered in thy hawthorn glades,
Or stood beneath thy orchard's bloomy shades,
But felt how blessed the bosom which thou greetest?
For thou art Spring indeed! to thee belong
The earliest rose, the nightingale's first song,
All first-fruits of sweet things;—and first are sweetest.

CONCLUDING SONNET.

Man—the external world—the changeful year—
Together make a perfect harmony.
To all the soul's great wards a mighty key
The Seasons are, and apt in their career
To stir and modulate our Hope and Fear,
And ever lift our dim humanity
Nearer to Heaven! At seed-time anxiously
Dull lips are moved in prayer, and harvest cheer
Breeds even in churls thanksgiving! Winter bare
That shuts the earth, doth open wide the hand
And heart of man! The tempests of the air
Have spiritual missions, over sea and land
Moulding events! Beneath the meanest clod
Stirs Will and Wisdom:—everywhere is God!

Rufus Dawes.

AMERICAN.

Dawes (1803-1856) was a native of Boston, one of a family of sixteen. His father, Thomas Dawes, was a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and author of a poem entitled "The Law given on Mount Sinai." Rufus entered Harvard College in 1820, but left in

consequence of some boyish irregularity. He studied law, but never practised his profession. In 1830 he published a volume of poems, and subsequently "Nix's Mate," a novel. He was connected for some years with the newspaper press in New York. He married a sister of C. P. Cranch, the poet-artist.

TO GENEVIÈVE.

I'll rob the hyacinth and rose,
  I'll search the cowslip's fragrant cell,
Nor spare the breath that daily blows
  Her incense from the asphodel.

And these shall breathe thy gentle name,—
  Sweet Naiad of the sacred stream,
Where, musing, first I caught the flame
  That Passion kindles in his dream.

Thy soul of Music broke the spell
  That bound my lyre's neglected strings;
Attuned its silent echo's shell,
  And loosed again his airy wings.

Ah! long had beauty's eyes in vain
  Diffused their radiant light divine;
Alas! it never woke a strain,
  Till inspiration breathed from thine.

Thus vainly did the stars at night
  O'er Memnon's lyre their watch prolong,
When naught but bright Aurora's light
  Could wake its silence into song.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

Yes, still I love thee! Time, who sets
  His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
  The heart he could not bow;—
Where love that cannot perish grows
For one, alas! that little knows
  How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies
  When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose
  Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows
  Though *seeming* to the sight;
And yet it still will linger there
Like hopeless love without despair,
  A snow-drop in the sun!
A moment finely exquisite,
  Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
  Think momently of me;
Nor would I tear the chords apart
  That bind me so to thee.
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
As dew upon the roses wild,
  I would not have thee know
The stream that seems to thee so still
  Has such a tide below!

Enough, that in delicious dreams
  I see thee and forget:
Enough, that when the morning beams
  I feel my eyelids wet!
Yet could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness for creation's pall,
  To meet thee and to love,—
I would not shrink from aught below,
  Nor ask for more above!

James Clarence Mangan.

Mangan was born in Dublin in 1803, and died there in 1849. He had to struggle with poverty, and at fifteen got a situation in a scrivener's office, where he remained seven years, and then became a solicitor's clerk for three years. His situation was distasteful, and he says: "In seeking to escape from this misery, I had laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved to be my ruin." He became an opium-eater. In spite of his wild habits, he attained great proficiency in a knowledge of languages. He died in a state of destitution in a public hospital. His translations from the German were published in 1845, under the title of "Anthologia Germanica." An edition of his poems, with a biographical introduction by John Mitchel, was published in 1870, in New York.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

Look, mother! the mariner's rowing
  His galley adown the tide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
  And be the mariner's bride!

I saw him one day through the wicket,
  I opened the gate, and we met—
  As a bird in the fowler's net,
Was I caught in my own green thicket.
Oh, mother, my tears are flowing,
  I've lost my maidenly pride—

I'll go, if the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

This Love, the tyrant evinces,
Alas! an omnipotent might,
He darkens the mind like Night;
He treads on the necks of Princes!
Oh, mother, my bosom is glowing,
I'll go, whatever betide,
I'll go where the mariner's going,
I'll be the mariner's bride!

Yes, mother! the spoiler has reft me
Of reason and self-control;
Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
And only my body is left me!
The winds, oh, mother, are blowing,
The ocean is bright and wide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

THE NAMELESS ONE.

The following remarkable lines are evidently autobiographical in their references. "Of Mangan," writes John Mitchel, "it may be said that he lived solely in his poetry—all the rest was but a ghastly death-in-life."

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—
With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*,
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;—

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

FROM "SOUL AND COUNTRY."

To leave the world a name is naught;
To leave a name for glorious deeds
And works of love—

A name to waken lightning thought,
And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above.
Napoleon sinks to-day before
The ungilded shrine, the single soul
Of Washington;
Truth's name alone shall man adore,
Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforward on!

George Henry Calvert.

AMERICAN.

A native of Prince George's County, Md., Calvert, born 1803, was a great-grandson of Lord Baltimore, and also a descendant on the mother's side from the painter Rubens. He was educated partly at Harvard, and partly at Göttingen, where he acquired his taste for German literature. He edited at one time the *Baltimore American*, but in 1843 removed to Newport, R. I. He has published "Count Julian, a Tragedy," "Ellen, a Poem," and is the author of numerous prose works, criticisms, essays, and translations, showing extensive literary and philosophical culture.

ON THE FIFTY-FIFTH SONNET OF SHAKSPEARE.[1]

The soul leaps up to hear this mighty sound
Of Shakspeare triumphing. With glistening eye
Forward he sent his spirit to espy
Time's gratitude, and catch the far rebound
Of fame from worlds unpeopled yet; and, crowned
With brightening light through all futurity,
His image to behold up-reaching high,
'Mong the world's benefactors most renowned.
Like to the ecstasy, by man unnamed,
The spheral music doth to gods impart,
Was the deep joy that thou hast here proclaimed
Thy song's eternal echo gave thy heart.
Oh, the world thanks thee that thou'st let us see
Thou knew'st how great thou wast, how prized to be!

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Beddoes (1803–1849), son of an eminent physician, and nephew of Maria Edgeworth, was educated at Oxford, and in his nineteenth year published "The Bride's Tragedy," of which *Blackwood's Magazine* says: "With all its extravagances, and even sillinesses and follies, it shows far more than glimpses of a true poetical genius." Beddoes devoted himself to scientific study and foreign travel. A collection of his poems, with a memoir, appeared in 1851. He died in his forty-seventh year, at Frankfort, from an accidental prick on his finger, got while dissecting.

[1] See page 30.

TO SEA!

To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore:
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea! to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white-winged bark
Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height!
The anchor heaves! The ship swings free!
Our sails swell full! To sea! to sea!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

AMERICAN.

More generally known as a free and subtle thinker and an essayist, somewhat after the manner of Montaigne, than as a writer of verse, Emerson has shown that the poetical gift is his in abounding measure. He is a true artist in words, at the same time that he disdains all the arts that would make style compensate for the absence of earnest, profound thought, presented with no particle of tinsel or of superfluous drapery. He impresses us with his absolute sincerity in aiming less at perfect consistency than at fidelity to his own mood; his own uppermost convictions. His forte is rather introspective than dramatic. In a letter to Henry Ware (1838) he wrote: "I could not possibly give you one of the 'arguments' on which any doctrine of mine stands; for I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortals."

Born in Boston in 1803, the son of an excellent clergyman, Emerson graduated at Harvard, became a minister of a Unitarian church, withdrew from it in 1832, and, after passing a year or two in Europe, devoted himself thenceforward almost exclusively to literature and lecturing, residing most of the time at Concord, Mass. It is difficult to deduce from his writings his exact opinions as to the destiny of man after this life; but according to the declaration of his friend and townsman, A. B. Alcott, his views as late as 1879 inclined to theism and belief in a conscious Orderer of the Universe. His career has been that of a pure-hearted, independent thinker, wed-

ded to no system, modifying his opinions as new light streamed in, but carrying into practical life the high and noble lessons given in his speculative utterances. His fame is unsurpassed in American literature, and is likely to go on increasing.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:
Too long through weary crowds I roam:—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening-star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learnéd clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

SURSUM CORDA.

Seek not the spirit if it hide
Inexorable to thy zeal:
Baby, do not whine and chide:
Art thou not also real?
Why shouldst thou stoop to poor excuse?
Turn on the accuser roundly; say,
"Here am I, here will I remain
Forever to myself soothfast;
Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay!
Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
For only it can absolutely deal."

TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

Fine humblebee! fine humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me:
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower-bells,
Honeyed cells,—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry-bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among.
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep,
Woe and want thou canst out-sleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

All before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs paradise around.

From the spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

THE APOLOGY.

Think me not unkind and rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

HYMN SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Mary Howitt.

Mary Howitt, whose maiden name was Botham, was of Quaker descent, and born in Uttoxeter, England, in 1804. In 1823 she was married to William Howitt, and the same year they published in conjunction "The Forest Minstrel," a series of poems. But William, though the author of some clever verses, is known chiefly for his prose writings. Mary has shown genuine poetical feeling and ability, especially in her verses for children. Her observation of nature is accurate and intense; and a true enthusiasm gives vitality to her descriptions. Her ballads are among the best. That of "New-year's-eve" is founded on a prose story by the Danish author, Hans Christian Andersen.

NEW-YEAR'S-EVE.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Wanders up and down the street,
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.
The rows of long dark houses
Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, damp houses
Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
The old year's latest night.
The board is spread with plenty,
Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggars in the street.

With the little box of matches
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle,
The wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom:
There are parents sitting snugly
By fire-light in the room,—
And groups of busy children—
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
Against their burning lips,—
With grave and earnest faces,
Are whispering each other,
Of presents for the new year, made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak;
No breath of little whisperers
Comes warmly to her cheek;
No little arms are round her,
Ah me! that there should be
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery!
Sure they of many blessings,
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in Autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.
And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones,
And bounty to his poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her,
There's no one bids her stay.
Her home is cold and desolate,
No smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread,
And an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle,
Where two great houses meet,

And she curleth up beneath her,
For warmth, her little feet.
And she looketh on the cold wall,
And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly,
Up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour.
Then all the bells together
Their merry music poured;
They were ringing in the feast,
The circumcision of the Lord.
And she thought as she sat lonely,
And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had loved
To hear in the olden time.
And she remembered her of tales
Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle songs she sang
When summer's twilight fell,—
Of good men and of angels,
And of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger,
When winter was most wild,—
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry
And desolate and lone;—
And she thought the song had told
He was ever with his own,
And all the poor and hungry,
And forsaken ones are his:
"How good of him to look on me,
In such a place as this!"

Colder it grows and colder,
But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart,
And the weight upon her brow.
But she struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her,
And see if He were there.
The single match has kindled;
And by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen,
The wall was rent in two.
And she could see the room within,
The room all warm and bright,
With the fire-glow red and dusky,
And the tapers all alight.

And there were kindred gathered,
Round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
Red wine, and pleasant bread.
She could smell the fragrant savor,
She could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again,
The match had burned away.
She struck another hastily,
And now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber,
A glorious Christmas-tree:
The branches were all laden
With such things as children prize,
Bright gift for boy and maiden,
She saw them with her eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them,
And to join the welcome shout;
When darkness fell around her,
For the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she
Has tried,—they will not light,—
Till all her little store she took,
And struck with all her might;
And the whole miserable place
Was lighted with the glare,
And lo, there hung a little child
Before her in the air!
There were blood-drops on his forehead,
And a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet,
And in his hands spread wide:—
And he looked upon her gently,
And she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow,
Ay, equal to her own.
And he pointed to the laden board,
And to the Christmas-tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said,
"Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail,
She felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears,
Like her dead mother's hymn.
And she folded both her thin white hands,
And turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said,
"With thee, with thee, O Lord!"

The chilly winter morning
Breaks up in the dull skies,

On the city wrapped in vapor,
On the spot where Gretchen lies.
The night was wild and stormy,
The morn is cold and gray,
And good church bells are ringing
Christ's circumcision day;
And holy men are praying
In many a holy place;
And little children's angels
Sing songs before his face.

In her scant and tattered garment,
With her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid,
She answers not their call.
They have lifted her up fearfully,
They shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night;
The child is frozen dead."
The angels sang their greeting,
For one more redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night,—
Would no one let her in?"
And they shuddered as they spoke of her,
And sighed; they could not see
How much of happiness there was,
With so much misery!

THE FAIRIES OF CALDON-LOW.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water form,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And the harp-strings rang right merrily,
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you heard the fairies say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill:
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May,
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.

"'O, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both of his eyes!'

"And some, they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn unto his mouth
And blew it sharp and shrill:

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn,
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'O, the poor blind old widow!
Though she has been poor so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong!'

"And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low:
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'O, the poor lame weaver!
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And sure enough were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you are there."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my pretty bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, and the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you'd like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly; "for I've heard it often said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I have always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you are very welcome, will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you are witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I've a pretty little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you'll just step in a moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a strong and subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his little table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out the door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, while mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head; poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair unto his dismal den,
Within his little parlor, and she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;—
Unto every evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly!

CORNFIELDS.

When on the breath of autumn breeze
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
Oh then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slopes
The piled-up stacks of corn;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,—
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,—
God's living gift of love unto
The kind good Shunamite,—
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see,—
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream:
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

Francis Mahony (Father Prout).

Mahony (1804-1866) better known by his *nom de plume* of Father Prout, came of a respectable middle-class Cork family, and was educated at St. Acheul, the college of the Jesuits at Amiens. Here he was taught to write and converse fluently in Latin. He studied also at Rome, and took priest's orders. About 1834 he became one of the writers for *Fraser's Magazine*, to which he contributed the "Prout Papers," remarkable for their drollery and for the evidences of great facility in Latin and Greek composition. Amidst all his convivialities he preserved a reverence for religion, and manifested great goodness of heart. One of his biographers describes him as "a scholar, a wit, a madcap priest, a skilled theologian, a gossiping old man, a companion of wild roisterers, and a rollicking, hard-drinking Irishman." For the last eight years of his life he resided chiefly in Paris as a correspondent of London papers.

POETICAL EPISTLE FROM FATHER PROUT TO BOZ (CHARLES DICKENS).

A rhyme, a rhyme
From a distant clime—
From the Gulf of the Genoese:
O'er the rugged scalps
Of the Julian Alps,
Dear Boz, I send you these,
To light the wick
Your candlestick
Holds up, or should you list,
To usher in
The yarn you spin
Concerning Oliver Twist.

Immense applause
You've gained, O Boz!
Through Continental Europe;
You've made Pickwick
Œcumenick:
Of fame you have a sure hope:
For here your books
Are thought, gadzooks!
A greater luxe than any
That have issued yet,
Hot-pressed or wet,
From the press of Galignani.
* * * * *
Write on, young sage!
Still o'er the page
Pour forth the flood of fancy;
Divinely droll
Wave o'er the soul
Wit's wand of necromancy.
Behold! e'en now
Around your brow
The undying laurel thickens!
For Swift or Sterne
Might live—and learn
A thing or two from Dickens.

Genoa, December 14th, 1837.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

"Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango."
Inscription on an Old Bell.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly:
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS OF BONAPARTE.

AFTER BÉRANGER.

They'll talk of him for years to come
In cottage chronicle and tale;
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail!
Then in the hamlet's honored chair
Shall sit some agéd dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise;
But he was all our own!
Mother, say something in his praise—
Oh speak of him always!

"I saw him pass: his was a host:
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings!
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day,
He wore—for near to him I stood—
Cocked hat and surcoat gray.
I blushed; he said, 'Be of good cheer!
Courage, my dear!'
That was his very word."—
Mother! oh then this really occurred,
And you his voice could hear!

"A year rolled on; when next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame,
I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
God granted him a son,
And oh! I wept for joy!
For why not weep when warrior-men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blessed the imperial boy?
Never did noonday sun shine out so bright!
Oh, what a sight!"—
Mother! for you that must have been
A glorious scene!

"But when all Europe's gathered strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'Twill scarcely be believed
What wonders, single-handed, he achieved.
Such general never lived!
One evening on my threshold stood
A guest—'twas he! Of warriors few
He had a toil-worn retinue.
He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'Quelle guerre! oh, quelle guerre!'"
Mother, and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fire-blocks shine,
To dry his cloak, with wet bedewed.
Soon by the bonnie blaze he slept;
Then, waking, chid me (for I wept):
'Courage!' he cried, 'I'll strike for all
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital!'
Those were his words: I've treasured up
With pride that same wine-cup,
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold!"
Mother! on that proud relic let us gaze—
Oh keep that cup always!

"But, through some fatal witchery,
He whom a Pope had crowned and blessed,
Perished, my sons, by foulest treachery!
Cast on an isle far in the lonely West.
Long time sad rumors were afloat—
The fatal tidings we would spurn,
Still hoping from that isle remote
Once more our hero would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave—
When the sad whisper proved too true,
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead!"—
Mother! may God his fullest blessing shed
Upon your agéd head!

Samuel Greg.

Greg (1804–1876) was a native of Manchester, England. He was a classmate of the Rev. James Martineau at the school of Dr. Lant Carpenter in Bristol (1819). Failing of success as a cotton-mill manager, he withdrew from business, and led a life of retirement, which in his latter years was somewhat darkened by disease. His brother, William Rathbone Greg (born 1809), author of "The Creed of Christendom," etc., writes of him: "It may be truly said that during all the later portion of his life he was manifestly ripening for the skies." After his death, a selection from his papers was published (1877) under the title of "A Layman's Legacy in Prose and Verse."

PAIN.

Awful power! whose birthplace lies
Deep 'mid deepest mysteries—
Thine the cry of earliest breath;
Born in pain, entombed with death.
Surely, Pain, thy power shall die
When man puts off mortality.

Awful mystery! can it be
Mercy's name is writ on thee?
That thou comest from above,
Angel of the God of love?
While thou scourgest, tell us *why;*
What message speak'st thou from the sky?

Secrets dread hast thou to show?
Knowledge, which God's sons must know?
Power to purge and purify?
Human strength and power defy?
Make man's stony nature feel?
Mould his ore to tempered steel?

Or is thine the power alone,
So to tune our dull earth tone
To that diviner, holier strain
E'en love and grief attempt in vain:
Such as opens hearts to see
What meant the cross of Calvary?

Perhaps some door is closed in heaven,
Whose key to Pain alone is given;
And only thine all-powerful hand
Can open to the onward land;
While spirits none shall enter there
But those baptized in suffering here.

This one thing I ask of thee,
This one only answer me:
Com'st thou from the heavenly seat?
Lead'st thou to my Father's feet?
Do I suffer not in vain?
Art thou God's true angel, Pain?

Then I'll try to say that word,
"In the name of God the Lord,
Welcome art thou." But whate'er
Thou bringest, give me strength to bear.
Spare not—'tis my Father's will:
I can meet it, and be still.

BEATEN! BEATEN!

Tell me, now, my saddened soul!
Tell me where we lost the day,—
Failed to win the shining goal,
Slacked the pace, or missed the way?
We are beaten;—face the truth!
'Twas not thus we thought to die,
When the prophet-dreams of youth
Sang of joy and victory.

Yes, we own life's battle lost:
Bleeding, torn, we quit the field;
Bright success—ambition's boast—
Here to happier men we yield.
And if some strong hero's sword
Had struck down my weaker blade,
Not one coward, moaning word
Had the weeping wound betrayed.

But I see the battle won
By less daring hearts than mine:
Feebler feet the race have run;
Humbler brows the laurel twine.
See there! at the glittering goal,
See that smiling winner stand!
Measure him from head to sole—
'Tis no giant of the land.

Can I to that winner bow,
And declare how well he ran?
No: I only murmur now—
"Beaten by a poorer man!"
"Perhaps he sought a lowlier prize."
True: but what he sought he won;
While the stars that gemmed *my* skies,
Quenched in darkness, all are gone.

Yet, perchance, that star-like prize
Is not lost—but not yet won:
Lift aloft thine earth-bound eyes:
Seek the goal still farther on,
Far beyond that sinking sun
Swells a brighter, happier shore;
There a nobler race is run:
Hark! He bids thee try once more.

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

Hervey (1804–1859) was a native of Manchester, England. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, and afterward read law. From 1846 to 1854 he edited *The Athenæum*. He published "Australia, and other Poems," 1824; "The Poetical Sketch-book," 1829; "The English Helicon," 1841. His poems are distinguished by an airy delicacy of style and a rare metrical sweetness.

HOPE.

Again—again she comes!—methinks I hear
Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings;
My heart goes forth to meet her with a tear,
And welcome sends from all its broken strings.
It was not thus—not thus—we met of yore,
When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
Was scarce more tuneful than the glad reply:
The wings are fettered by the weight of years,
And grief has spoiled the music with her tears.

She comes—I know her by her starry eyes,
I know her by the rainbow in her hair!
Her vesture of the light and summer skies—
But gone the girdle which she used to wear
Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers
That hung enamored round her fairy feet,
When, in her youth, she haunted earthly bowers,
And culled from all the beautiful and sweet.
No more she mocks me with her voice of mirth,
Nor offers now the garlands of the earth.

Come back, come back—thou hast been absent long,
Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,

Who came, and comes again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll;
Though every year she wears a sadder look,
And sings a sadder song, and every year
Some further leaves are torn out from her book,
And fewer what she brings, and far more dear.
As once she came—oh, might she come again,
With all the perished volumes offered then!

* * * * * *

She comes—she comes—her voice is in mine ear,
Her mild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings forever,
Whose strains of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river;
(Flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs,
Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their hearts,)
Oh—thus the spirit yearns to pierce the skies,
Exulting throbs, though all save hope departs:
Thus the glad freshness of our sinless years
Is watered ever by the heart's rich tears.

She comes—I know her by her radiant eyes,
Before whose smile the long dim cloud departs;
And if a darker shade be on her brow,
And if her tones be sadder than of yore,
And if she sings more solemn music now,
And bears another harp than erst she bore,
And if around her form no longer glow
The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore—
That look is loftier, and that song more sweet,
And heaven's flowers—the stars—are at her feet.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blessed,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer, that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy spirit flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethé that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;—
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign:
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I know thou hast glimpses of mine;
For the love that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign.
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom!—
Is not the dark grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, from tears.

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

Flutes in the sunny air,
And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo, like the desert's call,
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!—
The sky is a gleam of gold,
And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand—
And the thousand tongues are mute,
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,
Like the flash of an Eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,

And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,
Away down the golden river!

Away by the lofty mount,
And away by the lonely shore,
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh! for some warning vision there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!
—That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
Should be so early wasted!

TO ELLEN—WEEPING.

Mine eyes—that may not see thee smile,
Are glad to see thee weep;
Thy spirit's calm this weary while,
Has been too dark and deep;—
Alas for him who has but tears
To mark his path of pain,
But oh! *his* long and lonely years,
Who may not weep again!

Thou know'st, young mourner! thou hast been,
Through good and ill, to me,
Amid a bleak and blighted scene,
A single leafy tree;
A star within a stormy sky,
An island on the main—
And I have prayed, in agony,
To see thee weep again!

Thou *ever* wert a thing of tears,
When but a playful child,
A very sport of hopes and fears,
And *both* too warm and wild;
Thy lightest thoughts and wishes wore
Too passionate a strain—
To *such* how often comes an hour
They never weep again!

Thou wert of those whose very morn
Gives some dark hint of night,
And in thine eye too soon was born
A sad and softened light;
And on thy brow youth set the seal,
Which years, upon thy brain,
Confirmed too well—and they who feel
May scarcely weep again!

But once again within thine eye
I see the waters start—
The fountains cannot *all* be dry
Within so young a heart!
Our love, which grew in light awhile,
Has long been nursed by rain,
But I shall yet behold thee smile,
Since thou hast wept again!

William Croswell.

AMERICAN.

Croswell (1804–1851) was born at Hudson, N. Y., and was graduated at Yale College in 1822. Most of his poetry appeared in the *Episcopal Watchman*, published in Hartford, Conn., of which he was joint editor with George Washington Doane. Croswell was Rector of Christ Church, Boston, 1829–'40; of St. Peter's, Auburn, N. Y., 1840–'44; of Church of the Advent, Boston, 1844–'51.

DRINK AND AWAY.

There is a beautiful rill in Barbary, received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying "Drink and away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.—Dr. Shaw.

Up! pilgrim and rover, redouble thy haste!
Nor rest thee till over life's wearisome waste.
Ere the wild forest ranger thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,—oh, drink and away!

Here lurks the dark savage, by night and by day,
To rob and to ravage, nor scruples to slay:
He waits for the slaughter: the blood of his prey
Shall stain the still water,—then up and away!

With toil though thou languish, the mandate obey,
Spur on, though in anguish, there's death in delay!
No blood-hound, want-wasted, is fiercer than they.—
Pass by it untasted—or drink and away!

Though sore be the trial, thy God is thy stay;
Though deep the denial, yield not in dismay;
But, wrapped in high vision, look on to the day
When the fountains elysian thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou forever enjoy thy repose,
Where life's gentle river eternally flows;
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee for ever and aye,
With none to molest thee—then, drink and away.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud."

My soul was dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God, indeed, is good. Enough to know,
Without the gloomy cloud, he could reveal
No beauteous bow.

Edmund D. Griffin.

AMERICAN.

Griffin (1804–1830) was a native of Wyoming, Penn.—a grandson, on the mother's side, of Colonel Zebulon Butler, who defended the valley against the British attack which led to the massacre of 1778. Graduating at Columbia College, N. Y., where he held the first rank in his class, Edmund studied for the Episcopal Church; but an affection of the lungs compelled him to give up preaching, and try a voyage to Europe. On his return from home, in 1830, he was prostrated by an inflammatory attack, and died. His "Literary Remains" were collected by his brother. They include several Latin poems. There is abundant promise in his lines on Italy, though the influence of Byron is manifest in the general tone.

LINES ON LEAVING ITALY.

"Deh! fossi tu men bella, O almen piu forte."—*Filicaia.*

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Land of the orange-grove and myrtle bower!
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvest loads the scarce-tilled plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreathe with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave:
Where, like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,
By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Thou nurse of every art save one alone,
The art of self-defence! Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvas speak: thy magic tone,
Infused in music now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own,
And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!
Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave,—of what *has* been?
Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
That mouldering wall, too, spoke of brave defence—
Shades of departed heroes, rise again!
Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!

O Italy! my country, fare thee well!
For art thou not my country, at whose breast
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,
The fathers of my mind? whose fame impressed,
E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,—
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood;—

And see again Parthenopé's loved bay,
And Pæstum's shrines, and Baiæ's classic shore,
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice—never more?
Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
But waits, with outstretched arms, to waft me o'er
To other lands, far, far, alas! from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inanimate. Thou art
The cherished mistress of my youth; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Launched on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

Otway Curry.

AMERICAN.

Curry (1804–1855) was a native of Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio. His school education was limited. In 1823 he went to Lebanon, and learned the trade of a carpenter. He had a taste for poetry, and in 1838 became connected with Mr. W. D. Gallagher in editing *The Hesperian*, a monthly magazine. In 1839 he removed to Marysville, began the study of the law, and practised it for ten years. In 1853 we find him connected with the *Scioto Gazette*, a daily paper published in Chillicothe. He filled various public offices, and lived an unblemished life.

KINGDOM COME.

I do not believe the sad story
Of ages of sleep in the tomb;
I shall pass far away to the glory
And grandeur of Kingdom Come.
The paleness of death and its stillness
May rest on my brow for awhile;
And my spirit may lose in its chillness
The splendor of Hope's happy smile;

But the gloom of the grave will be transient,
And light as the slumbers of worth;
And then I shall blend with the ancient
And beautiful forms of the earth.
Through the climes of the sky and the bowers
Of bliss evermore I shall roam,
Wearing crowns of the stars and the flowers
That glitter in Kingdom Come.

The friends who have parted before me
From life's gloomy passion and pain,
When the shadow of death passes o'er me
Will smile on me fondly again.
Their voices were lost in the soundless
Retreats of their endless home:
But soon we shall meet in the boundless
Effulgence of Kingdom Come.

Edward, Lord Lytton.

Bulwer (whose full name was Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer), afterward Lord Lytton (1805–1873), one of the most versatile and conspicuous English authors of his day, was the youngest son of Gen. Bulwer of Haydon Hall, county of Norfolk, who died in 1807. Edward's mother was of the ancient family of Lytton; and on her death, in 1843, he succeeded to her valuable estate, and took the name of Lytton. He wrote verses at a very early age; and his first volume, consisting of boyish rhymes, appeared before he was sixteen years old. At Cambridge, in 1825, he carried off the chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem. In 1826 appeared another volume of verse, "Weeds and Wild Flowers;" and in 1827 his first novel, "Falkland." He sought and won distinction in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, ethical essay, and political disquisition. His plays, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," still hold their place on the stage. His poems are contained in three 12mo volumes. In politics he was at one time a supporter of extreme radical measures, but in 1852 entered Parliament as a Conservative. His few speeches were able and apt. His reputation rests chiefly on his novels, which are as various in style as in their degrees of excellence. In 1827 he married Miss Wheeler, by whom he had a son and daughter. The latter died in 1848; of the former, also a poet, an account will be found in our pages. The connection with Miss Wheeler proved an unhappy one; there was a separation; and she, as Lady Bulwer, wrote novels reflecting personally on her husband and his mother.

As a poet, Lytton did not reach "the summit of the sacred mount;" but he has done some good work, and his reputation is not likely to be ephemeral. Among the "Curiosities of Literature" will be reckoned the interchange of sarcasms between him and Tennyson. In his "New Timon" (1845), a poem partly satirical and partly narrative, Lytton had designated the laureate as "School Miss Alfred," and his poetry was alluded to as

> "The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
> Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

Tennyson gave no babyish blow back. He published in *Punch* (1846) some stinging stanzas in reply, from which we quote the following:

> "Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
> With dandy pathos when you wrote;
> O Lion, you that made a noise,
> And shook a mane *en papillotes!*
> * * * * *
> "An artist, sir, should rest in art,
> And waive a little of his claim;
> To have the great poetic heart
> Is more than all poetic fame.
> * * * * *
> "What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt—
> A dapper boot—a little hand—
> If half the little soul is dirt?
> * * * * *
> "A Timon you? Nay, nay, for shame;
> It looks too arrogant a jest—
> That fierce old man—to take his name,
> You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."

Lytton lived to do better things than he had yet produced; and Tennyson no doubt lived to regret the extreme severity of his retort; as we find him dedicating one of his plays to the younger Lord Lytton, and referring in the dedication, with high respect, to the man at whom he had so savagely thrust back, and who, in spite of the affectations of his younger days, was highly gifted as an author.

CARADOC, THE BARD TO THE CYMRIANS.

From "King Arthur: a Poem in Twelve Books."

No Cymrian bard, by the primitive law, could bear weapons.

Hark to the measured march!—The Saxons come!
The sound earth quails beneath the hollow tread!
Your fathers rushed upon the swords of Rome,
And climbed her war-ships, when the Cæsar fled!
The Saxons come! why wait within the wall?
They scale the mountain:—let its torrents fall!

Mark, ye have swords, and shields, and armor, YE!
No mail defends the Cymrian Child of Song;
But where the warrior, there the Bard shall be!
All fields of glory to the bard belong!
His realm extends wherever godlike strife
Spurns the base death, and wins immortal life.

Unarmed he goes—his guard the shield of all,
Where he bounds foremost on the Saxon spear!
Unarmed he goes, that, falling, even his fall
Shall bring no shame, and shall bequeath no fear:
Does the song cease?—avenge it by the deed,
And make the sepulchre—a nation freed!

A SPENDTHRIFT.

From "Richelieu."

You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar;
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, sir,
That, being beggared, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible called Debt. To live
On means not yours; be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets; all
Not *yours*, ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for;
This is to be a trickster, and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread; quitting all scores with, "Friend,
You're troublesome!" Why this, forgive me,
Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From Heaven what fancy stole
The dream of some good spirit, aye at hand,
The seraph whispering to the exile soul
Tales of its native land?

Who to the cradle gave
The unseen watcher by the mother's side,
Born with the birth, companion to the grave,
The holy angel guide?

Is it a fable?—"No,"
I hear Love answer from the sunlit air;
"Still, where *my* presence gilds the darkness, know
Life's angel guide is there!"

Is it a fable?—Hark,
Faith hymns from deeps beyond the palest star,
"*I* am the pilot to thy wandering bark,
Thy guide to shores afar."

Is it a fable?—Sweet
From wave, from air, from every forest tree,
The murmur spoke, "Each thing thine eyes can greet
An angel guide can be!

"From myriads take thy choice;
In all that lives a guide to God is given;
Ever thou hear'st some angel guardian's voice
When Nature speaks of Heaven!"

TO THE KING.

From "The Duchesse de la Vallière."

Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream
That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—
Woman for lust—the People for the Palace!
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne.
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king,
The ruling courtiers, and the flattering priests!
Lo! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—
The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the victim!
Lord of the Silver Lilies, canst thou tell
If the same fate await not thy descendant!
If some meek son of thine imperial line
May make no brother to yon headless spectre!
And when the sage who saddens o'er the end
Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he finds

The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion,
Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave?
Beware, proud King! the Present cries aloud,
A prophet to the future! Wake!—beware!

IS IT ALL VANITY?

* * * * *

Life answers, "No! If ended here be life,
Seize what the sense can give; it is thine all;
Disarm thee, Virtue! barren is thy strife;
Knowledge, thy torch let fall!

"Seek thy lost Psyche, yearning Love, no more!
Love is but lust, if soul be only breath;
Who would put forth one billow from the shore
If the great sea be—Death?"

But if the soul, that slow artificer,
For ends its instinct rears *from* life hath striven,
Feeling beneath its patient web-work stir
Wings only freed in Heaven,—

Then, and but then, to toil is to be wise;
Solved is the riddle of the grand desire
Which ever, ever for the Distant sighs,
And must perforce aspire.

Rise then, my soul, take comfort from thy sorrow;
Thou feel'st thy treasure when thou feel'st thy load;
Life without thought, the day without the morrow,
God on the brute bestowed;—

Longings obscure as for a native clime,
Flight from what is to live in what may be,
God gave the Soul:—thy discontent with Time
Proves thine eternity.

INVOCATION TO LOVE.

From "King Arthur."

Hail thou, the ever young, albeit of night
And of primeval chaos eldest born;
Thou, at whose birth broke forth the Founts of Light,
And o'er Creation flushed the earliest morn!
Life, in thy life, suffused the conscious whole;
And formless matter took the harmonious soul.

Hail, Love! the Death-defier! age to age
Linking, with flowers, in the still heart of man!
Dream to the Bard, and marvel to the Sage,
Glory and mystery since the world began.
Shadowing the cradle, brightening at the tomb,
Soft as our joys, and solemn as our doom!

Ghost-like amid the unfamiliar Past,
Dim shadows flit along the streams of Time;
Vainly our learning trifles with the vast
Unknown of ages! Like the wizard's rhyme
We call the dead, and from the Tartarus
'Tis but the dead that rise to answer us!

Voiceless and wan, we question them in vain;
They leave unsolved earth's mighty yesterday.
But wave thy wand—they bloom, they breathe again!
The link is found!—as *we* love, so loved they!
Warm to our clasp our human brothers start,
Man smiles on man, and heart speaks out to heart.

Arch power, of every power most dread, most sweet,
Ope at thy touch the far celestial gates;
Yet Terror flies with Joy before thy feet,
And, with the Graces, glide unseen the Fates;
Eos and Hesperus,—one, with twofold light,
Bringer of day, and herald of the night!

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE MYSTICS.

Life has its mystery;—True, it is that one
Surrounding all, and yet perceived by none.

THE KEY.

To know *thyself*—in others self discern;
Wouldst thou know others? read thyself—and learn!

MY BELIEF.

What my religion? those thou namest—none?
None, why? Because I have religion!

FRIEND AND FOE.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I *can* do, and my foe shows what I *should*.

FORUM OF WOMEN.

Woman—to judge man rightly—do not scan
Each separate act;—pass judgment on the Man!

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Give me that which thou know'st—I'll receive and attend;
But thou giv'st me thyself—prithee,—spare me my friend!

THE PROSELYTE MAKER.

"A little earth from out the Earth—and I
The Earth will move;" so spake the Sage divine.
Out of myself one little moment—try
Myself to take:—succeed, and I am thine!

THE CONNECTING MEDIUM.

What to cement the lofty and the mean
Does Nature?—what?—place vanity between!

CORRECTNESS.

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,
Attests Art's loftiest or its least degree;
That ground in common two extremes may claim—
Strength most consummate, feebleness most tame.

THE MASTER.

The herd of scribes, by what they tell us,
Show all in which their wits excel us;
But the True Master we behold,
In what his art leaves—just untold.

SCIENCE.

To some she is the Goddess great, to some the milch-cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will yield.

KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish!
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish.

Sarah Flower Adams.

Miss Flower (1805–1849), a native of London, was a younger daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor of the Cambridge *Intelligencer*, and a well-known politician of the Liberal school. Sarah was married to William B. Adams, eminent as a civil engineer. Her celebrated hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," founded on Jacob's dream, recorded in Genesis, was contributed in 1841 to a Unitarian collection of "Hymns and Anthems," edited by William J. Fox, preacher and member of Parliament. Few hymns have been so widely popular. It has been adopted by all Christian sects, and translated into various languages, adapted to the tune of "Bethany." Professor Hitchcock relates that as he and his travelling companions rounded their way down the foot-hills of Mount Lebanon in 1870, they came in sight of a group of fifty Syrian students, who were singing in Arabic this beautiful hymn to this familiar tune. Mrs. Adams was also the author of a drama in five acts, founded on the martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua, and published in 1841; and of "The Flock at the Fountain," designed for children.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee!—
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I'll fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

THE WORLD MAY CHANGE.

A Paraphrase from Schiller.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of Hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through fallen tears,—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy, weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond:
Nor loss nor shame, nor grief nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice Divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

THY WILL, NOT MINE.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
Where falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me, or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Henry Glassford Bell.

Bell (1805–1874) was a native of Glasgow, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. After leaving college he wrote a "Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots," which passed through several editions. He edited the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* for three years. In 1832 he was admitted to the Bar, became quite eminent as a lawyer, and in 1867 succeeded Sir Archibald Alison as Sheriff of Lanarkshire. His first volume of poems appeared in 1831; his last in 1865, with the title of "Romances, and other Minor Poems." Highly esteemed by all who knew him, "he had," says one of his biographers, "almost the innocence of a child with the fortitude of a sage."

FROM "THE END."

Dear friend, is all we see a dream?
Does this brief glimpse of time and space
Exhaust the aims, fulfil the scheme
Intended for the human race?

Shall even the star-exploring mind,
Which thrills with spiritual desire,
Be, like a breath of summer wind,
Absorbed in sunshine and expire?

Or will what men call death restore
The living myriads of the past?
Is dying but to go before
The myriads who will come at last?

If not, whence sprang the thought, and whence
Perception of a Power divine,
Who symbols forth Omnipotence
In flowers that bloom, in suns that shine?

'Tis not these fleshly limbs that think,
'Tis not these filmy eyes that see;
Though mind and matter break the link,
Mind does not therefore cease to be.

Such end is but an end in part,
Such death is but the body's goal;
Blood makes the pulses of the heart,
But not the emotions of the soul.

CADZOW.

The birds are singing by Avon Bridge,
The sky is blue o'er Chatebrault,
And all through Cadzow's wooded glades
The softest airs of summer blow.

O birds that sing by Avon Bridge,
  Why should your notes so richly flow?
O tranquil sky of cloudless blue,
  Why shine so bright o'er Chatebrault?

O Avon! rolling gently down,
  Why keep'st thou that old tuneful tone?
Where is the voice so soft and low
  Whose music echoed back thy own?

O Cadzow! why this rustling pomp
  Of leafy boughs that wave so high?
Where is the light that gleamed through all
  Thy shadowy paths in days gone by?

O summer airs! why thus recall
  The sweeter breath, that seemed to bring
The balmy dews of summer skies,
  And all the roses of the spring!

George Washington Bethune.

AMERICAN.

Dr. Bethune (1805–1862), an eloquent pulpit orator of the Dutch Church, was a native of the city of New York. Graduating at Dickinson College in the class of 1822, he studied theology at Princeton, and preached successively at Rhinebeck, Utica, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. He published in 1848 "Lays of Love and Faith."

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

It is not death to die, to leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high to be at home
  with God.
It is not death to close the eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose to spend eternal years.
It is not death to bear the wrench that sets us free
From prison-bars, to breathe the air of boundless lib-
  erty.
It is not death to fling aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exultant wing to live among the
  just.
Jesus, thou prince of life! thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee they conquer in the strife to live with thee
  on high.

SONNET, INTRODUCING "LAYS," ETC.

As one arranges in a single vase
A little store of unpretending flowers,
So gathered I some record of past hours,
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace;
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers;
But dear memorials of my happy days,
When heaven shed blessings on my head like show-
  ers;
Clothing with beauty even the desert place;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of art, the rapture music sends,—
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends.

John Edmund Reade.

Reade (1805–1870) was a native of England. His first volume, "The Broken Heart, and other Poems," appeared in 1825. A diligent, if not a distinguished, writer, he published four collective editions of his poetical works (1851–1865). He also wrote several novels. His description of the Colosseum, though suggestive of Byron's "Childe Harold," is graphic and vigorous, showing no inconsiderable degree of original power.

THE COLOSSEUM.

From "Italy: a Poem."

Hark! the night's slumberous air is musical
With the low carolling of birds, that seem
To hold here an enduring festival:
How do their notes and nature's flowers redeem
The place from stained pollution! if the stream
And reek of blood gushed forth from man and
  beast,
If, Cain-like, brethren gloated o'er the steam
Of immolation as a welcome feast,
Ages have cleansed the guilt, the unnatural strife
  hath ceased.

Along its shattered edges on a sky
Of azure, sharply, delicately traced,
The light bird flits o'er flowers that wave from
  high,
Where human foot shall nevermore be based:
Grass mantles the arena 'mid defaced
And broken columns freshly, wildly spread;
And through the hollow windows once so graced
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinklings
  shed,
Lighting as if with life those sockets of the dead!

So stretches that Titanic skeleton:
Its shattered and enormous circle rent,

And yawning open, arch and covering gone;
As the huge crater's sides hang imminent
Round the volcano whose last flames are spent,
Whose sounds shall nevermore to heaven aspire,
So frowns that stern and desolate monument;
A stage in ruin, an exhausted pyre,
The actors passed to dust, forever quenched the fire!

Robert T. Conrad.

AMERICAN.

Conrad (1805–1858) was a native of Philadelphia. Quite early in life he manifested strong literary tastes. He studied for the Bar, became an accomplished pleader, was made Judge of the Court of General Sessions in 1840, and Mayor of the city in 1854. He was the author of two tragedies, "Conrad of Naples" and "Aylmere," the latter written for Forrest, and produced on the stage with success. An edition of Conrad's poetical and dramatic writings was published (1852) in Philadelphia.

FROM "MY BROTHER."

Forever gone! I am alone—alone!
Yet my heart doubts; to me thou livest yet:
Love's lingering twilight o'er my soul is thrown;
E'en when the orb that lent that light is set.
Thou minglest with my hopes—does Hope forget?
I think of thee as thou wert at my side;
I grieve, and whisper—"*He* too will regret;"
I doubt and ponder—"How will *he* decide?"
I strive, but 'tis to win thy praises and thy pride.

For I thy praise could win—thy praise sincere.
How lov'dst thou me, with more than woman's love!
And thou to me wast e'en as honor dear!
Nature in one fond woof our spirits wove;
Like wedded vines enclasping in the grove
We grew. Ah! withered now the fairer vine!
But from the living who the dead can move?
Blending their sere and green leaves, there they twine,
And will, till dust to dust shall mingle mine with thine.

The sunshine of our boyhood! I bethink
How we were wont to beat the briery wood;
Or clamber, boastful, up the craggy brink,
Where the rent mountain frowns upon the flood
That thrids that vale of beauty and of blood,
Sad Wyoming! The whispering past will tell,
How by the silver-browed cascade we stood,
And watched the sunlit waters as they fell [dell.
(So youth drops in the grave) down in the shadowy

And how we plunged in Lackawanna's wave;
The wild fowl startled, when to echo gay,
In that hushed dell, glad laugh and shout we gave!
Or on the shaded hill-side how we lay
And watched the bright rack on its beamy way,
Dreaming high dreams of glory and of pride;
What heroes we, in freedom's deadliest fray!
How poured we gladly forth life's ruddy tide,
Looked to our skyey flag, and shouted, smiled, and died!

Bright dreams—forever past! I dream no more!
Memory is now my being: her sweet tone
Can, like a spirit-spell, the lost restore—
My tried, my true, my brave, bright-thoughted one!
Few have a friend—and such a friend! But none
Have, in this bleak world, more than one; and he,
Ever mine own, mine only—*he* is gone!
He fell—as hope had promised—for the free:
Our early dream,—alas! it was no dream to thee!

Samuel Ferguson.

A native of Belfast, Ireland, Ferguson was born in 1805. He was a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the Dublin *University Magazine*. An edition of his collected writings was published in 1865; and in 1880 appeared "Poems by *Sir* Samuel Ferguson;" he having been knighted.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the *Dolphin's* Anchor forged; 'tis at a white-heat now;
The billows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the cauldent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As quivering through his fleece of flame the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
"Hurrah!" they shout; "leap out—leap out:" bang, bang, the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the main-mast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
"The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;"
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou!
The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can
equal thine?
The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy
cable line:
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day
by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant
game to play;—
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name
I gave,
A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but
understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that
dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about
thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their
ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger
steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst
leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant
strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly
sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes
among!

William Rowan Hamilton.

Hamilton (1805–1865), Astronomer Royal of Dublin, was also a poet. George Ticknor (Boston, U. S. A., 1791–1871), in his "Life, Letters, etc." (1870), speaks of the following sonnet as "one of the finest in the English language." Wordsworth once said to Mr. Aubrey de Vere: "I have known many that might be called very *clever* men, and a good many of real and vigorous *abilities*, but few of genius; and only one whom I should call *wonderful*. That one was Coleridge. * * * The only man like Coleridge whom I have known is Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Dublin."

A PRAYER.

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread;
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,—
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees:
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled!

TO ADAMS,

DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE.

When Vulcan cleft the laboring brain of Jove
With his keen axe, and set Minerva free,
The unimprisoned maid, exultingly,
Bounded aloft, and to the Heaven above
Turned her clear eyes, while the grim workman
strove
To claim the virgin Wisdom for his fee,
His private wealth, his property to be,
And hide in Lemnian cave her light of love.
If some new truth, oh friend, thy toil discover,
If thine eyes first by some fair form be blessed,
Love it for what it is, and as a lover
Gaze, or with joy receive thine honored guest:
The new-found Thought, set free, awhile may hover
Gratefully near thee, but it cannot rest.

William Parsons Lunt.

AMERICAN.

Lunt was born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1805, and died at Akbar, in Arabia Petræa, March 20th, 1857. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1823; studied law for a time, then divinity. He officiated in 1828 as pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in New York, but in 1835 took charge of the church in Quincy, Mass., and retained it up to the time of his death. His writings, both in prose and verse, give evidence of a clear, highly cultivated intellect and of an emotional nature, quick to sympathize with the good, beautiful, and true.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of my country! in thy folds
Are wrapped the treasures of the heart;
Where'er that waving sheet is fanned
By breezes of the sea or land,
It bids the life-blood start.

It is not that among those stars
The fiery crest of Mars shines out:
It is not that on battle-plain,
'Mid heaps of harnessed warriors slain,
It flaps triumphant o'er the rout.

Short-lived the joy that conquest yields;
Flushed victory is bathed in tears;
The burden of that bloody fame
Which shouting myriads proclaim
Sounds sad to widowed ears

Thou hast a deeper, stronger hold,
Flag of my country! on the heart,
Than when o'er mustered hosts unfurled,
Thou art a signal to the world,
At which the nations start.

Thou art a symbol of the power
Whose sheltering wings our homes surround:
Guarded by thee was childhood's morn,
And where thy cheering folds are borne,
Order and Peace are found.

Flag of our mighty Union, hail!
Blessings abound where thou dost float;
Best robe for living Freedom's form,
Fit pall to spread upon her tomb,
Should Heaven to death devote.

Wave over us in glory still,
And be our guardian as now!
Each wind of heaven salute thy streaks!
And withered be the arm that seeks
To bring that banner low!

William Lloyd Garrison.

AMERICAN.

Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10th, 1805, and died in the city of New York, May 24th, 1879. His mother was a woman of rare good sense and strong religious convictions. The family were poor, and William had few advantages. He began early to learn the trade of a shoemaker, but left it for the printing-office. This led to his becoming associated in an editorial capacity with various journals. In 1829 he joined Benjamin Lundy in starting *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* in Baltimore, and was imprisoned some thirty days for his attacks on the slave system. In 1831 appeared the *Liberator*, published in Boston. Thenceforward he devoted himself strenuously to the eradication of slavery from the land. Political developments, attended by the estrangement of the South, gradually led to the conflict which ended in the fulfilment of his life-long endeavors. Two of the subjoined sonnets were traced in pencil on the walls of the cell where he was imprisoned. He published a volume of ninety-six pages in 1843, entitled "Sonnets, and other Poems."

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

Prisoner! within these gloomy walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or venal wrong—
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
Or wouldst not bear the implements of war:
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'mid intensest sufferings!
Though beat, imprisoned, put to open shame,
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name!

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,—
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star!

TO BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned,
Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed;
As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed;
Leonidas could not thy courage boast;
Less numerous were his foes, his band more strong;
Alone unto a more than Persian host,
Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
Nor shalt thou singly wage the unequal strife;

Unto thy aid, with spear and shield, I rush,
And freely do I offer up my life,
And bid my heart's-blood find a wound to gush!
New volunteers are trooping to the field;
To die we are prepared, but not an inch to yield.

SONNET.

How shall my love to God be clearest shown?
He nothing needs of all that I possess;
Nothing it costs lip homage to express,
In sackcloth and in ashes to lie prone,
Sin in the abstract loudly to bemoan!
Easy it is religion to profess,
And praise and magnify Christ's righteousness;
For this requires but empty breath alone.
By cleaving to the truth when under ban,
Striving to break Oppression's iron rod,
Bearing the cross where freedom leads the van,
Shunning no path by faithful martyrs trod,
And loving as myself my fellow-man,—
Thus clearest shall I show my love to God.

Frederic Henry Hedge.

AMERICAN.

Hedge was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1805—the son of Levi Hedge, teacher of Logic, etc., at Harvard College. In 1818 he accompanied George Bancroft to Germany, and studied there for some time. Returning to America, he graduated at Harvard in 1825, and studied for the ministry. In 1856 he took charge of the parish in Brookline, Mass.; but in 1872 removed to Cambridge, and was appointed Professor of German Literature. Dr. Hedge has been a voluminous author, has published various translations from the German, and written some excellent hymns.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

'Twas the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
  Bleeding on the guilty cross;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
  Nature's fall, and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentile hate and Jewish malice
  Lift the royal victim high—
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the Prophet once uplifted—
  For a sinful world to die.

Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
  And the sun his light denied;
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
  Trembled when the Just One died.

It is finished, Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
  Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer, draw us to thee,
  Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
  May that sacred symbol be.
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
  May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's deep for us has sounded,
  Perfected by sorrows sore.
Glory to thy cross forever!
Star that points our high endeavor
  Whither thou hast gone before.

QUESTIONINGS.

Hath this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Will its life, with mine begun,
Cease to be when that is done,
Or another consciousness
With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand, thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;

Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or—more wonderful—within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more rare
Than reality doth wear,
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er,
When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and lives,—
Life to all things living gives,—
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung
From thyself,—thyself a dream,—
Of the world's thinking, thou the theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth,—
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find,
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore, in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Losing still, that I may find
This bounded self in boundless mind.

Frederick Tennyson.

Born about the year 1806, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, Frederick was the eldest of the three Tennyson brothers, all of whom seem to have been genuine poets. In his religious views he is an outspoken Spiritualist, with a leaning to Swedenborg's teachings.

THE BLACKBIRD.

How sweet the harmonies of afternoon!
The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and summer boon;
Rich breath of hay-fields streams through whispering trees;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly—while the Blackbird sings.

How soft the lovelight of the West reposes
On this green valley's cheery solitude,
On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,
On the gray belfry with its ivy hood,
And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that flings
Its bubbling freshness—while the Blackbird sings.

The very dial on the village church
Seems as 'twere dreaming in a dozy rest;
The scribbled benches underneath the porch
Bask in the kindly welcome of the West:
But the broad casements of the old Three Kings
Blaze like a furnace—while the Blackbird sings.

And there beneath the immemorial elm
Three rosy revellers round a table sit,
And through gray clouds give laws unto the realm,
Curse good and great, but worship their own wit,
And roar of fights, and fairs, and junketings,
Corn, colts, and curs—the while the Blackbird sings.

Before her home, in her accustomed seat,
The tidy grandam spins beneath the shade
Of the old honeysuckle,—at her feet
The dreaming pug, and purring tabby laid;
To her low chair a little maiden clings,
And spells in silence—while the Blackbird sings.

Sometimes the shadow of a lazy cloud
Breathes o'er the hamlet with its gardens green,
While the far fields, with sunlight overflowed,
Like golden shores of Fairy-land are seen;
Again the sunshine on the shadow springs,
And fires the thicket—where the Blackbird sings.

The woods, the lawn, the peakéd manor-house,
With its peach-covered walls, and rookery loud,
The trim, quaint garden-alleys, screened with boughs,
The lion-headed gates, so grim and proud,
The mossy fountain with its murmurings,
Lie in warm sunshine—while the Blackbird sings.

The ring of silver voices, and the sheen
Of festal garments—and my lady streams
With her gay court across the garden green;
Some laugh and dance, some whisper their love-dreams,
And one calls for a little page; he strings
Her lute beside her—while the Blackbird sings.

A little while—and lo! the charm is heard;
A youth, whose life has been all summer, steals

Forth from the noisy guests around the board,
  Creeps by her softly; at her footstool kneels:
And, when she pauses, murmurs tender things
Into her fond ear—while the Blackbird sings.

The smoke-wreaths from the chimneys curl up higher,
  And dizzy things of eve begin to float
Upon the light; the breeze begins to tire.
  Half-way to sunset, with a drowsy note,
The ancient clock from out the valley swings;
The grandam nods—and still the Blackbird sings.

Far shouts and laughter from the farm-stead peal,
  Where the great stack is piling in the sun;
Through narrow gates o'erladen wagons reel,
  And barking curs into the tumult run;
While the inconstant wind bears off, and brings
The merry tempest—and the Blackbird sings.

On the high wold the last look of the sun
  Burns, like a beacon, over dale and stream;
The shouts have ceased, the laughter and the fun;
  The grandam sleeps, and peaceful be her dreams!
Only a hammer on an anvil rings;
The day is dying—still the Blackbird sings.

Now the good vicar passes from his gate,
  Serene, with long white hair; and in his eye
Burns the clear spirit that has conquered Fate,
  And felt the wings of immortality;
His heart is thronged with great imaginings,
And tender mercies—while the Blackbird sings.

Down by the brook he bends his steps, and through
  A lowly wicket; and at last he stands
Awful beside the bed of one who grew
  From boyhood with him,—who, with lifted hands
And eyes, seems listening to far welcomings
And sweeter music—than the Blackbird sings.

Two golden stars, like tokens from the blessed,
  Strike on his dim orbs from the setting sun;
His sinking hands seem pointing to the West;
  He smiles as though he said, "Thy will be done!"
His eyes, they see not those illuminings;
His ears, they hear not—what the Blackbird sings.

SONNET.

'Tis not for golden eloquence I pray,
A godlike tongue to move a stony heart:—
Methinks it were full well to be apart
In solitary uplands far away,
Between the blossoms of a rosy spray,
Dreaming upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature in a wild and pathless place.
And if it chanced that I did once array,
In words of magic woven curiously,
All the deep gladness of a summer's morn,
Or rays of evening that light up the lea
On dewy days of spring, or shadows borne
Across the forehead of an autumn noon,—
Then would I die and ask no better boon.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

AMERICAN.

Hoffman was born in the city of New York in 1806. While yet a boy, as he was sitting carelessly at the end of a pier on the Hudson, a steamboat drew up and crushed one of his legs, so that he had to have it amputated. Thenceforward he had to go with a wooden leg. This did not prevent his making an adventurous journey on horseback through the North-western States to the Mississippi in 1833. He published, on his return, a graphic account of his adventures in a volume, entitled "A Winter in the West." Educated at Columbia College, Hoffman tried the law, but drifted into literature, and edited the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for a year or two. Bryant has truly said of him: "His kindly and generous temper and genial manners won the attachment of all who knew him. His poems bear the impress of his noble character." Hoffman became insane, and passed the last quarter of his life in an asylum.

MONTEREY.

"Pends toi, brave Crillon! Nous avons combattu, et tu n'y etois pas."—*Lettre de Henri IV. à Crillon.*

We were not many, we who stood
  Before the iron steel that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
  Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
  In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
  Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
  Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns that swept
  The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

William Gilmore Simms.

AMERICAN.

Simms (1806–1870) was a native of Charleston, S. C., and resided there most of his life, with the exception of occasional visits to New York, where he was well known in literary circles. He wrote numerous novels, the most successful of which was "The Yemassee." His principal poems are "Atlantis," "Lays of the Palmetto," and "Songs and Ballads of the South." Simms was a prolific writer, and as he wrote for an immediate support, he had little time to blot. A list of some sixty volumes from his pen may be found in Appleton's "Cyclopædia." As a man he was thoroughly estimable. His collected poems, in two volumes, were published by Redfield, New York, 1853. In 1829 he had purchased an interest in a newspaper; but this proved a losing venture, as the doctrine of nullification was then in the ascendant, and he was a strenuous advocate for the maintenance of the Union. His education was limited.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

O! thou bright and beautiful day,
First bright day of the virgin spring,
Bringing the slumbering life into play,
Giving the leaping bird his wing!

Thou art round me now in all thy hues,
Thy robe of green, and thy scented sweets,
In thy bursting buds, in thy blessing dews,
In every form that my footstep meets.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,
In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour,
In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,
In the breathing bud and the opening flower.

I see thy forms o'er the parting earth,
In the tender shoots of the grassy blade,
In the thousand plants that spring to birth,
On the valley's side in the home of shade.

I feel thy promise in all my veins,
They bound with a feeling long suppressed,
And, like a captive who breaks his chains,
Leap the glad hopes in my heaving breast.

There are life and joy in thy coming, Spring!
Thou hast no tidings of gloom and death;
But buds thou shakest from every wing,
And sweets thou breathest with every breath.

FREEDOM OF THE SABBATH.

Let us escape! This is our holiday—
God's day, devote to rest; and, through the wood
We'll wander, and, perchance, find heavenly food:
So, profitless, it shall not pass away.
'Tis life, but with sweet difference, methinks,
Here in the forest;—from the crowd set free,
The spirit, like escaping song-bird, drinks
Fresh sense of music from its liberty.
Thoughts crowd about us with the trees: the shade
Holds teachers that await us: in our ear,
Unwonted but sweet voices do we hear,
That with rare excellence of tongue persuade:
They do not chide our idlesse,—were content
If all our walks were half so innocent.

SOLACE OF THE WOODS.

Woods, waters, have a charm to soothe the ear,
When common sounds have vexed it: when the day
Grows sultry, and the crowd is in thy way,
And working in thy soul much coil and care,
Betake thee to the forest: in the shade
Of pines, and by the side of purling streams
That prattle all their secrets in their dreams,
Unconscious of a listener—unafraid—
Thy soul shall feel their freshening, and the truth
Of nature then, reviving in thy heart,
Shall bring thee the best feelings of thy youth,
When in all natural joys thy joy had part,
Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of trade
Had turned thee to the thing thou wast not made.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Smith was born in 1806 at Cumberland, about twelve miles from Portland, Me. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Oakes Prince. She married, in 1823, Seba Smith, author of the "Jack Downing Letters," and several poems. The family removed to New York in 1839, and after Mr. Smith's death in 1868, she resided for several years in North Carolina. She published "The Sinless Child, and other Poems," wrote tragedies, stories, and hymns, besides contributing largely to magazines and newspapers. Latterly she resided at Patchogue, Suffolk County, N. Y.

SONNET: THE UNATTAINED.

And is this life? and are we born for this?—
To follow phantoms that elude the grasp,
Or whatsoe'er secured, within our clasp,
To withering lie, as if each earthly kiss
Were doomed death's shuddering touch alone to meet.
O Life! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?
Must still THE UNATTAINED beguile our feet?
THE UNATTAINED with yearnings fill the breast,
That rob for aye the Spirit of its rest?
Yes, this is Life; and everywhere we meet,
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat;
Yet faint thou not: thou dost apply a test,
That shall incite thee onward, upward still:
The present cannot sate, nor e'er thy spirit fill.

SONNET: POESY.

With no fond, sickly thirst for fame I kneel,
O goddess of the high-born art, to thee;
Not unto thee with semblance of a zeal
I come, O pure and heaven-eyed Poesy!
Thou art to me a spirit and a love,
Felt ever from the time when first the earth
In its green beauty, and the sky above,
Informed my soul with joy too deep for mirth.
'T was a child of thine before my tongue
uld lisp its infant utterance unto thee;
now, albeit from my heart are flung
'ant numbers, and the song may be
'ch I would not, yet I know that thou
wilt not spurn, while thus to thee I bow.

'NNET: FAITH.

–faith is the subtle chain
'he Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence. We may rejoice
With an exceeding joy, and make our life,
Ay, this external life, become a part
Of that which is within, o'erwrought and rife
With faith, that childlike blessedness of heart;—
The order and the harmony inborn
With a perpetual hymning crown our way,
Till callousness and selfishness and scorn
Shall pass as clouds where scathless light play!
Cling to thy faith: 'tis higher than the thou
That questions of thy faith, the cold external d

John Sterling.

Sterling (1806–1844) was born at Kaimes Castle of Bute. His father, Captain Sterling, became edit the *Times* newspaper, and John, having been educat Trinity College, Cambridge, was early introduced the best literary society of London. This included ridge and Carlyle; and with the latter, who wrote a moir of him, he became very intimate. He took hol ders in the Church, and preached for eight months failing health and doubts as to the creed he was t ing induced him to resign his charge. Thenceforw devoted himself to literature, writing for *Blackwood's azine* and the *Westminster Review*. In the former of his poems first appeared. He published a volum them, 1839; "The Election," a poem, 1841; and " ford," a tragedy, 1843. His prose works, edited by A deacon Hare, appeared in 1848. Sterling was remark for his genial, amiable traits, and his conversational ers. He was the charm of every society into whic entered. His poems lack the popular element, bu rich in profound, earnest thought.

TO A CHILD.

Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves,
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go,
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day,
And brow so calm, a home for thought,
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;

Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind,
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee childhood's very lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade:
Thou art a flash that lights the whole;
A gush from nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within not loud but clear
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

THE MAN SURVIVES.

From "Hymns of a Hermit."

How strange is death to life! and yet how sure
The law which dooms each living thing to die!
Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,
And all that lasts eludes the subtlest eye.

Because the eye is only made to spell
The grosser garb and failing husk of things;
The vital strength and stream that inlier dwells,
Our faith divines amid their secret springs.

The stars will sink as fade the lamps of earth,
The earth be lost as vapor seen no more,
And all around that seems of oldest birth,
Abides one destined day—and all is o'er.

The spirit leaves the body's wondrous frame,
That frame itself a world of strength and skill;
The nobler inmate new abodes will claim,
In every change to Thee aspiring still.

Oh! rather bear beyond the date of stars
All torments heaped that nerve and soul can feel,
Than but one hour believe destruction mars
Without a hope the life our breasts reveal!

Although from darkness born, to darkness fled,
We know that light beyond surrounds the whole;
The man survives, though the weird corpse be dead,
And He who dooms the flesh redeems the soul.

PROSE AND SONG.

I looked upon a plain of green,
That some one called the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen,
In movement or repose.

I looked upon a stately hill
That well was named the mount of song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise,—
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

Julia Pardoe.

Miss Pardoe (1806–1862) was a native of Beverley, Yorkshire, England. She was an extensive writer of novels, books of travel, and historical memoirs. She is said to have produced a volume of poems at the age of thirteen. She travelled extensively, and the volumes from her pen were favorably received.

THE BEACON-LI[GHT]

Darkness was deepening
And still the hul[l]
No sail to answer
Her masts a[t]

Gloomy and drear her course of fear,—
Each looked but for a grave,—
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore;
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar;
When not a star had shone from far,
By its pale beam to save,
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's star,
With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

George Lunt.

AMERICAN.

Lunt was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1807. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1824, studied and practised law. In 1848 he removed to Boston, and was appointed United States District Attorney. He edited the *Boston Courier* for several years with marked ability, published volumes of poems in 1839, 1843, 1854, and 1855, also in the last-named year, "Eastford, a Novel." He is also the author of several valuable historical works. His residence since 1877 was in Scituate, Mass.

Among the lyrics that "almost sing themselves" from [pe]n of Lunt is his "Pilgrim Song," which runs to [the] sure of T. H. Bayly's once popular ballad,

"Bayly the troubadour touched his guitar."

[Stan]zas from Lunt's poem is as follows:

"[Ba]th sunny dales, dearly they bloom;
[Hea]ther-hills, sweet their perfume:
[Th]e wilderness cheerful we stray,
[Gi]ve land, home far away!
[We] wanderers, hither we come;
[Th]are to be,—this is our home.'"

THE HAYMAKERS.

Down on the Merrimac River,
While the autumn grass is green,
Oh, there the jolly hay-men
In their gundalows are seen;
Floating down, as ebbs the current,
And the dawn leads on the day,
With their scythes and rakes all ready
To gather in the hay.

The good wife, up the river,
Has made the oven hot,
And with plenty of pandowdy
Has filled her earthen pot.
Their long oars sweep them onward,
As the ripples round them play,
And the jolly hay-men drift along
To make the meadow hay.

At the bank-side then they moor her,
Where the sluggish waters run,
By the shallow creek's low edges,
Beneath the fervid sun—
And all day long the toilers
Mow their swaths, and, day by day,
You can see their scythe-blades flashing
At the cutting of the hay.

When the meadow-birds are flying,
Then down go scythe and rake,
And right and left their scattering shots
The sleeping echoes wake—
For silent spreads the broad expanse,
To the sand-hills far away,
And thus they change their work for sport,
At making of the hay.

When the gundalows are loaded—
Gunwales to the water's brim—
With their little square-sails set atop,
Up the river how they swim!
At home, beside the fire, by night,
While the children round them play,
What tales the jolly hay-men tell
Of getting in the hay!

THE COMET.

Yon car of fire, though veiled by day,—
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder flew.

ly, in turn, each orb of night
From out the darkening concave broke!
e's glowing herald swam in light,
And every star awoke.

e Lyre re-strung its burning chords,—
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray,—
hen rose Altair, more sweet than words
Or music's soul could say.

They from old time, in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise:
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame,
Across the startled skies?

sterious yet as when it burst,
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts at first,—
The fathers of the world!

curious sage the scroll unseals,—
Vain quest for baffled Science given!—
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of heaven!

nature's plan thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere His order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone
In realms beyond the skies.

d's minister! we know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched thy flight of yore
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thus, transcendent from thy blaze
Beams light to pierce this mortal clod;—
Scarcely "the fool" on thee could gaze
And say, "There is no God!"

ber 7th, 1858.

REQUIEM.

Breathe, trumpets, breathe slow notes of saddest wailing;
Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled drums:
Comrades, with downcast eyes and muskets trailing,
Attend him home: the youthful warrior comes.

his shield, upon his shield returning,
Borne from the field of battle where he fell:
Glory and grief together clasped in mourning,
His fame, his fate, with sobs exulting tell.

Wrap round his breast the flag his breast defended,—
His country's flag, in battle's front unrolled:
For it he died,—on earth forever ended:
His brave young life lives in each sacred fold.

With proud, proud tears, by tinge of shame untainted,
Bear him, and lay him gently in his grave;
Above the hero write,—the young, half-sainted,—
"His country asked his life, his life he gave."

Robert M. Charlton.

AMERICAN.

Charlton (1807–1854) was a native of Savannah, son of a much esteemed judge. Robert was early admitted to the Bar, became United States District Attorney, and in 1852 was elected to the United States Senate. He was a polished orator and a genial converser. In 1839 appeared a volume of his poems, and in 1842 a second edition of them, with additions, was published in Boston.

THE DEATH OF JASPER.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

'Twas amid a scene of blood,
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune like a flood
Swept our fairest hopes away;
'Twas on Savannah's plain,
On the spot we love so well,
Amid heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring Jasper fell.

He had borne him in the fight,
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight
Of the glorious olden-time;
And unharmed by sabre blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe,
Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on freedom's ground
Had her children shed their
So he slowly turned away
With the remnant of th
Who amid the bloody fr
Had escaped the fo

But his banner c
As it trailed

And he saw his comrade die
Ere he yielded up his trust:
"To the rescue!" loud he cried;
"To the rescue, gallant men!"
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose
O'er its field of broidered gold,
And the blood of friends and foes
Stained alike its silken fold;
But unheeding wound and blow,
He has snatched it midst the strife,
He has borne that flag away,
But its ransom is his life!

"To my father take my sword,"
Thus the dying hero said;
"Tell him that my latest word
Was a blessing on his head;
That when death had seized my frame,
And uplifted was his dart,
I ne'er forgot the name
That was dearest to my heart.

"And tell her whose favor gave
This fair banner to our band,
That I died its folds to save
From the foe's polluting hand;
And let all my comrades hear,
When my form lies cold in death,
That their friend remained sincere
To his last expiring breath."

It was thus that Jasper fell,
'Neath that bright autumnal sky;
Has a stone been reared to tell
Where he laid him down to die?
To the rescue, spirits bold!
To the rescue, gallant men!
Let the marble page unfold
All his daring deeds again!

Ephraim Peabody.

AMERICAN.

Peabody (1807–1856) was a native of Wilton, N. H. Educated at Bowdoin College, he was graduated in 1827. He became a Unitarian clergyman, and in 1846 was settled over King's Chapel, Boston. Here he preached most acceptably for ten years. He has shown fine talents for what Byron esteemed the highest order of poetry, the ethical; but his productiveness as a poet seems to have been checked by his ministerial labors.

TO A CHILD.

"The memory of thy name, dear one,
Lives in my inmost heart,
Linked with a thousand hopes and fears,
That will not thence depart."

Things of high import sound I in thine ears,
Dear child, though now thou mayest not feel their power;
But hoard them up, and in thy coming years
Forget them not, and when earth's tempests lower,
A talisman unto thee shall they be,
To give thy weak arm strength—to make thy dim eye see.

Seek truth, that pure celestial truth, whose birth
Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined
In reason's light: not oft she visits earth,
But her majestic port, the willing mind,
Through faith, may sometimes see: give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be free: not chiefly from the iron chain,
But from the one which passion forges—be
The master of thyself: if lost, regain
The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free.
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek virtue: wear her armor to the fight;
Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might
By each contending turbulent ill of life.
Seek virtue.—She alone is all divine;
And having found, be strong, in God's own strength and thine.

Truth, freedom, virtue,—these, dear child, have power,
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit in its darkest hour;
Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain:
In dust shall thy weak wings be dragged and soiled;
Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

FROM "THE BACKWOODSMAN."

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And—solitude profound!—
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.

Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain—
This kingdom—all is mine!
This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen:
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillared and roofed with green:
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences,—
My festal lamps are stars.

Though when in this my lonely home,
My star-watched couch I press,
I hear no fond "good-night"—think not
I am companionless.
Oh no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in these solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel his presence in these shades,
Like the embracing air;
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

AMERICAN.

Willis (1807-1867) was a native of Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Yale College in 1827. He ventured upon a magazine enterprise, the *American Monthly*, in 1829, but it expired in two years. From 1831 to 1835 he travelled in Europe; and having taken an English wife, he returned home, and settled at a place on the Susquehanna River, which he named Glenmary. In 1844 he revisited Europe, and, having become a widower, in 1846 married his second wife, Miss Grinnell. The remainder of his life was passed chiefly at his well-known place on the Hudson, near Newburgh, to which he gave the name of Idlewild. He was associated with George P. Morris in editing the *Home Journal*, a New York weekly paper.

Willis's first volume of poems was published in Boston in 1829. He wrote no long poem that can be pronounced successful; though his "Scriptural Poems" were highly popular in their day. Of his prose works, his "Pencillings by the Way" gave him a reputation, both in England and at home, as a graceful and original sketcher, and one of the most attractive of the magazine writers. His sketches of Count D'Orsay, Moore, Campbell, Jerrold, D'Israeli, Hood, Lamb, Procter, Leigh Hunt, Bulwer, are witty, graphic, and entertaining. He wrote two dramatic pieces, but they attained no success on the stage. As a poet, Willis's contemporary fame exceeded his posthumous; but a true poet he was, and he would have shown it more clearly to the world if ambition to shine as a man of society had not withdrawn him from the right path of literary labor. To younger authors he was kind and generous, and left many warm friends among them.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old;
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told:
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my breast from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

THIRTY-FIVE.

"The years of a man's life are threescore and ten."

O, weary heart! thou'rt half-way home!
We stand on Life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Look onward with a placid brow—
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for Youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
To Pleasure and her giddy troop
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way, and spirits droop,
To think that Love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—
Midway to death left sad and lone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightening light, from far,
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now—bless God!—its golden line
Comes o'er—and lights my shadowy way—
And shows the dear hand clasped in mine!
But list! what those sweet voices say!
"The better land's in sight,
And, by its chastening light,
All love from life's midway is driven
Save hers whose claspéd hand will bring thee on to Heaven!"

THE SPRING IS HERE.

The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet even there a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream:
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And sing, till it is hooded from the sky.

ACROSTIC: SONNET.

It may be interesting to compare this sonnet with one by Percival (page 482) on the same celebrated lady. Willis's has the advantage of conformity to the Petrarchan model.

Elegance floats about thee like a dress,
Melting the airy motion of thy form
Into one swaying grace; and loveliness,
Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm,
Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress,
Enriching it, as moonlight after storm
Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.
A beauty that bewilders like a spell
Reigns in thine eye's clear hazel, and thy brow,
So pure in veined transparency, doth tell
How spiritually beautiful art thou—
A temple where angelic love might dwell.
Life in thy presence were a thing to keep,
Like a gay dreamer clinging to his sleep.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?

Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race
Dost look unscared on the human face;
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And the "gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance: thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in this crowded air;
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read,—to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out!
I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

Jonathan Lawrence, Jr.

AMERICAN.

Lawrence (1807–1833) was a native of New York. Graduating at Columbia College before he was sixteen, he devoted himself to the study of the law; was admitted to the Bar, but died in his twenty-sixth year. A selection from his writings, including poems, of which we give the best, was published in New York in 1833. It had been first privately printed by his brother.

LOOK ALOFT.

The following lines were suggested by an anecdote, said to have been related by Dr. Godman, of a ship-boy, who, about to fall from the rigging, was only saved by the mate's exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber!"

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart—
Look aloft and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions, which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

Should those who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes, in terror to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, *look aloft*, and depart.

John Howard Bryant.

AMERICAN.

A brother of William Cullen Bryant, John was born in Cummington, Mass., July 22d, 1807. He began to write verses while yet a boy. After receiving a good education at a school in Troy, N. Y., he went West in 1831, and in 1835 purchased of the United States Government five hundred and twenty acres of superior land in Princeton, Ill., where he took up his residence, and where he attained to wealth and honors through his own energetic labors and exalted character. He held various offices of trust. In 1855 a volume of his poems was published in New York. It abounds in evidences of the feeling, taste, and power of expression of one who could keenly appreciate the beauties of nature, and reproduce them in apt poetic forms. But the necessity of earning a support for a growing family compelled him, as well as his brother Arthur, who also settled in Princeton, to forego those literary occupations which were congenial to their tastes.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

Fresh from the fountains of the wood
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glided on for many a rood,
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet;
The slopes in Spring's new verdure lay,
And, wet with dew-drops, at my feet
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard
Amid those pastures lone and still,
Save the faint chirp of early bird,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way;
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah! happy valley-stream," I said,
"Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
Whose fragrance round thy path is shed
Through all the joyous summer hours.

"Oh! could my years like thine be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I could dwell and sleep at last
Far from the bustling haunts of men!"

But what new echoes greet my ear?
The village school-boys' merry call!
And 'mid the village hum I hear
The murmur of the water-fall.

I looked: the widening vale betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished steel,
Where that bright valley-stream was stayed
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I (I thought with shame)
Sigh for a life of solitude,
When even this stream without a name
Is laboring for the common good?

No, never let me shun my part
Amid the busy scenes of life,
But, with a warm and generous heart,
Press onward in the glorious strife.

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

As when, on Carmel's sterile steep,
The ancient prophet bowed the knee,
And seven times sent his servant forth
To look toward the distant sea;—

There came at last a little cloud
Scarce broader than the human hand,
Spreading and swelling, till it broke
In showers on all the herbless land,—

And hearts were glad, and shouts went up,
And praise to Israel's mighty God,
As the sere hills grew bright with flowers,
And verdure clothed the naked sod,—

Even so our eyes have waited long;
But now a little cloud appears,
Spreading and swelling as it glides,
Onward into the coming years!

Bright cloud of Liberty! full soon,
Far stretching from the ocean strand,
Thy glorious folds shall spread abroad,
Encircling our belovéd land.

•

Like the sweet rain on Judah's hills
The glorious boon of love shall fall,
And our broad millions shall arise
As at an angel's trumpet-call.

Then shall a shout of joy go up,
The wild, glad cry of freedom come
From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,
And songs from lips long sealed and dumb,—

And every bondman's chain be broke,
And every soul that moves abroad
In this wide realm shall know and feel
The blesséd liberty of God.

SONNET.

'Tis Autumn, and my steps have led me far
To a wild hill that overlooks a land
Wide-spread and beautiful. A single star
Sparkles new-set in heaven. O'er its bright sand
The streamlet slides with mellow tones away:
The West is crimson with retiring day;
And the North gleams with its own native light.
Below, in autumn green, the meadows lie,
And through green banks the river wanders by,
And the wide woods with autumn-hues are bright,—
Bright—but of fading brightness!—soon is past
That dream-like glory of the painted wood;
And pitiless decay o'ertakes, as fast,
The pride of men, the beauteous, great, and good.

James Otis Rockwell.

AMERICAN.

Rockwell (1807–1831) was a native of Lebanon, Conn. At an early age he was apprenticed to a printer in Utica, N. Y., and began, while yet a boy, to write for the newspapers. Afterward he labored as a journeyman compositor in Boston till he became an assistant editor of the *Statesman*. He was connected with the *Patriot* of Providence, R. I., at the time of his death. Some pathetic lines to his memory were written by Whittier.

THE LOST AT SEA.

Wife, who in thy deep devotion
Puttest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean,
Hope no more—his course is done.
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
That he slumbers by thy side;
For his corse beneath the billow
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains,
Know ye many clouds are throwing
Shadows on your sire's remains?
Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling
With a mountain's motion on,
Dream ye that its voice is tolling
For your father lost and gone?

When the sun looked on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tingeing with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave,
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant current rolled,
Slept thy sire, without emotion,
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the silent sunbeams slanted,
Wavering through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair;
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him; and to tell thee
Of our sorrow and thine own,
Of the woe that then befell thee,
Come we weary and alone.
That thine eye is quickly shaded,
That thy heart-blood wildly flows,
That thy cheek's clear hue is faded,
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring
Linger on your mother's face,—
Know ye that she is expiring,
That ye are an orphan race?
God be with you on the morrow,
Father, mother—both no more;
One within a grave of sorrow,
One upon the ocean's floor!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AMERICAN.

Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27th, 1807. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Hawthorne; was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in 1826; then passed four years in Europe, and on his return commenced the duties of his chair. His "Outre-Mer," containing his notes of travel, appeared in 1835. The same year he succeeded George Ticknor in the chair of belles-lettres at Harvard, when he again visited Europe. He gave up his professorship in 1854, and devoted himself exclusively to literature. His "Voices of the Night" appeared in 1839, and secured for him a high rank among the poets of the age. His prose romance of "Hyperion" appeared the same year. It was followed by "Ballads, and other Poems," in 1841; "Poems on Slavery," in 1842; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "Poets and Poetry of Europe," in 1845; "The Belfry of Bruges," in 1845; "Evangeline," in 1847; "Kavanagh," a novel, in 1849; "Seaside and Fireside," in 1849; "The Golden Legend," in 1851; "The Song of Hiawatha," in 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in 1858; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in 1863; "Flower de Luce," in 1866; a translation of "The Divine Comedy of Dante," in 1867; "The New England Tragedies," in 1868; "The Divine Tragedy," in 1871; "Three Books of Song," in 1872; "Keramos, and other Poems," in 1878; besides many minor productions that have appeared in leading American magazines.

Unlike some poets of the most recent school in verse, Longfellow rarely tries to convey an idea which is not clear and intelligible to his own mind. He is as honest as Shakspeare, Milton, or Burns in this respect. The notion that the poet must suggest more than he expresses is a just one; but it has led some writers to take it for granted that suggestiveness lies in obscurity rather than in such a clearly defined expression as this: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Here we have the utmost paucity of words, and yet the thought is level to the ordinary understanding. The obscure may sometimes excite a lively imagination so as to produce a poetical effect; but surely the highest order of poetry is that which gives more than it requires for its

solution. The obscure writer is often a contriver of riddles which may be interpreted in different ways by different minds. The true, the lasting poetry, is that which, while it goes to the general heart, does not involve too much of a strain of the thinking faculty. It is in his shorter lyrical pieces, his ballads, and his fine descriptive touches that Longfellow's powers are brought out to most advantage; for it is in these that he oftenest combines the neatness and skill of the consummate artist with the curious felicity and perfect simplicity of the genuine poet. His "Building of the Ship," "Rain in Summer," "Sea-weed," "The Fire of Drift-wood," "Revenge of Rain-in-the-face," "Paul Revere's Ride," and many other pieces, have in them, on this account, the elements of an enduring popularity. Several of his sonnets are among the choicest in the language.

For some forty-five years he has been almost continuously productive, either as author, compiler, or translator; and his latest poems have shown an increase rather than a diminution of power. Few poets have lived to reap such a harvest of contemporary fame, united to admiration and esteem for personal qualities and an unblemished life, such as the history of the "irritable race" too rarely exhibits. Longfellow has been twice married; and in his second marriage was blessed with that experience of paternity which finds beautiful expression in some of his verses. An elegant quarto edition of his poems, finely illustrated, appeared in Boston in 1880.

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth—
He, the light and life of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still:
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up on his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him asleep as if on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart blood-red.

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown—
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

THE LAUNCH.

From "The Building of the Ship."

Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel;
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh, gentle, loving, trusting wife,

And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock:
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar—
In spite of false lights on the shore—
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who hath sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke,
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs,
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river-side,
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay, with three thousand braves,
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful.

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair,
And his three hundred men,
Dashed headlong, sword in hand!
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them, like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire;
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foeman fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, oh funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scath,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

THE RAINY DAY.

This graceful little poem was beautifully set to music by William R. Dempster, the Scottish composer.

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gush the dead leaves fall—
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary—
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining—
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall—
Some days must be dark and dreary.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber
Looks at the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said,

For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change,
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

SONNET: THE POETS.

O ye dead poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,—
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

PHANTOMS.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
  Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
  With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the door-way, on the stair,
  Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
  A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
  Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
  As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
  The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
  All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
  Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands
  And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
  Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
  A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
  By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
  And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
  Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star,
  That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
  Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
  Into the realm of mystery and night;

So from the world of spirits there descends
  A bridge of light connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
  Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

SONNET: NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Not wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,

Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

HAWTHORNE.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed:
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream,
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion, and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

May 23d, 1864.

THE BELLS OF LYNN, HEARD AT NAHANT.

O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aërial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant light-house hears, and with his flaming signal,
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMERICAN.

Whittier, a native of Haverhill, Mass., was born December 31st, 1807. His family were of the Society of Friends, and he early learned from them his strong and life-long opposition to slavery. Until his eighteenth year he worked on his father's farm. A born poet, with decided literary tastes, he was indebted for his education chiefly to his own exertions. He was not nineteen when his first published poem appeared in a Newburyport paper, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. The first complete collection of his poems was published in 1850. Other volumes appeared later: "Songs of Labor," in 1851; "The Chapel of the Hermits," in 1852; "The Panorama," in 1856; "Home Ballads," in 1860; "In War Time," in 1863; "Snow-Bound," in 1865; "The Tent on the Beach," in 1867; "Among the Hills," in 1868; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," in 1873.

Whittier was at different periods of his life an editor, and he has put forth some four or five volumes in prose. But it is as a poet, and one indigenous to the soil of America, and true to its traditions and associations, that he will be known to posterity. Even his moral and didactic verse is distinguished by a lyrical grace and freedom that overcomes their gravity. His "Maud Muller" (1855) is one of the choicest of idyllic poems, and savors thoroughly of the native soil. In his religious utterances he shows an earnest and devotional spirit, hopeful in its views of the destiny of the race, but too broad for circumscription in any sectarian creed. As a ballad-writer he is eminently successful—simple, graceful, interesting, and never prolix. His "Witch of Wenham" may be instanced as a singularly beautiful specimen in this department of verse. Among the tributes sent to him on his seventieth birthday was the following little poem by Lydia Maria (Francis) Child, born in Medford, Mass., in 1802, and the author of "The Progress of Religious Ideas," and other approved works, as well as of some admirable poems for the young:

"I thank thee, friend, for words of cheer,
That made the path of duty clear,
When thou and I were young, and strong
To wrestle with a mighty wrong.
And now, when lengthening shadows come,
And this world's work is nearly done,
I thank thee for thy genial ray,
That prophesies a brighter day,
When we can work, with strength renewed,
In clearer light, for surer good.
God bless thee, friend, and give thee peace,
Till thy fervent spirit finds release!
And may we meet in worlds afar,
My Morning and my Evening Star!"

Whittier has resided the greater part of his life at Amesbury, Mass. He has never been married, and his life has been almost wholly devoted to literary pursuits. In 1877 he edited "Songs of Three Centuries," a tasteful collection of poetry, British and American.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing-birds and the humming-bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;—

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow-candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town—

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader there came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave;

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

MR. WHITTIER TO HIS FRIENDS,

ON THE CELEBRATION OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Beside that mile-stone where the level sun,
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays
On word and work irrevocably done,
Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,
I hear, oh friends! your words of cheer and praise,
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.
Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,
A beggar slept and crownéd Caliph woke.
Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise
I see my life-work through your partial eyes;
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs
A higher value than of right belongs,
You do but read between the written lines
The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

12th mo., 1877.

MY TWO SISTERS.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O, heart sore tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest;
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hill-side flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

THE POET'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

From "The Tent on the Beach."

And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong,
Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough
That beam-deep turned the soil for truth to spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride
The wingéd Hippogriff Reform;
Was his a voice from side to side
To pierce the tumult of the storm?
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan
To hold his way against the public frown,
The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dream-land blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered down;
Along his task-field weird processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams,—
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And, as the gay old shadows prompted him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O friends, with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic, linked and strong,
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak,
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;

Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look when cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below,
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love!

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way!

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

Charles Doyne Sillery.

Sillery (1807–1836) was a native of Athlone, Ireland, but was brought up in Edinburgh. His favorite pursuits were poetry and music. In 1829 he published by subscription a poem in nine cantos, entitled "Vallery," and afterward "Eldred of Erin," in which the devotional sentiment prevails. Of sprightly and winning manners, he was much esteemed in the literary circles of the Scottish capital. Poetry, in its every department, he cultivated with the devotion of an enthusiast.

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

She died in beauty! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty! like a pearl
Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty! like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty! like the snow
  On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty! like a star
  Lost on the brow of day.

She *lives* in glory! like night's gems
  Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory! like the sun
  Amid the blue of June!

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Trench was born in Dublin in 1807. He studied at Cambridge, took orders in the Church of England, was made Dean of Westminster in 1856, and Archbishop of Dublin in 1864. He has published theological discourses, two volumes on the study of Words, and several volumes of verse. Many of his poems evince genuine lyrical power; but the didactic prevails in his style.

OUR FATHER'S HOME.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;—

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led,—

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more: They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which *seems* at strife
With blessing, or with curses rife,—
That this is blessing, this is life.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, oh, be patient; put your ear against the earth,
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient, oh, be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a Power, that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with LIBERTY, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, oh, be patient! go and watch the wheat-ears grow,
So imperceptibly, that eye can mark nor change nor throe;
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown!

Be patient, oh, be patient! though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen;
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's harvest-day!

SONNET: ON PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make—
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parchéd grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:

We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak, we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee?

SPRING.

Who was it that so lately said,
All pulses in thine heart were dead,

Old earth, that now in festal robes
Appearest, as a bride new wed?

Oh, wrapped so late in winding-sheet—
Thy winding-sheet, oh! where is fled?

Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now,
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.

He comes,—and, a defeated king,
Old Winter to the hills is fled.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,
And loosed the helmet from his head;

And he weak showers of arrowy sleet
From his strongholds has vainly sped.

All that was sleeping is awake,
And all is living that was dead.

Who listens now can hear the streams
Leap tinkling from their pebbly bed,

Or see them, from their fetters free,
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,
They slept awhile, they were not dead:

O thou, who say'st thy sore heart ne'er
With verdure can again be spread;

O thou, who mournest them that sleep,
Low lying in an earthly bed;

Look out on this reviving world,
And be new hopes within thee bred!

Arthur Williams Austin.

AMERICAN.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1807, Austin was graduated at Cambridge in 1825, studied law, and in 1856 was made Collector of the port of Boston under President Buchanan. An excellent Greek scholar, he has made some accurate and graceful translations from "The Greek Anthology." In 1875 he published a volume entitled "The Woman and the Queen: a Ballad, and other Specimens of Verse."

FROM "THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY."

RUFINUS: TO RHODA.

Rhoda! to thee I send a garland, wove
From flowers late gathered by these hands of mine:
Here lily, celandine, and budding rose,
The tender daffodil, the violet blue!
When crowned with these, abate thy lofty pride:
Thyself, the flowers, the garland, all will fade!

SIMMIAS: EPITAPH ON SOPHOCLES.

Around this place where Sophocles reclines,
Let ivy silent creep, and fruitful vines;
Let palm-trees overhang his honored tomb,
And flowering roses shed a sweet perfume:
Gifted with pleasant words and precepts wise,
Muses and Graces were his choice allies.

MARIANUS: TO A STATUE OF CUPID CROWNED.

Where is that bow of yours, the wings, the dart,
And those sharp arrows meant to pierce the heart?
Why on your head a wreath, why garlands hold?
"Stranger, think not I am of common mould;
Not of the earth, nor son of earthly joy,—
No common Venus owns me for her boy.
To the pure mind of man I send a flame,
And lead his soul to heaven, from whence it came;
Four garlands from the Virtues I entwine,
And, above all, the prize of Wisdom mine!"

MARIANUS: THE LOVE-GROVE OF AMASIA.

This Grove of Love hath charms; the western breeze
Sends soothing murmurs through the well-pruned trees;
On dewy meadow sparkling violets grow,
And from a triple source the waters flow;
And here at noonday Iris rolls its wave,
That fair-haired wood-nymphs may at pleasure lave:
Exposed on all sides to the Sun's caress,
Here fruitful vine and fertile olive bless;
Here all around the nightingales are heard,—
Crickets responding to the tuneful bird:

Regard, my friend, a well-meant, kind request:
Pass not my gate,—I welcome such a guest.

ALCEUS: SEVENTH FRAGMENT.[1]

Nor porches, theatres, nor stately halls,
Nor senseless equipage, nor lofty walls,
Nor towers of wood or stone, nor workmen's arts,
Compose a State. But men with daring hearts,
Who on themselves rely to meet all calls,
Compose a State,—it needs not other walls!

James Ballantine.

Ballantine was born in Edinburgh in 1808. When he was a mere boy the loss of his father compelled him to work for the family's support; and he became an accomplished painter on glass. An edition of his poems was published in 1856. They indicate a love of the beautiful in nature, and a devout faith that the order of things means good, and not evil, for the human race. He was the author of a work on stained glass, which was translated and published in Germany.

ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm an' tranquil mind;
Tho' pressed and hemmed on every side,
Ha'e faith, an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love,
As whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart,
Or tears flow frae your e'en,
Believe it for the best, and trow
There's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain
To Nature, parched and dry,
The genial Night, wi' balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine
We should feel ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe
The tear frae poortith's[1] e'e,
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come,
We ken na whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

[1] See the amplification of this fragment by Sir William Jones.

Henry Fothergill Chorley.

Chorley (1808–1872) was a native of England. He was a good musical critic, and a poet of no ordinary ability. His "Song of the Oak" was set to music by Henry Russell. He wrote several plays and numerous librettos. His "Memoirs" by Hewlett appeared in 1873.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song for the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale, green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebec gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's to the oak, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's to the oak, etc.

[1] Scottish for *poverty*.

Lucretia and Margaret Davidson.

AMERICANS.

Lucretia Maria (1808–1825) and Margaret Miller Davidson (1823–1838), sisters, were the daughters of Dr. Oliver Davidson and Margaret Miller, his wife, both persons of culture and refinement. Lucretia was born at Plattsburg, on the shore of Lake Champlain. She was a precocious child and an assiduous student, and began to write verses before she was ten years old. In 1824 she was sent to Mrs. Willard's well-known school in Troy. Here she applied herself too closely to study. Her health soon failed, and she died of consumption one month before her seventeenth birthday. A volume, entitled "Amir Khan, and other Poems," being a collection of her pieces, with a memoir, was published in 1829 by Mr. S. F. B. Morse. It attracted much attention, and was very favorably noticed in the London *Quarterly Review*, xii., 289, by Southey, who wrote: "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement." She showed as much talent for drawing as for literary work.

Margaret, the sister, was about two years old at the time of Lucretia's death. She had the same imaginative traits, the same ardent, impulsive nature, and her life seems like a repetition of that of her elder sister. She improvised stories, wrote plays, and advanced so rapidly in her studies that it was necessary to check her diligence. She had the most lively reverence for her departed sister, and believed that she had close and intimate communion with her. At the age of six she took pleasure in reading Milton, Cowper, Thomson, and Scott. "She was at times," says Irving, "in a kind of ecstasy from the excitement of her imagination and the exuberance of her pleasurable sensations. In such moods every object of natural beauty inspired a degree of rapture always mingled with a feeling of gratitude to the Being 'who had made so many beautiful things for her.' * * * A beautiful tree, or shrub, or flower would fill her with delight; she would note with surprising discrimination the various effects of the weather on the surrounding landscape. A bright starlight night would seem to awaken a mysterious rapture in her infant bosom."

Margaret died even younger than Lucretia; being at her death but fifteen years and eight months old. The wife of Southey (Caroline Bowles) addressed the following beautiful sonnet (1842) "To the Mother of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson:"

"O, lady! greatly favored! greatly tried!
Was ever glory, ever grief like thine,
Since hers, the mother of the Man divine—
The perfect one—the crowned, the crucified?
Wonder and joy, high hopes and chastened pride
Thrilled thee; intently watching, hour by hour,
The fast unfolding of each human flower,
In hues of more than earthly brilliance dyed—
And then, the blight—the fading—the first fear—
The sickening hope—the doom—the end of all;
Heart-withering, if indeed all ended here.
But from the dust, the coffin, and the pall,
Mother bereaved! thy tearful eyes upraise—
Mother of angels! join their songs of praise!"

Lucretia's poems, with a memoir by Miss C. M. Sedgwick, were republished 1842; Margaret's poems were introduced to the public under the kind auspices of Washington Irving in 1841; and a revised edition of both, in one volume, appeared in 1850. There was a brother, Lieutenant L. P. Davidson of the United States Army, who also wrote verses, and died young. We regard Margaret as evincing the superior genius. Among her productions is a poem of some fourteen hundred lines, entitled "Lenore." It has a "Dedication" to the spirit of her sister, also an "Introduction," both of which we give entire. They are quite equal to the best work accomplished by Chatterton. A volume of selections from the writings of Mrs. Davidson, the mother of these gifted children, with a preface by Miss C. M. Sedgwick—all showing no ordinary degree of literary ability—appeared in 1844.

TO MY SISTER.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

Lucretia had an elder sister, and was often moved by her music; particularly by Moore's "Farewell to my Harp." This she would ask to have sung to her at twilight, when it would excite a shivering through her whole frame. On one occasion she became cold and pale, and was near fainting, and afterward poured her excited feelings forth in the following address. This was in her fifteenth year. See Miss Sedgwick's Memoir.

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven:
When not a murmur, not a sound
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,—
Oh, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And hovering, trembles, half-afraid;
O, sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made!

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Should'st thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

PROPHECY: TO A LADY.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

I have told a maiden of hours of grief;
Of a bleeding heart, of a joyless life;
I have read her a tale of future woe;
I have marked her a pathway of sorrow below;
I have read on the page of her blooming cheek
A darker doom than my tongue dare speak.
Now, maiden, for thee, I will turn my eye
To a brighter path through futurity.
The clouds shall pass from thy brow away,
And bright be the closing of life's long day;
The storms shall murmur in silence to sleep,
And angels around thee their watches shall keep;
Thou shalt live in the sunbeams of love and delight,
And thy life shall flow on till it fades into night;
And the twilight of age shall come quietly on;
Thou wilt feel, yet regret not, that daylight hath flown;
For the shadows of evening shall melt o'er thy soul,
And the soft dreams of Heaven around thee shall roll,
Till sinking in sweet dreamless slumber to rest,
In the arms of thy loved one, still blessing and blessed,
Thy soul shall glide on to its harbor in Heaven,
Every tear wiped away—every error forgiven!

DEDICATION OF "LENORE."

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

Yet more remarkable in some respects than any of the poems by Lucretia, is the following, we think, written by Margaret before her fifteenth year.

O thou, so early lost, so long deplored!
Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!
And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear!

For thee I pour this unaffected lay,
To thee these simple numbers all belong;
For though thine earthly form hath passed away,
Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Then take this feeble tribute! 'tis thine own!
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er;
Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
And bid its wakened music sleep no more!

Long hath thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
Hung o'er thy grave in death's unbroken rest.
But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
One answering echo lingered in my breast.

O thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,
Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee.

JOY.

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

Oh! my bosom is throbbing with joy,
With a rapture too full to express:
From within and without I am blessed;
And the world, like myself, I would bless.

All nature looks fair to my eye,
From beneath and around and above:
Hope smiles in the clear azure sky,
And the broad earth is glowing with love.

I stand on the threshold of life,
On the shore of its wide-rolling sea;—
I have heard of its storms and its strife,
But all things are tranquil to me.

There's a veil o'er the future,—'tis bright
As the wing of a spirit of air;
And each form of enchantment and light
Is trembling in Iris hues there.

I turn to the world of affection,
And warm, glowing treasures are mine;—
To the past,—and my fond recollection
Gathers roses from memory's shrine.

But oh! there's a fountain of joy
More rich than a kingdom beside:
It is holy;—death cannot destroy
The flow of its heavenly tide.

'Tis the love that is gushing within;—
It would bathe the whole world in its light,
Which the cold stream of time shall not quench,
The dark frown of woe shall not blight.

Though age, with an icy-cold finger,
May stamp his pale seal on my brow,
Still, still in my bosom shall linger
The glow that is warming it now.

Youth will vanish, and Pleasure, gay charmer,
May depart on the wings of to-day;
But that spot in my heart shall grow warmer,
As year after year rolls away.

INTRODUCTION TO "LENORE: A POEM."

The following, written by Margaret before she was fifteen years old, is among the most remarkable of her poems, in vigor and maturity of expression.

Why should *I* sing? The scenes which roused
The bards of old arouse no more;
The reign of Poesy hath passed,
And all her glowing dreams are o'er:—
Why should I sing? A thousand harps
Have touched the self-same chords before,
Of love and hate and lofty pride,
And fields of battle bathed in gore!
Why should *I* seek the burning fount
From whence their glowing fancies sprung?
My feeble muse can only sing
What other, nobler bards have sung!

Thus did I breathe my sad complaint,
As, bending o'er my silent lyre,
I sighed for some romantic theme
Its slumbering music to inspire.
Scarce had I spoke when o'er my soul
A low, reproving whisper came;
My heart instinctive shrank with awe,
And conscience tinged my cheek with shame.
"Down with thy vain, repining thoughts!
Nor dare to breathe those thoughts again;
Or endless sleep shall bind thy lyre,
And scorn repel thy bursting strain!

"What though a thousand bards have sung
The charms of earth, of air, or sky!
A thousand minstrels, old and young,
Poured forth their varied melody!
What though, inspired, they stooped to drink
At Fancy's fountain o'er and o'er!
Say, feeble warbler, dost thou think
The glowing streamlet flows no more?
Because a nobler hand hath culled
The loveliest of our earthly flowers,
Dost thou believe that all of bloom
Hath fled those bright, poetic bowers?

"Know, then, that long as earth shall roll,
Revolving 'neath yon azure sky,
Music shall charm each purer soul,
And Fancy's fount shall never dry!
Long as the rolling seasons change,
And Nature holds her empire here;
Long as the human eye can range
O'er yon pure heaven's expanded sphere;
Long as the ocean's broad expanse
Lies spread beneath you broader sky;
Long as the playful moonbeams dance,
Like fairy forms, on billows high,—

"So long, unbound by mortal chain,
Shall Genius spread her soaring wing;
So long the pure, poetic fount
Unchecked, unfettered, on shall spring!
Thou say'st the days of song have passed,—
The glowing days of wild romance,
When War poured out his clarion blast,
And Valor bowed at Beauty's glance!
When every hour that onward sped
Was fraught with some bewildering tale;
When Superstition's shadowy hand
O'er trembling nations cast her veil;—

"Thou say'st that life's unvaried stream
In peaceful ripples wears away;
And years produce no fitting theme
To rouse the Poet's slumbering lay:—
Not so! while yet the hand of God
Each year adorns his teeming earth;
While dew-drops deck the verdant sod,
And birds and bees and flowers have birth;
While every day unfolds anew
Some charm to meet the searching eye;
While buds of every varying hue
Are bursting 'neath a summer sky!

"'Tis true that War's unsparing hand
Hath ceased to bathe our fields in gore,
That Fate hath quenched his burning brand,
And tyrant princes reign no more;—
But dost thou think that scenes like these
Form all the poetry of life?
Would thy untutored muse delight
In scenes of rapine, blood, and strife?
No! there are boundless fields of thought,
Where roving spirit never soared;
Which wildest Fancy never sought,
Nor boldest Intellect explored!

"Then bow not silent o'er thy lyre,
But tune its chords to Nature's praise:
At every turn thine eye shall meet
Fit themes to form a Poet's lays!
Go forth, prepared her sweetest smiles
In all her loveliest scenes to view;
Nor deem, though others there have knelt,
Thou may'st not weave thy garland too!"

It paused: I felt how true the words,
How sweet the comfort they conveyed!
I chased my mourning thoughts away—
I heard—I trusted—I obeyed!

FROM "LINES TO LUCRETIA."

Of the poem, written by Margaret Davidson when she was not fourteen years old, from which we here give an extract, Washington Irving remarks: "We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration."

My sister! with this mortal eye,
I ne'er shall see thy form again:
And never shall this mortal ear
Drink in the sweetness of thy strain:

Yet fancy wild, and glowing love,
Reveal thee to my spirit's view,
Enwreathed with graces from above,
And decked in Heaven's own fadeless hue.

I hear thee in the summer breeze,
See thee in all that's pure or fair;
Thy whisper in the murmuring trees,
Thy breath, thy spirit everywhere!

Thy fingers wake my youthful lyre,
And teach its softer strains to flow;
Thy spirit checks each vain desire,
And gilds the lowering brow of woe.

When all is still, and fancy's realm
Is opening to the eager view,
Mine eye full oft, in search of thee,
Roams o'er that vast expanse of blue.

I know that here thy harp is mute,
And quenched the bright poetic fire;
Yet still I bend my ear to catch
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre.

Oh! if this partial converse now
So joyous to my heart can be,
How must the streams of rapture flow
When both are chainless, both are free!

Caroline Norton.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan (1808-1877), daughter of Thomas Sheridan, son of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," etc., was a native of London. She was one of three sisters; one became Lady Seymour, and the other Mrs. Blackwood (afterward Lady Dufferin). They all manifested a taste for poetry. Caroline began to write early; she had inherited the literary gift both from the paternal and the maternal side. In her nineteenth year she married Mr. Norton, son of Lord Grantley. This union was dissolved in 1840, after Mrs. Norton had been the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description. "The Sorrows of Rosalie," "The Undying One," "The Dream, and other Poems," "The Child of the Islands," are among her productions in verse. She also wrote novels, and entered into political discussions on reformatory questions. A year or two before her death she married Sir William Sterling Maxwell (1817–1879), author of "The Cloister Life of Charles V." (1852), and other works. A critic in the *Quarterly Review* says of Mrs. Norton: "She has much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with nature of Wordsworth."

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion,
Lay dying at Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing,
There was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him,
While his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances
To hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see
My own, my native land;
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,
When they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story,
In the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely;
And when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale
Beneath the setting sun;
And 'mid the dead and dying
Were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts,
The last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly
Beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen,
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons
Shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird
That thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier,
And, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell
Of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us
To divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,
But kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it
Where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—
Calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,
And sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again,
With glad and gallant tread!
But to look upon them proudly,
With a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier,
And not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love,
I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly,
Without regret or shame,
And hang the old sword in its place,
(My father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen,
Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister—
In the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment
That sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,
Too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—
For ere the morn be risen
My body will be out of pain,
My soul be out of prison—
I dreamed that I stood with her
And saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along;
I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing,
In chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river,
And up the slanting hill
That echoing chorus sounded
Through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me,
As we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore,
And well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly,
Confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,
Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,
His grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look,
He sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him,
But the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion
In a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly,
And calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field,
With bloody corses strewn—
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene,
Her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die, but oh, not now!
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God, lift up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time,
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps the lord of light moves on;

Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye, and clouds my brow;
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

Summer is gone, and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

The bleak wind whistles, snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound.
Yet still that prayer ascends:—"Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices glad and loud;
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow;
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

TO MY BOOKS.

Mrs. Norton preferred to write her sonnets in the "Shakspearian stanza," as, to her mind, "a better English model than that adopted by Milton."

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can never alter or forsake!
Who, for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,—
Let me return to you: this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And o'er your old familiar pages bending
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought!—
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language, spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings; told so well!

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not, love not! The thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish King
(*Hurry!*)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(*Oh! ride as though you were flying!*)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(*Hurry!*)
Each one mounting a gallant steed,
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(*Oh! ride as though you were flying!*)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank—
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank—
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst—
But ride as they would, the King rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one,
(*Hurry!*)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone—
For strength and for courage trying!
The King looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the King rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The King blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
(*Silence!*)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the King from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary!
The King returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast,
And, that dumb companion eying—
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check,
He bowed his head on his charger's neck—
"O steed! that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Charles (Tennyson) Turner.

Charles Tennyson (1808–1879), a native of Somersby, Lincolnshire, was educated, like his illustrious brother, Alfred, at the Grammar School of Louth, from which the two youths put forth in 1827 "Poems by Two Brothers." Subsequently they removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where another brother, Frederick, the eldest, had preceded them. Some time after leaving college, Charles, for family reasons, assumed his grandmother's name of Turner. In 1836 he took holy orders, and became Vicar of Grasby. He published (1830) "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces." Of the sonnets, Coleridge says, in his "Table-Talk," they "have many of the characteristic excellences of those of Wordsworth and Southey." A second volume was issued in 1864; a third in 1868; in 1873, "Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations;" and in 1880, a posthumous volume of Turner's collected poems. His sonnets have the charm of unambitious simplicity and concrete clearness. In one of them, addressed (1868) to his brother Alfred, the poet-laureate, he pays the following beautiful and affectionate tribute to the "In Memoriam" of the latter:

"That book of memory
Which is to grieving hearts like the sweet south
To the parched meadow, or the dying tree;
Which fills with elegy the craving mouth
Of sorrow—slakes with song her piteous drouth,
And leaves her calm, though weeping silently."

MORNING.

It is the fairest sight in Nature's realms
To see on summer morning, dewy-sweet,
That very type of freshness, the green wheat,
Surging through shadows of the hedge-row elms;
How the eye revels in the many shapes
And colors which the risen day restores!
How the wind blows the poppy's scarlet capes
About his urn! and how the lark upsoars!
Not like the timid corn-crake scudding fast
From his own voice, he with him takes his song
Heavenward, then striking sideways, shoots along,—
Happy as sailor-boy that, from the mast,
Runs out upon the yard-arm,—till at last
He sinks into his nest, those clover tufts among.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal,—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
"Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood, I said;
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea:
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And, at prime hour, behold, He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

A BRILLIANT DAY.

O, keen pellucid air! nothing can lurk
Or disavow itself on this bright day;
The small rain-plashes shine from far away,
The tiny emmet glitters at his work;
The bee looks blithe and gay, and as she plies
Her task, and moves and sidles round the cup
Of this spring flower, to drink its honey up,
Her glassy wings, like oars that dip and rise,

Gleam momently. Pure-bosomed, clear of fog,
The long lake glistens, while the glorious beam
Bespangles the wet joints and floating leaves
Of water-plants, whose every point receives
His light; and jellies of the spawning frog,
Unmarked before, like piles of jewels seem!

LETTY'S GLOBE.

ON SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide Earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby-fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled, in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet unlearnéd eye
On our own Isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Horatius Bonar.

Bonar (1808–1869), a distinguished evangelical hymn-writer, was a native of Edinburgh. His ancestors for several successive generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, and ordained to the ministry at Kelso in 1837, he was the author of several theological works. Latterly he ministered to the Chalmers Memorial Free Church, Edinburgh. His poetical works consist of his "Lyra Consolationis," and "Hymns of Faith and Hope," of which a third series has been published.

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream:
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;

Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir:
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war
The eternal calm to gain!

William D. Gallagher.

AMERICAN.

Gallagher was born in 1808 in Philadelphia, but went West at an early age, learned the trade of a printer, and became connected with various journals, literary and political. He held several offices of trust under government; but in 1853 retired to a farm near Louisville, Ky. His Western ballads and some of his lyrical pieces entitle him to an honorable place among the natural poets who sing with the spontaneousness of the bird. Esteemed for his high personal qualities, Gallagher is one of the best representatives of the American character in literature.

FROM "MY FIFTIETH YEAR."[1]

Beautiful, beautiful youth! that in the soul
Liveth forever, where sin liveth not,—
How fresh Creation's chart doth still unroll
Before our eyes, although the little spot
That knows us now shall know us soon no more
Forever! We look backward and before,
And inward, and we feel there is a life
Impelling us, that need not with this frame
Or flesh grow feeble, but for aye the same
May live on, e'en amid this worldly strife,
Clothed with the beauty and the freshness still
It brought with it at first; and that it will
Glide almost imperceptibly away,
Taking no taint of this dissolving clay;
And, joining with the incorruptible
And spiritual body that awaits
Its coming at the starred and golden gates
Of Heaven, move on with the celestial train
Whose shining vestments, as along they stray,
Flash with the splendors of eternal day;
And mingle with its Primal Source again,
Where Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love and Truth,
Dwell with the Godhead in immortal youth.

[1] Contributed to Coggeshall's "Poets and Poetry of the West" (Columbus, Ohio, 1860).

LINES.

When last the maple bud was swelling,
When last the crocus bloomed below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling;
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow:
Again the maple bud is swelling,
Again the crocus blooms below:—
In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

When last the April bloom was flinging
Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,
Where thou didst with the red-bird sing.
Again the April bloom is flinging
Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
But now in heaven thy voice is ringing,
Where thou dost with the angels sing.

THE LABORER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan,
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

FROM "MIAMI WOODS."

The autumn-time is with us! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine. And now 'tis here!
And what a change hath passed upon the face
Of Nature, where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green! All through the night
The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the winds of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing
leaves.
And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors bursts upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory: yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dog-wood spreads beneath, a rolling field
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarléd gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!
Out in the woods of Autumn!—I have cast
Aside the shackles of the town, that vex
The fetterless soul, and come to hide myself,
Miami! in thy venerable shades.
Low on thy bank, where spreads the velvet moss,
My limbs recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
Glide the clear waters, with a plaintive moan
For summer's parting glories. High o'erhead,
Seeking the sedgy lakes of the warm South,
Sails tireless the unerring water-fowl,
Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft from where,
Erect on mossy trunk, the partridge stands,
Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and loud,
Far-echoing through the dim wood's fretted aisles.
Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with brown
And ripened mast, are interrupted now
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
The turkey from the thicket comes, and swift,
As flies an arrow, darts the pheasant down,
To batten on the autumn; and the air,
At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
Of myriad wings, as the wild pigeon leads
His squadrons to the banquet.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AMERICAN.

Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809, and educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1829. His father, the Rev. Abdiel Holmes, was the author of "American Annals" (1805). Our poet studied medicine abroad some three years. He received his degree of M.D. in 1836, and in 1847 was appointed Professor of Anatomy in Harvard College—succeeding Dr. Warren. As a lecturer on medical science, he was distinguished and popular. Indeed his scientific tastes seem to have equalled his literary. As a microscopist he has had few superiors in America. Holmes began to publish poetry in *The Collegian* (1830), a magazine somewhat on the plan of *The Etonian*, and containing pieces from John O. Sargent, William H. Simmons, and other undergraduates of Harvard; also from Epes Sargent. Here some of the wittiest of Holmes's early poems appeared. He contributed to the *New England Magazine* (1836) certain humorous papers, entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." These he resumed, some twenty years afterward, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the result was the wittiest book by which American literature had yet been distinguished. It has been as much a favorite in England as in his own country, and has been translated into German. He subsequently contributed two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The first collection of his poems was published in Boston in 1836; a second appeared in 1848; and collections were published in England in 1845, 1852, 1853, and 1878. A complete American collection appeared in 1877. Holmes's

strength lies in his lyrics and his short poems. Indeed, he has attempted no sustained flight of an epic or dramatic character. In his "Astræa" and other rhymed essays he shows a mastery of the heroic measure, not excelled by Pope or Goldsmith in its vigorous but melliflu-ous flow. He belongs, however, neither to the old nor the new school of verse. He has created a school of his own. In no poet of the day is the individuality more marked. In his poems of wit, humor, and pathos, which form the larger part of his productions, he reminds us of no predecessor or contemporary; and in his serious poems, like "The Nautilus," he is fresh and original, never imitative in style and thought. These qualities give to his verse enduring elements, which must commend them to a late posterity, equally with the works of the most eminent poets among his contemporaries, English and American. In his prose and in his poetry his wit has never a taint of coarseness or asperity. Brilliant, incisive, and delicate in style, it attains its end only by means the most pure and legitimate. Happy in his domestic and paternal relations, and in his host of friends, few poets have had so smooth a lot as Holmes, or such a foretaste of that posthumous fame which his writings must command. His seventieth birthday called forth a grand entertainment given by his Boston publishers, at which many of the leading men and women of letters in the country were present.

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N and L L D
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old school-mate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill,
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

RUDOLPH, THE HEADSMAN.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day, a prisoner justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box,—"Now, then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled,—bowled along the floor,—
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering-line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

During the growth of the nautilus, parts of its shell are progressively vacated, and these are successively partitioned off into air-tight chambers.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE TWO STREAMS.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

You stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

TO JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I bring the simplest pledge of love,
Friend of my earlier days;
Mine is the hand without the glove,
The heart-beat, not the phrase.

How few still breathe this mortal air
We called by school-boy names!
You still, whatever robe you wear,
To me are always James.

That name the kind apostle bore
Who shames the sullen creeds,
Not trusting less, but loving more,
And showing faith by deeds.

What blending thoughts our memories share!
What visions yours and mine
Of May-days in whose morning air
The dews were golden wine.

Of vistas bright with opening day,
Whose all-awakening sun
Showed in life's landscape, far away,
The summits to be won!

The heights are gained.—Ah, say not so
For him who smiles at time,
Leaves his tired comrades down below,
And only lives to climb!

His labors,—will they ever cease,—
With hand and tongue and pen?
Shall wearied Nature ask release
At threescore years and ten?

Our strength the clustered seasons tax,—
For him new life they mean;
Like rods around the lictor's axe,
They keep him bright and keen.

The wise, the brave, the strong, we know,—
We mark them here or there,
But he,—we roll our eyes, and lo!
We find him everywhere!

With truth's bold cohorts, or alone,
He strides through error's field;
His lance is ever manhood's own,
His breast is woman's shield.

Count not his years while earth has need
Of souls that Heaven inflames
With sacred zeal to save, to lead,—
Long live our dear Saint James!

April 4th, 1880.

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A very plain brown-stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My choice would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land:—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—

Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;—
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;—
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, not so large, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame shall dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);—
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more—
(A landscape,—foreground, golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much,—
Too grateful for the blessings lent
Of simple tastes and mind content.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
Were best befitting thee;
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair;
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare;
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal!

Albert Pike.

AMERICAN.

Pike was born in Boston in 1809, but his boyhood was passed at Newburyport. He entered Harvard College, but left before graduating. After teaching school for awhile, he went South, and settled in Little Rock, Arkansas, where he practised law and published a newspaper. He fought in the Mexican War against the Mexicans, and in the Civil War on the side of the Confederates. He published in 1834 "Prose Sketches and Poems;" and in 1854, "Nugæ, a Collection of Poems." His "Hymns to the Gods," in the style of Keats, show a kindred poetical gift.

BUENA VISTA.

From the Rio Grandé's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again—
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide:
Where the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood; [with blood.
And the reaper, Death, was busy, with his sickle red

Santa Anna boasted loudly that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast:
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands, yea, with more than four to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!

Upon them with your squadrons, May!—Out leaps the flaming steel!
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain.—Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair:
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring—
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now brave artillery! Bold dragoons!—Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the hail!
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale.
Lo!—their battery is silenced now: our iron hail still showers:
They falter, halt, retreat!—Hurrah! the glorious day is ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries—his strong reserve moves on;—
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won;
Now for your wives and children stand! steady, my braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight! as you never fought before.

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely!—McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the astonished air.
The lancers are upon them, too!—the foe swarms ten to one—
Hardin is slain—McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared—but died away at last: [ows fast,
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shad-
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver shield, [field;—
And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead, [fled.
Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna

Thomas Miller.

Miller (1809–1874) was a native of Gainsborough, England, "one of the humble, happy, industrious, self-taught sons of genius." He was brought up to the trade of a basket-maker; and while thus obscurely laboring "to consort with the Muse and support a family," he attracted attention by his poetical effusions. He was assisted by Rogers, the poet, and through him obtained the more congenial employment of a bookseller. He produced several novels, and some poems that entitle him to honorable mention among the poets that have fought their way to notice from very humble beginnings. He published "A Day in the Woods" (1836), "Gideon Giles, the Roper" (1841), "Fair Rosamond," "Lady Jane Grey," and other novels; also several volumes of rural description, besides contributing largely to periodical literature.

EVENING SONG.

How many days with mute adieu
Have gone down yon untrodden sky,
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder tramping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village-bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth and air and sky and sea,
A still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God, of thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the building rook,—
All these their Maker own.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

Andrew Young.

Young, a native of Edinburgh, was born about 1809. His father was a successful teacher, and Andrew followed the same occupation for a time. The following sacred song from his pen, composed early in life, appears as anonymous in many collections.

THE HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Alexander Hume.

Hume (1809–1851) was a native of Kelso, Scotland, the son of a respectable retail trader. His family moved to London, and in 1827 he got a situation in a brewery in Mark Lane. He published a volume of songs dedicated to Allan Cunningham; married in 1837, and had six children. In 1845 a complete edition of his "Songs and Poems" was published in London.

MY WEE, WEE WIFE.

My wee wife dwells in yonder cot,
My bonnie bairnies three;
Oh! happy is the husband's lot,
Wi' bairnies on his knee.

My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,—
How bright is day, how sweet is life,
When love lights up the e'e!

The king o'er me may wear a crown,
Have millions bow the knee,
But lacks he love to share his throne,
How poor a king is he!
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
Let kings ha'e thrones, 'mang warld's strife,
Your hearts are thrones to me.

I've felt oppression's galling chain,
I've shed the tear o' care,
But feeling ay lost a' its pain,
When my wee wife was near.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
The chains we wear are sweet to bear,—
How sad could we go free!

Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).

Milnes, who became Lord Houghton in 1863, was a native of Yorkshire, and born in 1809. He published "Poetry for the People," in 1840; "Palm Leaves," in 1844; edited the "Life and Remains of John Keats" in 1848. An edition of his complete poetical works appeared in 1876. He made two visits to the United States, where he left many warm friends. He has fully vindicated his claim to the name of poet. As a member of the House of Commons, and (1863) of the House of Peers, he has been the efficient supporter of all measures for social amelioration and reform.

ALL THINGS ONCE ARE THINGS FOREVER.

All things once are things forever.
Souls once living live forever;
Blame not what is only once,
When that once endures forever!
Love once felt, though soon forgot,
Moulds the heart to good forever!
Once betrayed from chilly faith,
Man is conscious man forever:
Once the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on forever,
Unless God fill up the heart
With himself for once and ever:
Once made God and man at once,
God and man are one forever.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if, with earnest care, you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent,
In sad unrest and ill content.

And more, though free from seeming harm
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, not to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race;
Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from afar;
The mist of light from which they take their grace,
Hides what they are;

The dark and dreary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain
A man at last.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer,
We did not speak one word;
For the beating of our own hearts,
Was all the sound we heard.

FROM "THE LONG-AGO."

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh, we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

Edgar Allan Poe.

AMERICAN.

Poe is one of the small class of poets whose posthumous fame has largely exceeded that of their lifetime. It rests chiefly, in his case, on one striking poem, "The Raven," which seems to have done for him what the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" did for Gray. Poe was born in Boston, Mass., on the 19th of January, 1809, and died in Baltimore in 1849. His father, David Poe, of Baltimore, while a law-student, fell in love with Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress, married her, and went himself upon the stage. Edgar, a bright and handsome youth, at an early age lost his parents, and was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, of Virginia, who, wealthy but childless, took him with them to England, and sent him to school at Stoke-Newington. Returning to Amer-

ica in his eleventh year, he entered the University of Virginia, where he became the foremost scholar of his class. His unruly habits caused him to be expelled. He then quarrelled with Mr. Allan, and started for Europe to fight for the Greeks. But Greece he never saw. He shaped his course northward instead of southward, and drifted as far as St. Petersburg, where the ambassador of the United States, Mr. Middleton, found him in a state of destitution, and provided him with the means of returning home. Mr. Allan now procured for him an appointment as cadet at West Point; but disliking the routine of a military education, Poe soon qualified himself for dismissal by just the necessary amount of insubordination. Meanwhile his benefactor had married a young wife, and the wayward young man was cut off from all hopes of further pecuniary supplies from the quarter on which he had hitherto relied for help.

In 1829 he published, at Baltimore, a thin volume entitled "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and other Poems:" it contains little of any enduring value. In 1833 he obtained a prize offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* for a story. This introduced him to John P. Kennedy, a well-known lawyer and man of letters, through whose good offices he became editor of the *Literary Messenger*, a respectable monthly magazine published at Richmond; but with this work his connection lasted only two years. At Richmond he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who died after a union of some ten years. Removing to Philadelphia, he edited *Burton's Magazine*, and then *Graham's Magazine*. His "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" had meanwhile appeared. In 1844 he took up his residence in New York, where the present writer was brought into frequent communication with him. Personally he was, as Willis called him, a "sad-mannered gentleman," grave and somewhat reticent. He had more the appearance and bearing of a sedate clergyman than of a writer of romance. While editing the *New World* weekly, we bought and published some of his prose pieces, and, but for lack of means, would have been glad to engage him permanently as a contributor. Referring to our inability to oblige him on one occasion, he said, "If you could have done it, S., I would have immortalized you—yes, immortalized you, sir." Perhaps he was here wiser than he knew. We had done for him what we could. Like Shakspeare and other men of genius, he seems to have had previsions of a posthumous renown far exceeding what he could hope for in his lifetime. The movement for the erection of his statue in Central Park, New York, is one of the latest proofs of the veracity of his anticipations.

Poe's great poetical hit, "The Raven," appeared first in Colton's *Whig Review* for February, 1845. The same year, in company with the late Charles F. Briggs, an estimable gentleman well known to us, he started *The Broadway Journal*. The partnership soon ended, and Mr. Briggs's account of his experience in it is not flattering to his wayward associate. It corroborates the estimate of Poe's character given by James Russell Lowell, who knew him personally, and wrote of him:

"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
* * * * * *
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind."

Poe struggled on single-handed with his newspaper enterprise for about a year, when it became extinct. He next wrote for *Godey's Lady's Book* a series of random sketches of the New York literati, in which the bias of merely personal partialities is quite apparent. In 1847–'48 he became affianced for a short time to Mrs. Whitman, of whom some account will be found on page 583 of this volume. The present writer, who had long known her through an intimate mutual friend, had frequent correspondence with her up to within a year of her death; and perhaps the strongest point in Poe's favor is the loyal, enthusiastic attachment of this gifted lady, thoroughly sincere, clear-sighted, and cultivated as she was, to his memory. She could not tolerate a word prejudicial to his honor. In opposition to the estimate of some of his male friends, she believed in his heart as well as in his head. Poe was far from being habitually intemperate; his countenance at once contradicted the supposition. But he was almost morbidly sensitive to the effect of a very slight quantity of the lightest intoxicating drink. In the autumn of 1849, while in Baltimore, he fell into bad company, was tempted, overcome, became a wanderer about the streets, and was finally taken to a hospital, where he died October 7th.

Whatever dispute there may be as to his qualities as a man, there can be none as to his rare and unique genius as a poet. What he has written is slight in quantity, and some of that of little value; but the dross is readily tolerated in consideration of the release of so much pure gold. He had that force and vividness of imagination which made him for the moment keenly sensitive to the high-strung emotions to which he gave utterance in most harmonious verse. That these emotions were often fugitive does not seem to have impaired his power of imparting to them a rare beauty and intensity of expression. While the fervor lasted he was sincere. His remarkable lines to S. W. (Mrs. Whitman) are an example. Analyze them—throw off the first effect—and they issue in a glitter of sensuous but poetical fancies, highly hyperbolical, yet cold as icicles, and having hardly one touch of nature. The poem of "The Bells," while it shows the same power over the unreal, fails as a work of art in the frequent repetition of the word *bells*, where the sibilant plural destroys all the metallic, onomatopoetic quality of sound that would have been appropriate. But Poe's posthumous fame seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. The best of his writings have been translated into all the principal European languages, and the public interest in his life and his literary productions seems to be unabated. That he anticipated the celebrity has already been suggested.

TO S. H. W.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago:
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,

Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the faces of the upturned roses,
And on thine own, upturned—alas! in sorrow.

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred; the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared,
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more; the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs;
All, all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud,
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me, they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire—
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with beauty (which is hope),
And are far up in Heaven, the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, [bells—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells! [pels!
What a world of solemn thought their monody com-
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone:
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—
Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before:
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—
Not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining,
That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming.
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

TO FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

John Stuart Blackie.

Blackie, the son of a banker, was born in Glasgow in 1809. He was educated partly at Aberdeen and partly at the University of Edinburgh. In 1829 he went to the Continent, studied at Göttingen and Berlin, and passed fifteen months in Italy. In 1834 appeared his translation of Goethe's "Faust." He contributed to various periodicals, and wrote a deeply earnest article on Jung Stilling, the German Spiritualist. In 1852 he was elected to the chair of Greek in Edinburgh University. In 1853 he travelled in Greece, and learned to speak modern

Greek fluently. In 1857 he published "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems;" in 1861, "Lyrical Poems;" and in 1866 a translation of Homer's "Iliad." His "Natural History of Atheism" (1878) shows high culture, breadth, and insight. His volume entitled "Songs of Religion and Life" (1876) was republished in New York. In versatility he stood conspicuous among the literary men of his day. His writings evince deep religious feeling, earnestness, and simplicity, united to great liberality of thought.

THE HOPE OF THE HETERODOX.

In thee, O blessèd God, I hope,
  In Thee, in Thee, in Thee!
Though banned by Presbyter and Pope,
  My trust is still in Thee.
Thou wilt not cast thy servant out
  Because he chanced to see
With his own eyes, and dared to doubt
  What praters preach of Thee.
    Oh no! no! no!
  For ever and ever and aye,
  (Though Pope and Presbyter bray),
  Thou wilt not cast away
    An honest soul from Thee.

I look around on earth and sky,
  And Thee, and ever Thee,
With open heart and open eye
  How can I fail to see?
My ear drinks in from field and fell
  Life's rival floods of glee:
Where finds the priest his private hell
  When all is full of Thee?
    Oh no! no! no!
  Though flocks of geese
  Give Heaven's high ear no peace:
  I still enjoy a lease
    Of happy thoughts from Thee.

My faith is strong; out of itself
  It grows erect and free;
No Talmud on the Rabbi's shelf
  Gives amulets to me.
Small Greek I know, nor Hebrew much,
  But this I plainly see:
Two legs without the Bishop's crutch
  God gave to thee and me.
    Oh no! no! no!
  The Church may loose and bind,
  But Mind, immortal Mind,
  As free as wave or wind,
    Came forth, O God, from thee!

O pious quack! thy pills are good:
  But mine as good may be,
And healthy men on healthy food
  Live without you or me.
Good lady! let the doer do!
  Thought is a busy bee,
Nor honey less what it doth brew,
  Though very gall to thee.
    Oh no! no! no!
  Though Councils decree and declare,
  Like a tree in open air,
  The soul its foliage fair
    Spreads forth, O God, to Thee!

BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Beautiful world! though bigots condemn thee,
My tongue finds no words for the graces that gem thee!
Beaming with sunny light, bountiful ever,
Streaming with gay delight, full as a river!
  Bright world! brave world! let cavillers blame thee!
  I bless thee, and bend to the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world! bursting around me,
Manifold, million-hued wonders confound me!
From earth, sea, and starry sky, meadow and mountain,
Eagerly gushes life's magical fountain. .
  Bright world! brave world! though witlings may blame thee,
  Wonderful excellence only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood his sweet hymn is trolling,
The fish in blue ocean is spouting and rolling!
Light things on airy wing wild dances weaving,
Clods with new life in spring swelling and heaving!
  Thou quick-teeming world! though scoffers may blame thee,
  I wonder, and worship the God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world! what poesy measures
Thy strong-flooding passions, thy light-trooping pleasures?
Mustering, marshalling, striving and straining,
Conquering, triumphing, ruling and reigning!
  Thou bright-armied world, so strong, who can tame thee?
  Wonderful power of God only could frame thee!

Beautiful world! while godlike I deem thee,
No cold wit shall move me with bile to blaspheme thee!
I have lived in thy light, and when Fate ends my story,
May I leave on death's cloud the trail of life's glory!
Wondrous old world! no ages shall shame thee!
Ever bright with new light from the God who did frame thee!

TO THE MEMORY OF SYDNEY DOBELL.

And thou, too, gone! one more bright soul away
To swell the mighty sleepers 'neath the sod;
One less to honor and to love, and say,
Who lives with thee doth live half-way to God!
My chaste-souled Sydney! thou wast carved too fine
For coarse observance of the general eye;
But who might look into thy soul's fair shrine
Saw bright gods there, and felt their presence nigh.
Oh! if we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 'tis when
In the slow progress of the struggling years
Our touch is blessed to feel the pulse of men
Who walk in light and love above their peers
White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand,
Breathing a heaven around them where they stand!

Joseph Addison Alexander

AMERICAN.

A native of Philadelphia, Alexander (1809–1860) became a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton; his specialty being in Oriental literature. He was accomplished in almost every department of letters, was master of seven languages, and near to being a proficient in many more. His articles in the *Princeton Review* remain an evidence of his varied powers and attainments. His elaborate work on the Prophecies of Isaiah (1846–'47) was republished in Glasgow.

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

Nor mere strength is it that the short word boasts:
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
To Joy's quick step, as well as Grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time;
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Miss Barrett was born in London in 1809, married Robert Browning, the poet, in 1846, and died at Florence in 1861. Her father was a wealthy London merchant, and she had the advantage of a superior education. She began to write both in prose and verse at the age of ten, and at seventeen published a volume of poems. In 1833 appeared her translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. In 1838 she put forth "The Seraphim, and other Poems," which was followed by "The Romaunt of the Page," 1839. About this time the breaking of a blood-vessel kept her for some years a prisoner to her room. In 1844 she sent forth a collected edition of her poems in two volumes. In 1850 and 1853 new editions appeared. In 1851 she published "Casa Guidi Windows," a poem which reviews the state of Italy. In 1856 "Aurora Leigh," the longest of her poems, appeared. It is rather a novel in blank verse than a poem, and is of very unequal merit. In 1860 "Poems before Congress" were published—suggested by the political events of the time. This was the last work from her pen. Her delicate constitution gave way, and, to the grief of a large circle of friends and admirers of her genius, she died. Her remains were interred in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. All her works show intellectual power of the highest order, and will compare favorably with the best productions of masculine genius. She was a Spiritualist in the modern sense of the word, having satisfied herself of the genuineness of certain phenomena, which were sufficient for her convictions as to spiritual realities. "Such is the influence of her manners," wrote Miss Mitford, "that those who know her best are apt to lose sight of her learning and her genius, and to think of her only as the most charming person that they have ever met."

SONNET: CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
Oh, pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying:
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted:

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation;
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild, timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though in blindness he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated:
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around,—"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long
fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in
death to save him!

Thus? Oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image
that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs
round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, "*My* Saviour!
not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamed that when the cross
in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was mani-
fested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the aton-
ing drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that
one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own es-
sence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous
Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe
hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost
creation,
That of the lost no son should use those words of
desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should
mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture
in a vision!

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
  Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
  "He giveth His belovéd sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
  The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
  "He giveth *His* belovéd sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
  A little dust, to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
  "He giveth *His* belovéd sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
  Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
  "He giveth *His* belovéd sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
  O delvéd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife; O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
  And "giveth His belovéd sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
  Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
  "He giveth His belovéd sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
  Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
  "He giveth His belovéd sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
  That sees through tears the jugglers leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
  Who "giveth His belovéd sleep!"

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
  He giveth His belovéd sleep."

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,—
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king:—

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

SONNET: FUTURITY.

And, oh belovéd voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil,—I am strong,—
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,—
The dust shook from their beauty,—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

SONNET: INSUFFICIENCY.

When I attain to utter forth in verse
Some inward-thought, my soul throbs audibly
Along my pulses, yearning to be free,
And something farther, fuller, higher, rehearse,
To the individual, true, and to the universe,
In consummation of right harmony.
But, like a wind-exposed, distorted tree,
We are blown against forever by the curse
Which breathes through nature. Oh, the world is weak—
The effluence of each is false to all;
And what we best conceive, we fail to speak.
Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall!
And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
Fit peroration, without let or thrall.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Under the title of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Mrs. Browning wrote a series of forty-three original love-poems addressed to Robert Browning, her future husband. Of these remarkable productions we give four specimens.

VI.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow, nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore,—
Thy touch upon my palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine

With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

XIV.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile ... her look ... her way
Of speaking gently, ... for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Belovéd, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,
Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

XVIII.

I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee;
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside,
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justified,—
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

XXVI.

I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.
But soon their trailing purple was not free
Of this world's dust,—their lutes did silent grow,
And I myself grew faint and blind below
Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come ... to *be*,
Belovéd, what they *seemed*. Their shining fronts,
Their songs, their splendors ... (better, yet the same,
As river-water hallowed into fonts ...)
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
My soul with satisfaction of all wants—
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Lady Dufferin.

Helen Selina Sheridan, daughter of Thomas Sheridan, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and sister of Mrs. Norton, married the Hon. Price Blackwood, only son of the fourth Lord Dufferin, and became Lady Dufferin on the death of her husband's father. Her son, Frederick Temple Blackwood, Earl of Dufferin (born 1826), is known as an accomplished statesman, the author of "Letters from High Latitudes," and other works. He was for a time Governor-general of Canada. Lady Dufferin (1807–1867) first published "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant" about the year 1838, when she was the "Hon. Mrs. Price Blackwood." It is one of the most tenderly beautiful idyls in the language. It was set to an appropriate melody by Wm. R. Dempster, a Scottish vocalist and composer well known in the United States.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
  When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
  The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listenin' for the words
  You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest,—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,—
  For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
  My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore,—
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary,—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

Ralph Hoyt.

AMERICAN.

Hoyt (1808–1878) was a native of the city of New York. He studied for the ministry, took orders (1842), and became Rector of the Episcopal "Church of the Good Shepherd." He published in 1844 "The Chant of Life, and other Poems;" and, in 1859, "Sketches of Life and Landscape." His poetic vein is peculiar and original, but some of the best of his poems would be improved by abridgment.

STANZAS FROM "NEW."

Still sighs the world for something new,
For something new;
Imploring me, imploring you,
Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue:
Ah! hapless world, what will it do?
Imploring me, imploring you,
For something new!

Each pleasure, tasted, fades away,
It fades away:
Nor you nor I can bid it stay,—
A dew-drop trembling on a spray!
A rainbow at the close of day!
Nor you nor I can bid it stay;—
It fades away.

The rose, once gathered, cannot please,—
It cannot please:
Ah! simple maid, a rose to seize
That only blooms to tempt and tease,
With thorns to rob the heart of ease;—
Ah! simple maid, a rose to seize—
It cannot please!

So pants for change the fickle fair,
The fickle fair:
A feather floating in the air,
Still wafted here, and wafted there,—
No charm, no hazard worth her care!
A feather floating in the air,—
The fickle fair!

How sad *his* lot, the hapless swain,—
The hapless swain!
With care and toil, in heat and rain,
To speed the plough or harvest-wain;
Still reaping only fields of grain,
With care and toil, in heat and rain,—
The hapless swain!

Youth, weary youth,—'twill soon be past,—
'Twill soon be past!
His manhood's happiness shall last:
Renown and riches, far and fast,
Their potent charms shall round him cast;
His manhood's happiness shall last—
'Twill soon be past!

The dream fulfilled,—rank, fortune, fame—
Rank, fortune, fame!—
Vain fuel for celestial flame!
He wins and wears a glittering name;
Yet sighs his longing soul the same!
Vain fuel for celestial flame,
Rank, fortune, fame!

Indulgent Heaven, oh grant but this,—
Oh grant but this,—
The boon shall be enough of bliss:
A home, with true affection's kiss,
To mend whate'er may hap amiss,—
The boon shall be enough of bliss:
Oh grant but this!

The Eden won:—insatiate still;
Insatiate still!
A wider, fairer range he will;
Some mountain higher than his hill;
Some prospect Fancy's map to fill;—
A wider, fairer range he will—
Insatiate still!

Still sighs the world for something new,—
For something new:
Imploring me, imploring you,
Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue;
Ah! hapless world, what will it do?
Imploring me, imploring you,
For something new!

William Barnes.

Barnes, clergyman, poet, and philologist, was born in 1810. He is the author, among other works, of "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect," "A Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect," "An Anglo-Saxon Delectus." An edition of the "Rural Poems," with illustrations by Hammatt Billings, an American artist, was published in Boston in 1869.

PLORATA VERIS LACHRYMIS.

Oh now, my true and dearest bride,
Since thou hast left my lonely side,
My life has lost its hope and zest.
The sun rolls on from east to west,
But brings no more that evening rest,
Thy loving-kindness made so sweet,
And time is slow that once was fleet,
As day by day was waning.

The last sad day that showed thee lain
Before me, smiling in thy pain,
The sun soared high along his way
To mark the longest summer day,
And show to me the latest play
Of thy sweet smile, and thence, as all
The days' lengths shrunk from small to small,
My joy began its waning.

And now 'tis keenest pain to see
Whate'er I saw in bliss with thee.
The softest airs that ever blow,
The fairest days that ever glow,
Unfelt by thee, but bring me woe.
And sorrowful I kneel in prayer,
Which thou no longer now canst share,
As day by day is waning.

How can I live my lonesome days?
How can I tread my lonesome ways?
How can I take my lonesome meal?
Or how outlive the grief I feel?
Or how, again, look on to weal?
Or sit, at rest, before the heat
Of winter fires, to miss thy feet,
When evening light is waning.

Thy voice is still I loved to hear,
Thy voice is lost I held so dear.
Since death unlocks thy hand from mine,
No love awaits me such as thine:
Oh! boon the hardest to resign!
But if we meet again at last
In heaven, I little care how fast
My life may now be waning.

SONNET: RURAL NATURE.

Where art thou loveliest, O Nature, tell!
Oh, where may be thy Paradise? Where grow
Thy happiest groves? And down what woody dell
Do thy most fancy-winning waters flow?
Tell where thy softest breezes longest blow?
And where thy ever blissful mountains swell
Upon whose sides the cloudless sun may throw
Eternal summer, while the air may quell
His fury. Is it 'neath his morning car,
Where jewelled palaces, and golden thrones,
Have awed the Eastern nations through all time?
Or o'er the Western seas, or where afar
Our winter sun warms up the southern zones
With summer? Where can be the happy climes?

Samuel William Partridge.

Partridge is a native of London, born November 23d, 1810. He became a publisher, having his establishment in Paternoster Row. His little poem, "Not to Myself Alone," has been wonderfully popular. It has been often quoted from the pulpit, and has found a place in many

of the school reading-books of the United States. It occurs in "Our English Months, a Poem on the Seasons in England." Partridge is also the author of a collection of poems entitled "Voices from the Garden, or the Christian Language of Flowers."

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening Flower, transported, cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling Star, with honest pride, doth boast;
"Not to myself alone I rise and set:
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden Bee doth murmuring hum,—
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower,
I rove the woods, the garden and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring Bird with lusty pinion sings,
"Not to myself alone I raise my song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The Streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay.
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

Not to myself alone,—
O Man, forget not thou—earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And self disown:
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

John Francis Waller.

Waller (born 1810), for many years editor of *The Dublin University Magazine*, has published "The Slingsby Papers" (1852), "Poems" (1854), "Pictures of English Literature," etc. (1870). He has contributed largely to periodical literature, and was editor of "The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography."

KITTY NEIL.

"Ah! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary with spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest-moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty Neil.
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

And Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion:

With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground,
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing:
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair turnéd arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love:
The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

Mrs. Louisa S. McCord.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. McCord (1810–1879) was the daughter of Langdon Cheves, a distinguished lawyer and statesman, who as member of Congress helped Clay and Calhoun to carry the declaration of war in 1812. She inherited much of her father's intellectual vigor, and wrote ably on politics and political economy, translating Bastian's well-known work. She married a prominent lawyer, the well-known author of "McCord's Reports." Her first essay in poetry was a little volume entitled "My Dreams," published in 1848. This was followed in 1851 by "Caius Gracchus," a tragedy in five acts, abounding in striking passages, full of noble thought aptly expressed. Though not written for the stage, it has many flashes of dramatic power. Born to affluence, literature was to her, however, a pastime rather than a pursuit. A devoted daughter of the State of her birth, proud of its history, and sensitive to its honor, she generously gave her aid to the South in its struggle for independence, sincerely believing she was on the side of right. Her only son, Cheves McCord, fell gallantly in battle. To the mother's heart it was a fatal blow. She was a large contributor, both in money and personal effort, to the hospitals and other institutions, and she lived to be cheered by the dawn of brighter prospects for South Carolina.

WHAT USED TO BE.

Happiness that ne'er was fading,
Dreams that darkness ne'er was shading,
Flowers that were not born to wither;
These are things I used to see!
Fancy, aye the future wooing,
Hope, her heavenward course pursuing,
Pluming each unruffled feather;
These are things that used to be!

But alas! their transient being,
To the future's night was fleeing;
And when brightest they were fading,—
Those bright things I used to see!
Life, no more such pleasures giving;
Memory, with our present striving,
All her stock of joys unlading,
Points us to what used to be.

But doth not this past deceive us,
Cheating thus, with joys that leave us,
Souls which have a higher duty
Than those things I used to see?
These were toys for youthful folly;
Life has duties high and holy,
Robed in Truth's, not Fancy's, beauty,
Like those things that used to be.

Duties holy—duties binding—
Where the soul, its errors finding,
Reason's light from Truth deriving,
Learns, those things it used to see
Were but beacon-lights, to guide us
Where life's battle-fields betide us;
Where, in nobler efforts striving,
We forget what used to be.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! Almighty God,
Our weakness knows no other prayer
But this: "God's will be done!"
We cannot shape our future good;
To mark thy mercy's bounds we fear:
Father! thy will be done!

Still to our weakness clinging fast,
With naught to point or guide our way,
We cry "God's will be done!"
And 'mid the storm of life,—the blast
Of warring tempest, still we say,
"Father! thy will be done!"

And this the surest charm to lull
The tempest in its raging might,

Great God! thy will be done!
Should universal nature fall
To wreck and ruin, 'mid its Night,
Father! thy will be done!

We know that Thou canst guide us best;
And if we live, or if we die,
Thy will, oh God! be done!
Our weakness seeks on thee to rest,
It loves to cling to thee and cry,
"Father! thy will be done!"

PASSAGES FROM "CAIUS GRACCHUS."

ORIGIN OF GREAT THOUGHTS.

From head and heart alike great thoughts are born;
The truly noble cannot sever them:
I'd shun the man who at his nature scoffs,
And, trampling on his own divinity,
Feels not the consciousness of human greatness.

THE PEOPLE'S HEART.

It is a noble duty to awake
The heart of truth, that slumbers in them still.
It is a glorious right to rouse the soul,
The reasoning heart that in a nation sleeps!
And Wisdom is a laggard at her task,
When but in closet speculations wrapped
She doth forget to share her thought abroad,
And make mankind her heir.

TRUTH THROUGH STRUGGLE.

Each dirty rivulet its ripple brings,
Which in the sweeping current mingling, drops
Its dust and dross. Its purer part goes on,
And on, and on,—until at last the whole,
By the great alchemy of reason, flows
Pure —as it must be, from its origin!
Thought sprang from God; and all bestained with earth,
Struggling and creeping still, at last the truth
Is forced upon the day! The world's great mind,
Though stumbling oft in error, must at last
Work out its vexéd problem, and perfection,
Wrought from reflected deity in man,
Burst sun-like from the mist of error forth.

NO GOOD EFFORT VAIN.

For the right,
Man, even in despair, should ever strive:
The very effort, howsoever vain,
Is always something gained. To the great work
It warms the blood of the world which wrestles on
Still against failure, like the strong man struggling,
Until the end of truth at last is reached.

DEDICATION OF "CAIUS GRACCHUS."

TO MY SON.

Too young thou art to read a mother's heart;
Too young to guess that quenchless fount of love
Which ever gushes forth in joy and woe,
Limitless, always! If care-worn and sad,
By want or sickness bowed almost to earth,—
Or yet if triumphing in life's success,
Flattered, beloved, admired,—the mother finds
(Be she true woman with a true woman's heart)
No moment when that heart can idly rest
From the long love which ever fetters it
In bondage to her child!—My boy, thine eye
Some day perchance may fall upon these lines,
And, catching here the shadow of my love,
Thy soul may guess its fulness, and may feel,
Through every struggle in this changing life,
That, like a guardian angel hovering round,
To comfort, check,—to pity, or to blame,—
To chide, to hope, to pray,—it watching stands,
But never to condemn!—A mother's heart
Might throb itself away in patient woe,—
Might break to end its pang,—but never, never,
Could deem her child a thing of vice or shame.
God bless thee, boy! and make thee stainless, pure,
Upright, and true, e'en as my thought doth paint thee!

Margaret Fuller.

AMERICAN.

Sarah Margaret Fuller (1810–1850) is better known by her maiden name, though she became, by marriage at Rome in 1847, the Marchioness Ossoli. She was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23d. Educated by her father, she became eminent for her rapid attainments in literature, her acquirement of languages, her general learning, and her brilliant conversational powers. In 1840 she edited *The Dial;* in 1844, became connected with the *New York Tribune;* and in 1846 went to Italy as the correspondent of that journal. In May, 1850, she embarked with her husband and infant son at Leghorn, in the ship *Elizabeth*, for New York, and perished with them in the wreck of that vessel on Fire Island. Her life was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke, each contributing his individual view of her character. She was a woman of decided genius, but had so confident an estimate of her own powers, that her manner was at times too supercilious

toward inferior or undeveloped minds. She wrote but little poetry; but what she wrote is marked by the idiosyncrasies of an independent thinker. She published "Summer on the Lakes" (1843), "At Home and Abroad" (1846), and several minor works. She lacked personal attractions, but in spite of this defect won the admiration of some of the most gifted of her contemporaries.

SONNETS.

I. ORPHEUS.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the poet can be wise,—
Must make the sad Persephoné his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
Again his love must lose through too much love,
Must lose his life by living life too true,
For what he sought below is passed above.
Already done is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
Must search all Nature with his one soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

II. BEETHOVEN.

Most intellectual master of the art,
Which, best of all, teaches the mind of man
The universe in all its varied plan—
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains impart!
Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,
There the rich bass the Reason's balance shows;
Here breathes the softest sigh that Love e'er knows;
There sudden fancies, seeming without chart,
Float into wildest breezy interludes;
The past is all forgot—hopes sweetly breathe,
And our whole being glows—when lo! beneath
The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
Startled, we strive to free us from the chain,
Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine again!

ON LEAVING THE WEST.

Farewell, ye soft and sumptuous solitudes!
Ye fairy distances, ye lordly woods,
Haunted by paths like those that Poussin knew,
When after his all gazers' eyes he drew:
I go—and if I never more may steep
An eager heart in your enchantments deep,
Yet ever to itself that heart may say,
Be not exacting—thou hast lived one day—
Hast looked on that which matches with thy mood,
Impassioned sweetness of full being's flood,
Where nothing checked the bold yet gentle wave,
Where naught repelled the lavish love that gave.
A tender blessing lingers o'er the scene
Like some young mother's thought, fond, yet serene,
And through its life new-born our lives have been.
Once more farewell—a sad, a sweet farewell;
And if I never must behold you more,
In other worlds I will not cease to tell
The rosary I here have numbered o'er;
And bright-haired Hope will lend a gladdened ear,
And Love will free him from the grasp of Fear,
And Gorgon critics, while the tale they hear,
Shall dew their stony glances with a tear,
If I but catch one echo from your spell:
And so farewell—a grateful, sad farewell!

James Freeman Clarke.

AMERICAN.

Clarke was born in 1810, in Hanover, N. H., where his parents, residents of Boston, were accidentally on a visit. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. He was pastor of a Society in Louisville, Ky., from 1833 to 1840. He then returned to Boston, where he became highly popular as a preacher. He is the author of several volumes of sermons, which have had a wide circulation. He has written original poems of high merit as well as translations, very happily executed. On his seventieth birthday (April 4, 1880), in reckoning up the personal friends to whom he had been intellectually indebted, Mr. Clarke remarked: "I am especially thankful to Margaret Fuller. From her I learned the power that is in us all, the mighty powers of the human soul. She roused me to the value of life; she taught me how to live for an end, and a good one." See the poem by Holmes (page 655) on Clarke's birthday.

PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

WRITTEN IN HER BOOK OF DEVOTIONS JUST BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me.
In dura catena, in misera pœnâ,
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!"

Oh Master and Maker! my hope is in thee.
My Jesus, dear Saviour! now set my soul free.
From this my hard prison, my spirit uprisen,
Soars upward to thee.
Thus moaning, and groaning, and bending the knee,
I adore, and implore that thou liberate me.

THE RULE WITH NO EXCEPTION.

After the German of Goethe.

Tell me, friend,—as you are bidden,—
What is hardest to be hidden?
Fire is hard. The smoke betrays
Its place, by day—by night, its blaze.
I will tell, as I am bidden,—
Fire is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell, as I am bidden!
Love is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;
Actions, looks, and tones reveal it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,—
Love is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell, as I am bidden!
Poetry cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead;
But a Poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the Poet;
He will sing it, he will show it.

He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it!
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'Tis impossible to hide it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,—
Poems never can be hidden.

WHITE-CAPPED WAVES.

White-capped waves far round the Ocean,
Leaping in thanks or leaping in play,
All your bright faces, in happy commotion,
Make glad matins this summer day.

The rosy light through the morning's portals
Tinges your crest with an August hue,
Calling on us, thought-prisoned mortals,
Thus to live in the moment too.

For, graceful creatures, you live by dying,
Save your life when you fling it away,
Flow through all forms, all forms defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.

Show us your art, oh genial daughters
Of solemn Ocean, thus to combine
Freedom and force of rolling waters
With sharp observance of law divine.

A REMINISCENCE.

"C'était en Avril, le Dimanche."—Ed. Pailleron.

'Twas April; 'twas Sunday; the day was fair,—
Yes! sunny and fair.
And how happy was I!
You wore the white dress you loved to wear;
And two little flowers were hid in your hair—
Yes! in your hair—
On that day—gone by!

We sat on the moss; it was shady and dry;
Yes! shady and dry;
And we sat in the shadow.
We looked at the leaves, we looked at the sky;
We looked at the brook which bubbled near by,—
Yes! bubbled near by,
Through the quiet meadow.

A bird sang on the swinging vine,—
Yes! on the vine,—
And then,—sang not;
I took your little white hand in mine;
'Twas April; 'twas Sunday; 'twas warm sunshine,—
Yes! warm sunshine:
Have you forgot?

A SHELTER AGAINST STORM AND RAIN.

"Wer Wenig sucht, der findet Viel."

After the German of Ruckert.[1]

Only a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
Oh dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower,—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour,—
And the whole heart was mine!

[1] For this graceful version, Mr. Clarke was indebted to his daughter Lilian.

THE PERFECT WHOLE.

After the German of Geibel.

Live in that Whole to which all parts belong;
Thus Beauty, Action, Truth, shall be thy dower.
Compose thyself in God, and so be strong,
Since only in life's fulness is its power.
As, in a plant, leaves, flowers, and fruits must grow
Out of one germ, each centred in the whole,—
So must Love, Thought, and Deed forever flow
Forth from one fountain in the human soul.

William Henry Channing.

AMERICAN.

Channing, the nephew and biographer of the celebrated divine, Dr. William Ellery Channing, and the son of Francis Dana Channing, was born in Boston, May 25th, 1810. His biography of his uncle is written with marked ability. His translations from the German are rendered with great skill. Channing was settled for some time over a Unitarian Church in Liverpool; then became a resident of London. In 1880 he revisited his native country, and forwarded the movement for a memorial church at Newport, R. I., in commemoration of his uncle. His daughter is the wife of Edwin Arnold, the gifted English poet.

MIGNON'S SONG.

From Goethe.

Know'st thou the land where flowers of citron bloom?
The golden orange glows through leafy gloom?
From the blue heavens the breezes float so bland?
The myrtles still, and tall the laurels stand?
Know'st thou the land?
Oh there,—oh there!
Loved one, with thee I long to wander there.

Know'st thou the house? Its roof the columns bear,—
The polished floors, the halls so bright and fair,
Where marble figures standing look on me;
"Thou poorest child, what have they done to thee?"
Know'st thou the house?
Oh there,—oh there!
With thee, kind guardian, oh could I be there!"

Know'st thou the mountain peak? the airy bridge,
Where loaded mules climb o'er the misty ridge?
In hollows dwell the serpent's ancient brood;
The rent crag rushes down the foaming flood:
Know'st thou the mount?
Oh there,—oh there
Leadeth our way—O father, lead us there!

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

AMERICAN.

Sears (1810–1876) was a native of Berkshire, Mass. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1834, and at the Theological School in Cambridge in 1837. He became a Unitarian minister, and preached at Wayland, Mass., till 1865, when he became pastor over the Society in Weston. He was the author of "Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality," a work highly esteemed both in England and America; also, "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ." He visited England in 1873, where he was received with much kindness in religious circles. O. W. Holmes, the poet, pronounces the hymn we quote to be "one of the finest and most beautiful ever written."

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
The realm of ether fills:
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its Orient fires.

This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?

Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps, and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Alfred Tennyson.

The third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, D.D., Alfred, was born in the parsonage of Somersby (near Spilsby), in Lincolnshire, in 1810. He received his early education at the school of his native town. From thence both he and his elder brothers, Frederic and Charles, proceeded to Cambridge, entering at Trinity College when Dr. Whewell was tutor. In 1829 Alfred won the Chancellor's Medal for his poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo." While at Cambridge, Charles (who subsequently took the name of Turner) and Alfred published privately a small volume of poems, which was favorably noticed by Coleridge. In 1830 Alfred put forth a volume entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." It contained, among other pieces, "Claribel," the "Ballad of Oriana," "Lilian," and "The Merman." It commanded no immediate success, though the discerning few saw in it the promise of a new and original poet.

In 1833 another volume appeared, and from that time Tennyson's fame began to broaden and flourish. It was greatly increased by the appearance in 1842 of a collection of his smaller pieces, with the addition of "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the "Lord of Burleigh," the "Two Voices," "Dora," "St. Simon Stylites," etc. His position among contemporary poets was now established. Whatever has appeared since has only extended and confirmed his reputation. In 1847, "The Princess" was published; in 1850, the author's genius culminated in "In Memoriam," the most memorable of all his works, and the best sustained poem of the kind in all literature. It was a tribute to the memory of his college chum, Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, and betrothed to the poet's sister Emily. Charlotte Brontë characterized the work as "beautiful but monotonous;" but the poet's skill is shown in making his one theme so replete with interest and with profound reflections on the destiny of man. Wordsworth died in 1850, and the office of Poet-laureate was conferred upon Tennyson, with a pension of £200 per annum. In 1852 appeared his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." In 1855, "Maud" was published; in 1858, the "Idyls of the King;" in 1864, "Enoch Arden;" in 1875 and 1876, his dramas of "Queen Mary" and "Harold."

For many years Tennyson has lived in the midst of his family in retirement at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, not wholly secure, however, from the intrusive curiosity of tourists and visitors to the island.

EDWARD GRAY.

Sweet Emma Moreland, of yonder town,
Met me walking on yonder way,
"And have you lost your heart?" she said;
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping I turned away:
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will:
To-day I sat for an hour and wept
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea:
Filled I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—
Whispered, 'Listen to my despair:
I repent me of all I did:
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping I turned away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

From "Maud."

Go not, happy day, from the shining fields,
Go not, happy day, till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West, rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks, and a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news o'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas, over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news, blush it through the West,
Till the red man dance by his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East, blush from East to West,
Till the West is East, blush it through the West.
Rosy is the West, rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks, and a rose her mouth.

WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

March 7th, 1863.

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into the stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as the ground-swell dashed on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-king's daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

ASK ME NO MORE.

From "The Princess: A Medley."[1]

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

[1] "The Princess" is a story of a prince and princess contracted by their parents without having seen each other. The lady repudiates the alliance; but after a series of adventures and incidents, somewhat improbable and incoherent, she relents and surrenders. The mixture of modern ideas with those of the age of chivalry makes "The Princess" truly a *medley*.

Ask me no more; what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are sealed:
I strove against the stream, and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

TO ——,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones."
Shakspeare's Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet's name—
If such be worth the winning now—
And gained a laurel for your brow,
Of sounder leaf than I can claim:

But you have made the wiser choice—
A life that moves to gracious ends
Through troops of unrecording friends—
A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have missed the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the Poet's crown:
Hereafter neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not show!
Break lock and seal! betray the trust!
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave,
My Shakspeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be,
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire,
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!

GARDEN SONG.

I.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

II.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in the light, and to die.

III.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine,
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

VI.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,
Our wood that is dearer than all;

VII.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That, whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

IX.

Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

X.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep:
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirled for a million æons through the vast,
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Through all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touched with earth's light—thou comest, Darling Boy;
Our Own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married, like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men
May bless thee, as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshattered—then full current through full man;
And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last Deep where we and thou are still.

1880.

BUGLE SONG.

From "The Princess."

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

Oh love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

From "Idyls of the King."[1]

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
Oh let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered:—
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered!
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY WHEEL.

From "Idyls of the King."

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

[1] This Arthurian romance, published in 1858, consists of four poems (Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere), written in pure, flowing blank verse, and dedicated to the memory of Prince Albert in some noble lines.

STANZAS[1] FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

* * * * * *

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reached a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good.
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

* * * * * *

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

* * * * * *

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[1] Tennyson has made the Stanza of "In Memoriam" so peculiarly his own, that the verses of other poets who employ it now seem like imitations. But the Stanza was used by Ben Jonson. It also appears in the following remarkable poem, taken from the Luttrell Collection of Broadsides. There is no indication of date or authorship; but the general tone of the composition, the allusions to the national desire for a *free* Parliament, the mention of a commonwealth, and the absence of any reference to royalty, show that they must have been written by a Republican in the spring of 1660, during the temporary dictatorship of General Monk:—

ENGLAND'S VOTE FOR A FREE ELECTION AND A FREE PARLIAMENT.

Great God of Nations, and their Right,
By whose high Auspice Brittain stands
So long, though first 'twas built on Sands,
And oft had sunk but for Thy might; -

In her own Mainland-storms and Seas,
Be present to her now as then,
And let not proud and factious men
Oppose thy will with what they please.

Our Free full Senate's to be made:
O, put it to the publick voice
To make a legal worthy choice,
Excluding such as would invade

The Commonwealth. Let whom we name
Have Wisdome, Foresight, Fortitude,
Be more with Faith than Face endued;
And study Conscience above Fame;—

Such, as not seek to get the Start
In State, by Faction, Power, or Bribes,
Ambition's Bands. But move the *Tribes*
By Virtue, Modesty, Desert;—

Such as to Justice will adhere,
Whatever great one it offend;
And from the embracéd Truth not bend
From Envy, Hatred, Gifts, or Fear;—

That by their Deeds will make it known
Whose Dignity they do sustain;
And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
Count it Great Brittain's, not their own.

Such the old Bruti, Decii were
The Cippi, Curtii, who did give
Themselves for Rome: and would not live,
As men, good only for a year.

Such were the great Camilli too,
The Fabii, Scipios; that still thought
No work at price enough was bought,
That for their country they could do:

And to her honour so did knit,
As all their Acts were understood
The Sinews of the Publick Good,
And they themselves one soul with it.

These men were truly Magistrates;
These neither practised Force, nor Forms,
Nor did they leave the helm in storms,
And such they are make happy States.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
  An infant crying in the night:
  An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

* * * * *

The wish that of the living whole
  No life may fail beyond the grave,—
  Derives it not from what we have,
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
  That Nature lends such evil dreams?
  So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I considering everywhere
  Her secret meaning in her deeds,
  And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear—

I falter where I firmly trod;
  And, falling with my weight of cares
  Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
  And gather dust and chaff, and call
  To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

* * * * * *

Dip down upon the northern shore,
  O sweet new-year, delaying long:
  Thou dost expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons?
  Thy sweetness from its proper place?
  Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
  The little speedwell's darling blue,
  Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
  Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
  That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

* * * * * *

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
  No spirit ever brake the band
  That stays him from the native land
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
  But he, the Spirit himself, may come
  Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

Oh, therefore from thy sightless range
  With gods in unconjectured bliss,
  Oh, from the distance of the abyss,
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
  The wish too strong for words to name;
  That in this blindness of the frame,
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

* * * * * *

How pure at heart and sound in head,
  With what divine affections bold,
  Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
  The spirits from their golden day,
  Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
  Imaginations calm and fair,—
  The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest!

But when the heart is full of din,
  And doubt beside the portal waits,
  They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

* * * * * *

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,—
You tell me doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtile question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts, and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

* * * * * *

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

* * * * * *

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.

* * * * * *

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice:
I prosper, circled with thy voice:
I shall not lose thee, though I die.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

From "The Princess."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by helpless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

FROM "THE GOLDEN YEAR."

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year,—

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press—
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and, blowing havenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old. Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

James Handasyd Perkins.

AMERICAN.

Perkins (1810–1849), a native of Boston, was bred to mercantile pursuits, but not finding them congenial, went to Cincinnati and studied law. This he forsook for literature, edited various publications, and contributed to reviews and magazines. He finally accepted the office of minister-at-large in Cincinnati, and gave a practical direction to the charities of the city. He was the first President of the Cincinnati Historical Society (1844). Of a highly sensitive temperament, he was thrown into a state of nervous agitation by the supposed loss of his children, and, while thus depressed, leaped from a ferry-boat into the river, and was drowned.

ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Sink to my heart, bright evening skies!
Ye waves that round me roll,
With all your golden, crimson dyes;
Sink deep into my soul!
And ye, soft-footed stars,—that come
So silently at even,
To make this world awhile your home,
And bring us nearer heaven,—
Speak to my spirit's listening ear,
With your calm tones of beauty,
And to my darkened mind make clear
My errors and my duty.

Sink to my heart, sweet evening skies!
Ye darkening waves that roll
Around me,—ye departing dyes,—
Sink to my inmost soul!
Teach to my heart of hearts the truth,
Unknown, though known so well,
That in each feeling, act, and thought
God works by miracle.
And ye, soft-footed stars, that come
So quietly at even,
Teach me to use this world, my home,
So as to make it heaven!

THE UPRIGHT SOUL.

Late to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who in the little while she stayed
Wrought works that shall endure.

It was not anything she said—
It was not anything she did:
It was the movement of her head,—
The lifting of her lid;—

Her little motions when she spoke,—
The presence of an upright soul,—
The living light that from her broke,—
It was the perfect whole!

We saw it in her floating hair,
We saw it in her laughing eye;
For every look and feature there
Wrought works that cannot die.

For she to many spirits gave
A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect,—that has power to save,
And make the doubting sure.

She passed—she went to other lands,
She knew not of the work she did;
The wondrous product of her hands
From her is ever hid.

Forever, did I say? Oh, no!
The time must come when she will look
Upon her pilgrimage below;
And find it in God's book,—

That, as she trod her path aright,
Power from her very garments stole;
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
A simple thought, a common feeling,
If He be present in the breast,
Has from Him powers of healing.

Go, maiden, with thy golden tresses,
Thine azure eye and changing cheek,
Go, and forget the one who blesses
Thy presence through the week;—

Forget him: he will not forget,
But strive to live and testify
Thy goodness, when Earth's sun has set,
And Time itself rolled by.

Theodore Parker.

AMERICAN.

Known rather as a preacher than a poet, Parker (1810–1860) gave evidence of rich poetic sensibility not only in his discourses but in some few poems that he left. He was a native of Lexington, Mass., passed a year at Harvard College, and entered the Cambridge Divinity School in 1834. He was a great linguist, an ardent reformer, and one of the most eloquent of the advocates of a simple theism in religion. His large collection of books—over 13,000 volumes—was given by him to the Boston Public Library.

THREE SONNETS.

I. THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
To call thy brethren forth from want and woe!—
Thee would I sing. Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
Yes, thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know,—light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, life, way, that thou hast given;
And in thy name aspiring mortals trust
To uplift their bleeding brothers from the dust.

II. THE SAVIOUR'S GOSPEL.

O Brother, who for us didst meekly wear
The crown of thorns about thy radiant brow,—

What gospel from the Father didst thou bear,
Our hearts to cheer, making us happy now?
"'Tis this alone," the immortal Saviour cries:
"To fill thy heart with ever-active love,—
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,
Love for thy brother here, thy God above,—
And thus to find thy earthly, heavenly prize.
Fear nothing ill; 'twill vanish in its day:
Live for the good, taking the ill thou must;
Toil with thy might; with manly labor pray;
Living and loving, learn thy God to trust,
And he will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just."

III. THE HIGHER GOOD.

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men, and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still farther on such as thy kingdom seek.

HYMN.

In darker days and nights of storm,
Men knew thee but to fear thy form;
And in the reddest lightning saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And in the track of every storm
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form.

And in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom,—perfect love,
From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortal fear,
For thou, the God of Love, art here.

Willis Gaylord Clark.

AMERICAN.

Clark (1810–1841) was regarded as quite a poetical celebrity in his day. He was twin brother of Lewis Gaylord Clark, editor for nearly thirty years of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and who died in 1873—a delightful companion and amiable man, whose specialty was a quick, discriminating humor, rising often into wit. They were born at Otisco, N. Y. Willis settled in Philadelphia, where he edited the *Gazette*, and wrote poems, a complete edition of which was published in New York in 1847. He also contributed a series of literary miscellanies, under the title of "Ollapodiana," to his brother's magazine. These were collected into a volume, and published in 1844.

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
While yet thy hand, the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing—and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!
Those who now love thee will have passed forever—
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows—save a promise given
That lights the future with a fadeless ray;
Come, touch the sceptre—win a hope in Heaven—
And turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—
And, shadowed brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal;
Home of the weary, where in glad reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
While o'er his dust the curtained grave is closing:—
Who would not *early* choose a lot like this?

James Aldrich.

AMERICAN.

Aldrich (1810–1856) was a native of Suffolk County, N. Y. He engaged early in mercantile pursuits, but left them for literature, and was employed as a writer for various periodicals. Gentle, amiable, and refined, he was much esteemed socially, as well as for his delicate wit and keen sense of humor.

A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.

TO ONE FAR AWAY.

Swifter far than swallow's flight
Homeward o'er the twilight lea,
Swifter than the morning light,
Flashing o'er the pathless sea,—
Dearest! in the lonely night,
Memory flies away to thee!

Stronger far than is desire,
Firm as truth itself can be,
Deeper than earth's central fire,
Boundless as the circling sea,—
Yet as mute as broken lyre
Is my love, dear wife, for thee!

Sweeter far than miser's gain,
Or than note of fame can be
Unto one who long in vain
Treads the path of chivalry,
Are my dreams, in which again
My fond arms encircle thee!

Martin Farquhar Tupper.

Tupper was born in London in 1810, and had a collegiate education at Oxford. He tried the law, but gave it up for literature. He wrote "Proverbial Philosophy," which first appeared in 1838; but supplements to it appeared in 1842 and 1867. Its success was remarkable. In the United States alone the sale of the first two series reached five hundred thousand copies. Suddenly the wind shifted, and Tupper was as unjustly depreciated as he had been praised. He became the butt of the newspapers, English and American. He made two visits to the United States. W. C. Bryant, the poet, stood his firm friend to the last. We give one of the best of the passages we find in "Proverbial Philosophy."

CARPE DIEM.

Oh, bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel!
I will not let thee go except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day!
Oh, sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day.
Oh, true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;
I find none other place nor time than where I am To-day.
Oh, living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge;
I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day.
Oh, rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna!
I have none other food nor store but daily bread To-day.

Robert Miller.

A native of Glasgow, Scotland, and educated for the legal profession, Miller (1810–1834) contributed verses to the periodicals, but did not live to collect them into a volume. He did not reach the age of twenty-five.

WHERE ARE THEY?

The loved of early days,
Where are they?—where?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountains bare;—
Not where the regal streams
Their foam-bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine passed:—

Some in the mart, and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls;

Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves;
Some where the myrtle weeps
On Roman graves!

And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes:
Like a remembered dream
The dead arise;
In the red track of war,
The restless sweep;
In sunlit graves afar,
The loved ones sleep.

The braes are dight with flowers,
The mountain streams
Foam past me in the showers
Of sunny gleams;
But the light hearts that cast
A glory there,
In the rejoicing past,
Where are they?—where?

William Miller.

Miller (1810–1872) was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a wood-turner, and became quite an accomplished artist. In 1863 he published "Scottish Nursery Songs, and other Poems," of which Robert Buchanan says: "I can scarcely conceive a period when Miller will be forgotten; certainly not until the Scotch Doric is obliterated, and the lowly nursery abolished forever."

WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the toun,
Up-stairs and doun-stairs
In his nicht-goun;
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singing gay thrums
To the sleeping hen;
The dog's speldered on the floor,
And disna gie a cheep:
But here's a wankrife laddie
That winna fa' asleep."

Onything but sleep, you rogue!
Glowering like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin', round about,
Crawing like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what,
Wauknin' sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie—
The wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a body's knee
Like a very eel;
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
Rav'llin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—
See, there he comes!

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
That canna rin his lane.
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
Before he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips
Gies strength anew to me.

Henry Alford.

Alford (1810–1871) was a native of London. He was the author of "Poems and Poetical Fragments" (1831); "The School of the Heart, and other Poems" (1835); also of many minor pieces in verse. His Life, written by his widow, appeared in 1873. As a divine and a scholar his reputation was high.

A MEMORY.

The sweetest flower that ever saw the light,
The smoothest stream that ever wandered by,
The fairest star upon the brow of night,
Joying and sparkling from his sphere on high,
The softest glances of the stockdove's eye,
The lily pure, the mary-bud gold-bright,
The gush of song that floodeth all the sky
From the dear flutterer mounted out of sight,—
Are not so pleasure-stirring to the thought,
Not to the wounded soul so full of balm,
As one frail glimpse, by painful straining caught
Along the past's deep mist enfolded calm,
Of that sweet face, not visibly defined,
But rising clearly on the inner mind.

Isaac McLellan.

AMERICAN.

Born in Portland, Maine, in 1810, McLellan was educated at Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1826. He studied law in Boston, but never engaged actively in the profession. In 1830 he published "The Fall of the Indian;" in 1832, "The Year, and other Poems;" and in 1844 a third volume of miscellaneous pieces. He has been for some years a resident of Long Island.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

Well do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gayly in spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life,—
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land,
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of spring the robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the cornfield's edge.—Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still.

* * * * *

Robert Hinckley Messinger.

AMERICAN.

Messinger (1811–1874), a native of Boston, Mass., was educated at the Latin and High Schools. He entered the counting-house of his brother, a New York merchant, and was associated with him several years. Having literary and artistic tastes, he became a man of varied accomplishments, and a favorite in the choicest society. His often-quoted poem, "Give Me the Old," appeared first in the *New York American* of April 26th, 1838, then edited by Charles King, afterward President of Columbia College. In all American collections, except the present, the poem is marred by the omission of the last four lines, which we have restored. Messinger never aspired to be more than an amateur in poetry. He never published a volume, and his verses were all put forth anonymously. The friends to whom he refers in the poem we quote were Walter and William Weyman, of New York; Captain Frederick A. Smith, of the United States Corps of Engineers; and Stuart Maitland, of Scotland, the "*alter ego*," who resided at the time in New York.

A WINTER WISH.

"Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with."—*Alfonzo of Castile.*

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice,
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose,
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat-whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter!

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech,
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet!
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern!
The knotted oak!

A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking!

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbéd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore—
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes;—
(Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie,—)
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie;
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay,
And Gervase Markham's venerie!
Nor leave behind
The Holye Booke by which we live and die!

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found!
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learnéd Will;
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood!)—
These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I tine,[1]
Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

Frances Anne Kemble.

A daughter of Charles Kemble, the actor, and niece of the more distinguished Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble, Fanny, as she was called, was born in London in 1811. She became an actress, and made quite a hit as Bianca in Milman's "Fazio;" also in the Julia of Knowles's "Hunchback." In 1832 she visited the United States with her father, and brought out these and other plays at the principal theatres with success. She married Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia; but in 1849 was divorced, and resumed her family name. She has written plays, poems, and books of travel; and late in life an interesting account of her own career and varied experiences. She has shown superior talents in her varied productions.

[1] In Scotch, to *tine* is to *lose*. See its use by Richard Gall, page 331.

LINES WRITTEN IN LONDON.

Struggle not with thy life!—the heavy doom
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave:
Strive not! thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb
Thou shalt go crushed and ground, though ne'er so brave.

Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou
More than thy fellows, that thou should'st not weep?
Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrowed brow,
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life!—patience shall see
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

WRITTEN AFTER LEAVING WEST POINT.

The hours are past, love,
Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
Those happy hours, when down the mountain-side
We saw the rosy mists of morning glide,
And, hand-in-hand, went forth upon our way,
Full of young life and hope, to meet the day.

The hours are past, love,
Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
Those sunny hours, when from the mid-day heat
We sought the water-fall with loitering feet,
And o'er the rocks that lock the gleaming pool
Crept down into its depths, so dark and cool.

The hours are past, love;
Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
Those solemn hours, when through the violet sky,
Alike without a cloud, without a ray,
The round red autumn moon came glowingly,
While o'er the leaden waves our boat made way.

The hours are past, love;
Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
Those blesséd hours when the bright day was past,
And in the world we seemed to wake alone,
When heart to heart beat throbbingly and fast,
And love was melting our two souls in one.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

Hallam, who was born in London in 1811, and died in Vienna in 1833, was a son of the eminent historian, Henry Hallam. He distinguished himself at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and was the author of several essays and poems full of promise, which were collected and published by his father in 1834. Betrothed to Emily Tennyson, a sister of the three poets, he was the subject of Alfred's "In Memoriam." He had been one of Coleridge's favorites, and at Abbotsford became known to Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart says of him: "Mr. Hallam had with him his son Arthur, a young gentleman of extraordinary ability, and as modest as able." Politics, literature, philosophy, he discussed with a metaphysical subtlety marvellous in one so young. His father, who was devotedly attached to him, and in whose arms he died, said, "He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world." Arthur had a brother, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, who also died young.

SONNETS.

O blessing and delight of my young heart,
Maiden, who wast so lovely and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books whence knowledge we did gather,
Not these, but others now thy fancies move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
Did sanctify my own to peerless good.

Still here—thou hast not faded from my sight,
Nor all the music round thee from mine ear:
Still grace flows from thee to the brightening year,
And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light.
Still am I free to close my happy eyes,
And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form,
That soft white neck; that cheek in beauty warm,
And brow half hidden where yon ringlet lies:
With, oh! the blissful knowledge all the while
That I can lift at will each curvéd lid,
And my fair dream most highly realize.
The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,
When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid
True light restore that form, those looks, that smile.

The garden trees are busy with the shower
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
One to another down the grassy walk.
Hark! the laburnum from his opening flower,
This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.
What shall I deem their converse? Would they hail
The wild gray light that fronts yon massive cloud,
Or the half bow, rising like the pillared fire?
Or are they sighing faintly for desire
That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,
And dews about their feet may never fail?

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy, ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon. Before me lies
A lawn of English verdure, smooth and bright,
Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,
Whose fragrance, blended with the rose-perfume
From that white flowering bush, invites my sense
To a delicious madness,—and faint thoughts
Of childish years are borne into my brain
By unforgotten ardors waking now.
Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade
Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown
Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,
That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves
Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,
And the gay humming things that summer loves,
Through the warm air, or altering the bound
Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line
Divide dominion with the abundant light.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

Thackeray (1811–1863), eminent as a novelist and a humorist, was a native of Calcutta. With his widowed mother he came to England in 1817, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and subsequently studied at Weimar. He inherited a small fortune, but lost most of it in bad investments. He was also lavish in donations to the needy. At one time he gave the impecunious Dr. Maginn five hundred pounds. Thackeray first became known through his contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, under the pseudonyme of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. He had first aspired to be an artist, but his drawings lack the right touch. In 1847 appeared his novel of

"Vanity Fair," and this was followed by others equally popular. In 1851 he appeared as a lecturer, and in 1855–'56 repeated his lectures successfully in the United States and Canada. For two years (1860–'62) he conducted *The Cornhill Magazine;* but his many literary schemes were frustrated by his sudden death in 1863. Thackeray is entitled to distinct fame as a poet. In some of his poems he shows genuine power, tenderness, and pathos. He was a man of noble impulses, benevolent, charitable, and affectionate—a generous foe and a devoted friend. He died in bed, alone and unseen, struggling, as it appeared, with a violent spasmodic attack which had caused an effusion on the brain.

LITTLE BILLEE.

There were three sailors of Bristol city
  Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
  And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
  And the youngest, he was little Billee.
Now, when they got as far as the equator,
  They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
  "I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
  "We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
  "With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
  We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh, Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
  So undo the button of your chemie."
When Billy received this information,
  He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
  Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
  While Jack pulled out his snickersee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
  And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,
  When up he jumps: "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
  And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
  With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."
But when they got aboard of the admiral's,
  He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
  The captain of a seventy-three.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet, round about the spot
  Ofttimes I hover,
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
  Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
  And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell,
The organ 'gins to swell—
  She's coming—coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
  And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
  May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint
  Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer,
  With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
  Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
  Angels within it.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A street there is in Paris famous,
  For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
  The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
  But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
  To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner—
So honest TERRÉ's run his race!"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"O, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."—
"So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage,
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette;*
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
—There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

Christmas is here: winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill, little care we:
Little we fear weather without,
Sheltered about the Mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs, birds of rare plume
Sang in its bloom; night-birds are we:
Here we carouse, singing like them,
Perched round the stem of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport, boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit flashing so free.
Life is but short—when we are gone,
Let them sing on, round the old tree.

Evenings we knew, happy as this;
Faces we miss, pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true, gentle and just,
Peace to your dust! we sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun, lurks at the gate;
Let the dog wait; happy we'll be!
Drink, every one; pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls, round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid in the Red Sea.
Mantle it up; empty it yet;
Let us forget, round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone! Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills, bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn, blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night, round the old tree.

Alexander Maclagan.

Maclagan was born at Perth, Scotland, April 3d, 1811. He attended school in Edinburgh, and at twelve years of age was apprenticed to a plumber. In 1829 he contributed pieces to the *Literary Journal*, and his poetical talents were recognized by John Wilson, James Hogg, and Lord Jeffrey. Volumes of poems from his pen appeared in 1841, 1854, and 1863; and in 1871 he was enabled to publish, in an illustrated quarto, "Balmoral; Songs of the Highlands, and other Poems."

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?"

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen,
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
The foes of auld Scotland forever will fear it:
"We are saved! we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid,
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! Oh dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! Oh, dinna ye hear it?

A moment the tempest of battle was hushed,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to their shot-shattered ramparts they rushed;
Again roared the cannon, again flashed the steel!
Still the Highland maid cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming!"
They are charging and cheering! Oh dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? etc.

Ye heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul-stirring story,
Forever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend her!
Success to our flag! and when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "Oh dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? etc.

Bartholomew Simmons.

Simmons (*circa* 1811–1850) was born in Kilworth, County Cork, Ireland. He obtained a situation in the Excise Office in London, which he held till his death. He contributed, between 1838 and 1848, some spirited poems to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the editor of which says, "Simmons on the theme of Napoleon excels all our great poets. Byron's lines on that subject are bad; Scott's, poor; Wordsworth's, weak. Lockhart and Simmons may be bracketed as equal; theirs are good, rich, strong."

SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE.

I.

Sweet Corrin![1] how softly the evening light goes,
Fading far o'er thy summit from ruby to rose,
As if loth to deprive the deep woodlands below
Of the love and the glory they drink in its glow:
O home-looking Hill! how beloved dost thou rise
Once more to my sight through the shadowy skies!
Shielding still, in thy sheltering grandeur unfurled,
The landscape to me that so long was the world.
Fair evening—blessed evening! one moment delay
Till the tears of the pilgrim are dried in thy ray—
Till he feels that through years of long absence not one
Of his friends—the lone rock and gray ruin, is gone.

[1] The picturesque mountain of Corrin is the termination of a long range of hills which encloses the valley of the Blackwater and the Funcheon in the County of Cork, Ireland.

II.

Not one:—as I wind the sheer fastnesses through,
The valley of boyhood is bright in my view!
Once again my glad spirit its fetterless flight
May wing through a sphere of unclouded delight,
O'er one maze of bright orchard, green meadow, and slope—
From whose tints I once pictured the pinions of hope;
Still the hamlet gleams white—still the church yews are weeping, [ing;
Where the sleep of the peaceful my fathers are sleep-
The vane tells, as usual, its fib from the mill,
But the wheel tumbles loudly and merrily still,
And the tower of the Roches stands lonely as ever,
With its grim shadow rusting the gold of the river.

III.

My own pleasant River, bloom-skirted, behold,
Now sleeping in shade, now refulgently rolled,
Where long through the landscape it tranquilly flows,
Scarcely breaking, Glen-coorah, thy glorious repose!
By the Park's lovely pathways it lingers and shines,
Where the cushat's low call, and the murmur of pines,
And the lips of the lily seem wooing its stay
'Mid their odorous dells;—but 'tis off and away,
Rushing out through the clustering oaks, in whose shade,
Like a bird in the branches, an arbor I made,
Where the blue eye of Eve often closed o'er the book,
While I read of stout Sinbad, or voyaged with Cook.

IV.

Wild haunt of the Harper! I stand by thy spring,
Whose waters of silver still sparkle and fling
Their wealth at my feet,—and I catch the deep glow,
As in long-vanished hours, of the lilacs that blow
By the low cottage-porch—and the same crescent moon
That then ploughed, like a pinnace, the purple of June,
Is white on Glen-duff, and all blooms as unchanged
As if years had not passed since thy greenwood I ranged—
As if ONE were not fled, who imparted a soul
Of divinest enchantment and grace to the whole,
Whose being was bright as that fair moon above,
And all deep and all pure as thy waters her love.

V.

Thou long-vanished Angel! whose faithfulness threw
O'er my gloomy existence one glorified hue!
Dost thou still, as of yore, when the evening grows dim,
And the blackbird by Douglass is hushing its hymn,
Remember the bower by the Funcheon's blue side,
Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the tide?
Dost thou still think, with pity and peace on thy brow,
Of him who, toil-harassed and time-shaken now,
While the last light of day, like his hopes, has departed,
On the turf thou hast hallowed sinks down weary-hearted,
And calls on thy name, and the night-breeze that sighs [that replies?
Through the boughs that once blessed thee is all

VI.

But thy summit, far Corrin, is fading in gray,
And the moonlight grows mellow on lonely Clough-lea;
And the laugh of the young, as they loiter about,
Through the elm-shaded alleys rings joyously out:
Happy souls! they have yet the dark chalice to taste,
And like others to wander life's desolate waste—
To hold wassail with sin, or keep vigil with woe;
But the same fount of yearning wherever they go,
Welling up in their heart-depths to turn at the last
(As the stag when the barb in his bosom is fast)
To their lair in the hills on their childhood that rose,
And find the sole blessing I seek for—REPOSE.

1840.

FROM "STANZAS ON THOMAS HOOD."

Take back into thy bosom, Earth,
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever Mirth
Gave to be reared by Sorrow!
'Tis hard—while rays half green, half gold,
Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond mirrors hold
To Summer's face returning,—
To say we're thankful that his sleep
Shall never more be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

Dear worshipper of Dian's face
In solitary places!

Shalt thou no more steal as of yore
To meet her white embraces?
Is there no purple in the rose
Henceforward to thy senses?
For thee have dawn and daylight's close
Lost their sweet influences?
No!—by the mental sight untamed
Thou took'st to Death's dark portal,—
The joy of the wide universe
Is now to thee immortal!

FROM "THE MOTHER OF THE KINGS."

In the *London Keepsake* for 1837, Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley describes a visit to Madame Letitia, mother of Napoleon, then in her eighty-fourth year. She was on her bed, and her room was hung around with large, full-length portraits of the members of her illustrious family.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined
Upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not
To page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms,
In portrait, that glanced round
From the high walls, with cold bright looks
More eloquent than sound.

They were her children:—never yet,
Since, with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings
Its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race
Beneath its smile to glow
As they who now, back on her brow,
Their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!
Looked down in dazzling sheen:
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—
One crowned an earthly queen!
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins!
With diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm,
Made empire of that room!

But right before her couch's foot,
One mightiest picture blazed—
One form august, to which her eyes
Incessantly were raised;—
A monarch's too!—and monarch-like,
The artist's hand had bound him
With jewelled belt, imperial sword,
And ermined purple round him.

One well might deem, from the white flags
That o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed
And waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown
Beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign
And leaped again to-day!

How gleamed that awful countenance,
Magnificently stern!
In its dark smile and smiting look,
What destiny we learn!—
The laurel simply wreathes that brow,
While nations watch its nod,
As though he scoffed all pomp below
The thunder-bolt of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—
Which, after many a year,
Had swept above the memory
Of his meteor-like career—
Saw the mother of the mightiest—
Napoleon's mother—lie
With the living dead around her,
With the past before her eye!

Mrs. Jane Cross Simpson.

Mrs. Simpson was born in Glasgow in 1811; a daughter of James Bell, advocate, and a sister of Henry Glassford Bell, the lawyer-poet. She published in 1838 a volume of poems, entitled "April Hours;" and is the author of the well-known hymn, "Go when the morning shineth," claimed for various authors, but contributed by her to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of February 26th, 1831, where it is signed "Gertrude."

GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.

Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,—
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

Alfred Billings Street.

AMERICAN.

Street was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1811. He studied law, but in 1839 removed to Albany, and accepted the place of State Librarian. His first volume of poems appeared in 1842. He is a close and accurate observer of natural scenery. A landscape-painter might, with little aid from the imagination, find in his descriptions material for many a picture. His strength lies in details, however, rather than in bold generalizations that flash a scene upon the mind's eye by a few well-chosen phrases. His poems will be read with pleasure by students of natural scenery and sylvan effects. His longest work, "Frontenac" (1849), is a narrative poem, being a tale of the Iroquois. His other works are: "The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems;" "Drawings and Tintings" (1844); "Fugitive Poems" (1846); "Woods and Waters" (1869); "Forest Pictures in the Adirondacs" (1864); "Poems" (1866).

THE NOOK IN THE FOREST.

A nook within the forest: overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls,
And what a gorgeous roof, carved by the hand
Of glorious Nature! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale-green points;
The hemlock shows its borders freshly fringed;
The smoothly scalloped beech-leaf, and the birch,
Cut into ragged edges, interlace:
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel hangs
Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich grassy carpet clothes the earth
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

Such nooks as this are common in the woods:
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.
Yet by them pass not lightly: to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of e'en the lowliest things that God hath made;
That this familiar earth and sky are full
Of his ineffable power and majesty;—
That in the humble objects, seen too oft
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate;—
That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And radiant beauty; and that God hath formed
All, from the mountain wreathing round its brow
The black cars of the thunder, to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,—
With deepest forethought and severest care.
And thus these noteless, lowly things are types
Of his perfection and divinity.

A FOREST WALK.

A lovely sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In nature's lone recesses lose:
The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside:
All weave on high a verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,

Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread:
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest-tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below:
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold;
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green:
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;
And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread:
Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems net-work as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirs to the sheltering branches near;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue, laughing sky I trace:
On each side shrinks the bowery shade;
Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song;
A spot of light and life, it seems,—
A fairy haunt for fancy's dreams!

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press,
In luxury of idleness:
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky,
Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye;
While murmuring grass, and waving trees—
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze—
And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone
The passage of the hours is known.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

Hark, that sweet carol! With delight
We leave the stifling room;
The little bluebird meets our sight,—
Spring, glorious Spring, has come!
The south-wind's balm is in the air,
The melting snow-wreaths everywhere
Are leaping off in showers;
And Nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that her flowers, and leaves, and brooks,
And birds, will soon be ours.

MUSIC.

Music, how strange her power! her varied strains
Thrill with a magic spell the human heart.
She wakens memory—brightens hope—the pains,
The joys of being at her bidding start.
Now to her trumpet-call the spirit leaps;
Now to her brooding, tender tones it weeps.
Sweet music! is she portion of that breath
With which the worlds were born—on which they wheel?
One of lost Eden's tones, eluding death,
To make man what is best within him feel!
Keep open his else sealed-up depths of heart,
And wake to active life the better part
Of his mixed nature, being thus the tie
That links us to our God, and draws us toward the sky!

John Osborne Sargent.

AMERICAN.

Born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1811, Sargent, while yet a child, removed to Boston with his family. At eight years of age he entered the Public Latin School, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1830. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and practised his profession in New York and Washington. In the time of the Whig party, he was well known as a political writer and speaker. After 1854 he passed several years in Europe. Returning home, he fixed his winter residence in New York, passing his summers on his farm in Lenox, Mass. While in London, in 1870, he published "The Last Knight, A Romance-Garland, from the German of Anastasius Grün" (the poetical pseudonyme of Count Anton Alexander von Auersperg, born 1806). An American edition appeared in Boston in 1871.

DEATH OF HENRY WOHLLEB.

FROM "THE LAST KNIGHT."

On the field in front of Frastenz, drawn up in battle array,
Stretched spear on spear in a crescent, the German army lay:
Behind a wall of bucklers stood bosoms steeled with pride,
And a stiff wood of lances that all assaults defied.

Oh why, ye men of Switzerland, from your Alpine summits sally,
And armed with clubs and axes descend into the valley?
"The wood just grown at Frastenz with our axes we would fell,
To build homesteads from its branches where Liberty may dwell."

The Swiss on the German lances rush with impetuous shock;
It is spear on spear in all quarters—they are dashed like waves from a rock.
His teeth then gnashed the Switzer, and the mocking German cried,
"See how the snout of the greyhound is pierced by the hedgehog's hide!"

Like a song of resurrection, then sounded from the ranks:
"Illustrious shade, Von Winkelried! to thee I render thanks: [low me!"
Thou beckonest, I obey thee! Up, Swiss, and fol-
Thus the voice of Henry Wohlleb from the ranks rang loud and free.
From its shaft he tore the banner, and twined it round his breast,
And hot with the lust of death on the serried lances pressed;
His red eyes from their sockets like flaming torches glare,
And in front, in place of the banner, wave the locks of his snow-white hair.

The spears of six knights together—in his hand he seizes all—
And thereon thrusts his bosom—there's a breach in the lances' wall.
With vengeance fired, the Switzers storm the battle's perilous ridge,
And the corpse of Henry Wohlleb to their vengeance is the bridge.

William James Linton.

Poet and artist, Linton was born in England in 1812. A vigorous writer both of prose and verse, he had also won high reputation as a draughtsman and an engraver on wood. Early in life he gave his best efforts to the cause of Liberalism in England. In 1865 he published "Claribel, and other Poems" (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), a volume of 266 pages, tastefully embellished with his own original designs and engravings. He is also the author of a "History of Wood-engraving," a "Life of Thomas Paine," and various writings on art. In 1878 he edited and published in London a volume of the "Poetry of America." His wife, Eliza Lynn Linton (born 1822), is a successful novelist and miscellaneous writer. His poetry reveals the true artist, as well as the earnest, sincere thinker. He has resided many years in the United States, and his address (1880) was New Haven, Conn.

FROM "DEFINITIONS."

DEFEAT.

One of the stairs to heaven. Halt not to count
What you have trampled on. Look up, and mount!

VICE.

Blasphemy 'gainst thyself: a making foul
The Holy of Holies even in thine own soul.

PLEASURE.

A flower on the highway-side. Enjoy its grace;
But turn not from thy road, nor slacken pace!

LOVE.

Pure worship of the Beautiful—the True—
Under whatever form it comes to you.

PATRIOTISM.

Not the mere holding a great flag unfurled,—
But making it the goodliest in the world.

CONSISTENCY.

Last night I wore a cloak; this morning not.
Last night was cold; this morning it was hot.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Selling for glory? lending to the Lord?
I will not ask even Conscience for reward.

PRIDE.

Due reverence toward thyself. Doth God come there?
Make thou the house well worthy His repair.

HUMILITY.

Self, seen in a puddle: lift thee toward the sky,
And proudly thank God for eternity.

REAL AND TRUE.

Only the Beautiful is real!
All things of which our life is full,
All mysteries that life inwreathe,
Birth, life, and death,
All that we dread or darkly feel,—
All are but shadows, and the Beautiful
Alone is real.

Nothing but Love is true!
Earth's many lies, whirled upon Time's swift wheel,
Shift and repeat their state,—
Birth, life, and death,
And all that they bequeath
Of hope or memory, thus do alternate
Continually;
Love doth anneal,
Doth beauteously imbue,
The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty,—all are one!
If life may expiate
The wilderings of its dimness, death be known
But as the mighty ever-living gate
Into the Beautiful—
All things flow on
Into one Heart, into one Melody,
Eternally.

LABOR IN VAIN.

Oh not in vain! Even poor rotting weeds
Nourish the roots of fruitfullest fair trees:
So from thy fortune-loathéd hope proceeds
The experience that shall base high victories.
The tree of the good and evil knowledge needs
A rooting-place in thoughtful agonies.
Failures of lofty essays are the seeds
Out of whose dryness, when cold night dissolves
Into the dawning Spring, fertilities
Of healthiest promise leap rejoicingly.
Therefore hold on thy way, all undismayed
At the bent brows of Fate, untiringly!
Knowing this—past all the woe our earth involves
Sooner or later Truth must be obeyed.

POETS.

True Poet!—Back, thou Dreamer! Lay thy dreams
In ladies' laps;—and silly girls delight
With thy inane apostrophes to Night,
Moonshine, and Wave, and Cloud! Thy fancy teems;
Not genius. Else some high heroic themes
Should from thy brain proceed, as wisdom's might
From head of Zeus. For now great Wrong and Right
Affront each other, and War's trumpet screams,
Giddying the earth with dissonance. Oh, where
Is He voiced godlike, unto those who dare
To give more daring with the earnest shout
Of a true battle-hymn? We fight without
The music which should cheer us in our fight,—
While "poets" learn to pipe like whiffling streams.

A PRAYER FOR TRUTH.

O God! the Giver of all which men call good
Or ill, the Origin and Soul of Power!
I pray to thee as all must in their hour
Of need, for solace, medicine, or food,
Whether aloud or secretly—understood
No less by Thee. I pray: but not for fame,
Nor love's best happiness, nor place, nor wealth.
I ask Thee only for that spiritual health
Which is perception of the True—the same
As in Thy Nature: so to know, and aim
Tow'rd Thee my thought, my word, my whole of life.
Then matters little whether care, or strife,
Hot sun, or cloud, o'erpass this earthly day:
Night cometh, and my star climbeth Thy heaven-way.

William Henry Burleigh.

AMERICAN.

Burleigh (1812–1871) was a native of Woodstock, Conn. He went to the district school, and manifested, even in early youth, his taste for poetry and love of nature. He espoused with great zeal the antislavery cause and the temperance reform. He was connected with several newspapers as editor, and, while residing at Albany, N. Y., received an appointment as Harbor-master of New York. He fixed his residence at Brooklyn, where he died. He was an eloquent writer and speaker, and produced, during his busy career, various poems, rich in elevated thought and devout feeling. His wife, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, published a collection of his poems with a memoir. Of his life and character it might be said, as Antony says of Brutus:

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

THE HARVEST-CALL.

Abide not in the land of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems,
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress
In languors of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

That call, though many-voiced, is one,
With mighty meanings in each tone;
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,
Its summons meet thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free,—
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Look up! the wide extended plain
Is billowy with its ripened grain,
And on the summer winds are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust His love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields, with harvests white,
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite;
And he who labors and believes,
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up! for the time is short; and soon
The morning sun will climb to noon.
Up! ere the herds, with trampling feet
Outrunning thine, shall spoil the wheat.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

SONNET: RAIN.

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane,
And making mournful music for the mind,
While plays his interlude the wizard Wind,
I hear the ringing of the frequent rain:
How doth its dreamy tone the spirit lull,
Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain,
While busy thought calls up the past again,
And lingers 'mid the pure and beautiful
Visions of early childhood! Sunny faces
Meet us with looks of love, and in the moans
Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones,
And tread again in old familiar places!
Such is thy power, oh Rain! the heart to bless,
Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness.

SOLITUDE.

The ceaseless hum of men, the dusty streets,
Crowded with multitudinous life; the din
Of toil and traffic, and the woe and sin,
The dweller in the populous city meets:
These have I left to seek the cool retreats
Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers
Builded by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers,
And roofed with ivy, on the mossy seats
Reclining, I can while away the hours
In sweetest converse with old books, or give
My thoughts to God; or fancies fugitive
Indulge, while over me their radiant showers
Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,
And thanks to Him my meditations crown!

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

AMERICAN.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, who in 1836 was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, was the daughter of Lyman Beecher, an eminent clergyman, and was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1812. In 1852 she published her celebrated antislavery novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had an unparalleled sale both in America and England, and was translated into the principal languages of Europe. It was succeeded by several novels superior to it from her pen, but by no one that equalled it in fame. Her poems, few in number, show the same literary ability manifest in her prose.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
  The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
  May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
  Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
  And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
  Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
  With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
  They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
  To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
  So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
  They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
  'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
  The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
  Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
  To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
  Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
  All sorrow and all care!

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
  Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
  With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
  A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
  Our suffering life the dream.

Charles Dickens.

Dickens (1812–1870), the foremost English novelist of his time, and a man of rare and varied powers, did not often venture upon verse; but one of his little poems, with the aid of Henry Russell's music, has won its way to the popular heart. He was a delightful companion, genial, witty, and generous; a ready, attractive speaker, an amusing actor, and a superior reader. A native of Portsmouth, he began his literary career as a reporter, and was on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, till he put forth his witty "Sketches of Life and Character, by Boz," leading to the "Pickwick Papers" and his inimitable series of novels, of which it is not here our place to speak. He made two visits to the United States; one in 1841, the other in 1867. He died suddenly in the midst of his literary labors, leaving his last novel uncompleted.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
  That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
  In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
  To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
  Is a merry meal for him.
    Creeping where no life is seen,
    A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
  And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
  To his friend the huge Oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
  And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth around
  The rich mould of dead men's graves.
    Creeping where grim death has been,
    A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Samuel Dowse Robbins.

AMERICAN.

Dr. Robbins was born in Lynn, Mass., in 1812. He graduated at the Divinity School, Cambridge, in 1833, and commenced his ministry at Lynn the same year. In 1867 he was settled in Wayland; but gave up his parish in 1873, and retired to Concord. He has published but little. His "Euthanasia" is exquisite in melody, and full of a devout enthusiasm.

EUTHANASIA.

"Let me go; for the day breaketh."

The waves of light are drifting
From off the heavenly shore,
The shadows all are lifting
Away for evermore;
Truth, like another morning,
Is beaming on my way:
I bless the Power that poureth in
The coming of the day.
I feel a light within me
That years can never bring:
My heart is full of blossoming,
It yearns to meet the spring.
Love fills my soul in all its deeps,
And harmony divine
Is sweetly sounding from above
A symphony sublime;
The earth is robed in richer green,
The sky in brighter blue;
And, with no cloud to intervene,
God's smile is shining through.
I hear the immortal harps that ring
Before the rainbow throne,
And a spirit from the heart of God
Is bearing up my own.
In silence on the Olivet
Of prayer my being bends,
Till in the orison of heaven
My voice seraphic blends.

LEAD ME.

My Father, take my hand, for I am prone
To danger, and I fear to go alone.
I trust thy guidance. Father, take my hand;
Lead thy child safely through the desert land.
The way is dark before me; take my hand,
For light can only come at thy command.
Clinging to thy dear love, no doubt I know,
That love will cheer my way where'er I go.
Father, the storm is breaking o'er me wild;
I feel its bitterness: protect thy child.
The tempest-clouds are flying through the air;
Oh, take my hand, and save me from despair.
Father, as I ascend the craggy steep
That leads me to thy temple, let me keep
My hand in thine, so I can conquer time,
And by thine aiding to thy bosom climb.
Father, I feel the damp upon my brow,
The chill of death is falling on me now.
Soon from earth's flitting shadows I must part;
My Father, take my hand, thou hast my heart.

Frances Sargent Osgood.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Osgood (1812–1850) was a native of Boston, the daughter of Joseph Locke, a merchant. In 1834 she married S. S. Osgood, a portrait-painter. An edition of her poems, entitled "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," was published in London in 1839, during her residence in that city. Another collection appeared in New York in 1846. She was a friend of Poe, and he addressed to her some graceful lines. She was largely endowed with the poetical temperament, and some of her poems have lost none of their popularity since her death.

"BOIS TON SANG, BEAUMANOIR."[1]

Fierce raged the combat—the foemen pressed nigh,
When from young Beaumanoir rose the wild cry,—
Beaumanoir, 'mid them all, bravest and first—
"Give me to drink, for I perish of thirst!"
Hark! at his side, in the deep tones of ire,
"Bois ton SANG, Beaumanoir!" shouted his sire.

Deep had it pierced him, the foeman's swift sword;
Deeper his soul felt the wound of that word!
Back to the battle, with forehead all flushed,
Stung to wild fury, the noble youth rushed!

[1] "Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir." The incident is related in "Froissart's Chronicles."

Scorn in his dark eyes—his spirit on fire—
Deeds were his answer that day to his sire!

Still, where triumphant the young hero came,
Glory's bright garland encircled his name:
But in her bower, to beauty a slave,
Dearer the guerdon his lady-love gave,
While on his shield that no shame had defaced,
"Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" proudly she traced.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.

Thus our little errors lead the soul away
From the path of virtue, oft in sin to stray.
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Pause not to dream of the future before us:
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark! how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
  Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
  Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
  Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
  Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow;
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
  Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee! [thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
Look to you pure Heaven smiling beyond thee;
  Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy!
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

AN ATLANTIC TRIP.

But two events dispel ennui
  In our Atlantic trip:
Sometimes, alas! we ship a sea,
  And sometimes see a ship.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VERSES.

You've woven roses round my way,
  And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
  Save only the All-seeing.

May He who gave this lovely gift,
  This love of lovely doings,
Be with you, wheresoe'er you go,
  In every hope's pursuings.

I'm going through the eternal gates,
  Ere June's sweet roses blow!
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
  And it is sweet to go.

Robert Browning.

Browning was born at Cumberland, Surrey, England, in 1812, and educated at the London University. He was married in 1846 to the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, and they were for several years resident in Italy. His "Paracelsus," remarkable for an author of twenty-four, was published in 1836; was followed by "Pippa Passes" and the tragedy of "Strafford," which even Macready could not make a success on the stage. Among Browning's other productions are "Sordello" (mystical and obscure); "The Blot in the Scutcheon," a play, produced with no success at Drury Lane in 1843; "A Soul's Tragedy;" "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics;" "The Ring and the Book;" "The Inn Album;" "Sludge, the Medium" (a coarse and pointless attack on D. D. Home); and some half dozen other volumes. His longer poems are marred by obscurities and eccentricities of style, agreeable only to initiated admirers. He has never been a popular poet, though some of his shorter lyrics have won and kept the public ear. A writer of eminent genius, he seems to lack that care and patience of the artist which knows how to condense and blot. He has been called "the head of the psychological school," but it would be difficult to formulate his psychology. Referring to the obscurity of his style, he writes (1880) to a friend: "I can have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or game of dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT.[1]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lockeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Röss galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

[1] According to Browning's own admission, there is no historical foundation whatever for this spirited little narrative poem. It is all purely fanciful. The distance from Aix to Ghent is too great for any horse to traverse it in the time specified.

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE FRENCH AT RATISBON.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day:
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect,
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eyes flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead—
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed, for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay:—
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;—
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want to find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep,—
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

AMERICAN.

Brooks, born in Salem, Mass., 1813, graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and studied divinity. In 1837 he was ordained pastor of a church at Newport, R. I. In 1871 he resigned his pastorate, since which time his life has been one of literary leisure. He has made some excellent translations from the German, and has written some original poems, serious and humorous. His fine version of Leopold Schefer's "Layman's Breviary" (1867) is a voluminous specimen of his accuracy and skill as a translator. It was followed in 1873 by an equally felicitous version of "The World-Priest," by Schefer, a volume of 373 pages, the favorite work of this "most German of the Germans." Brooks's translation of Goethe's "Faust" (1856) is among the best.

SUCH IS LIFE.

WRITTEN IN THE HOSPITAL, 1872.

Life is a sea; like ships we meet,—
We speak each other and are gone.
Across that deep, oh what a fleet
Of human souls is hurrying on!

We meet, we part, and hope some day
To meet again on sea or shore,
Before we reach that peaceful bay,
Where all shall meet to part no more.

O great Commander of the fleet!
O Ruler of the tossing seas!
Thy signal to our eyes how sweet!
How sweet thy breath,—the heavenly breeze!

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

To France trudged homeward two grenadiers,
From Russia as prisoners they started,
And when they came over the German frontiers
They hung their heads, downhearted.

They heard the sad news that France was lost,
Her flag was by fortune forsaken,
Defeated and routed her mighty host,—
And the emperor—the emperor—was taken!

Then wept together the grenadiers,
The sorrowful tidings learning;
And one said, "My grief is too bitter for tears,
It sets my old wound to burning."

Said the other, "The game is up, I see;
I'd die with thee gladly to-morrow,
But wife and children would pine for me,
And sink in starvation and sorrow."

"No wife nor children my heart shall plague,
I've a nobler longing unshaken;
If they're hungry and starving, then let them go beg—
My emperor, my emperor is taken!

"But now, if I die, fulfil for me
This last request, O brother!
Take home my body to France with thee,
To be laid in the lap of my mother.

"The cross of honor, with ribbon red,
Shalt thou place on my heart where they lay me;
The shouldered musket beside my head,
And with girded sword array me.

"And so in the grave, like a sentinel,
Waking and watching, I'll lie there,
Till I hear at last the cannon's yell,
And the neighing steeds tramp by there.

"And then shall my emperor ride o'er my grave,
And myriads of swords flash and rattle;
Then armed and equipped will I rise from my grave,
For my emperor—my emperor to battle."

ALABAMA.

There is a tradition that a tribe of Indians, defeated and hard pressed by a powerful foe, reached in their flight a river where their chief set up a staff, and exclaimed, "Alabama!" a word meaning, "Here we rest!" which from that time became the river's name.

Bruised and bleeding, pale and weary,
Onward to the South and West,
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
By relentless foemen pressed,—
Came a tribe where evening, darkling,
Flushed a mighty river's breast;
And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
"Alabama! Here we rest!"

By the stern steam-demon hurried,
Far from home and scenes so blessed;
By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
Sleepless, houseless, and distressed,—
Days and nights beheld me hieing
Like a bird without a nest,
Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
In the pale and darksome West,
And my weary frame is sinking,
With its cares and woes oppressed,—
May I, as I drop the burden
From my sick and fainting breast,
Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

Jones Very.

AMERICAN.

A native of Salem, Mass., Jones Very (1813–1880) graduated at Harvard College in 1836. In 1823 he accompanied his father, who was a sea-captain, to Europe; on his return, served as Greek tutor at Harvard two years, entered the ministry, and continued in it, though without a pastoral charge. In 1839 he published a volume of "Essays and Poems." His residence was in Salem, Mass., with two sisters, both of whom had the poetical gift. His brother, Washington Very (1815–1853), was also a poet in the best sense of the word. Very's meditative poems show refined taste and a strong devotional tendency.

THE BUD WILL SOON BECOME A FLOWER.

The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, oh youth, the present hour,—
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always—do it now;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap,
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

With the same letter, heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Father! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed;
In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain;—strange voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied:
We wander in the country far remote,
'Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small;
The flower that on the lovely hill-side grows
Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree or bush my wanderings knows,
And even the clouds and silent stars of heaven:—
For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Strew all their graves with flowers,
  They for their country died;
And freely gave their lives for ours,
  Their country's hope and pride.

Bring flowers to deck each sod,
  Where rests their sacred dust;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
  Their everlasting trust!

Fearless in Freedom's cause
  They suffered, toiled, and bled;
And died obedient to her laws,
  By truth and conscience led.

Oft as the year returns,
  She o'er their graves shall weep;
And wreathe with flowers their funeral urns,
  Their memory dear to keep.

Bring flowers of early spring
  To deck each soldier's grave,
And summer's fragrant roses bring,—
  They died our land to save.

William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

Descended from an ancient Scottish family, Aytoun (1813–1865) was born in Edinburgh, and educated at the Academy and University of that city. He also studied in Germany, and made translations of some of the best of Uhland's poems. In 1841, in conjunction with Theodore Martin, he produced the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." But his chief success (1843) was his spirited "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Seventeen editions of it had been issued up to 1865. He married a daughter of Professor John Wilson, the poet, and editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. With this periodical Aytoun was connected till the close of his life. Among his later works are "Firmilian; or, The Student of Badajoz," a poem in ridicule of the "spasmodic school" of verse; "Bothwell," a poem; and "Norman Sinclair," a romance.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

Come, listen to another song,
  Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
  And the lustre to your eye:
It is a song of olden time,
  Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
  As e'er wore sword on thigh!
  Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
    All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the North,
  Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
  All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
  Had ever ceased to pray
For the royal race they loved so well,
  Though exiled far away
  From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
    All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
  For Scotland and her claims,

Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass.
With the glory of the Graemes,
Like a true old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed;
But kept his clan in peace at home
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land,—
The PRINCE had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old Baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
When the *Standard* waved abroad;
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new:
The fair White Rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

AMERICAN.

Cranch was born in Alexandria, Va., in 1813, and was graduated at Columbia College, Washington, in 1832. He began the study of divinity; but forsook it for landscape-painting. A small volume of poetry from his pen appeared in 1844; and in 1875, "The Bird and the Bell, with other Poems." In 1847 he visited Europe, and lived abroad, mostly in Paris, for over ten years. He is the author of two works for the young, and of a superior metrical translation of Virgil.

SONNET.

Upon God's throne there is a seat for me:
My coming forth from him hath left a space
Which none but I can fill. One sacred place
Is vacant till I come. Father! from thee,
When I descended here to run my race,
A void was left in thy paternal heart,
Not to be filled while we are kept apart.
Yea, though a thousand worlds demand thy care,
Though heaven's vast host thy constant blessings own,
Thy quick love flies to meet my feeble prayer,
As if amid thy worlds I lived alone
In endless space; but thou and I were there,
And thou embraced me with a love as wild
As the young mother bears toward her first-born child.

GNOSIS.[1]

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to-souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,

[1] Greek, Γνῶσις—*knowing*.

In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

FROM AN "ODE."

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.[1]

Where now, where,
O spirit pure, where walk those shining feet?
Whither, in groves beyond the treacherous seas,
Beyond our sense of time, divinely, dimly fair,
Brighter than gardens of Hesperides,—
Whither dost thou move on, complete
And beauteous, ringed around
In mystery profound,
By gracious companies who share
That strange supernal air?
Or art thou sleeping dreamless, knowing naught
Of good or ill, of life or death?
Or art thou but a breeze of Heaven's breath,
A portion of all life, inwrought
In the eternal essence?—All in vain,
Tangled in misty webs of time,
Out on the undiscovered clime
Our clouded eyes we strain;
We cannot pierce the veil.
As the proud eagles fail
Upon their upward track,
And flutter gasping back
From the thin empyrean, so, with wing
Baffled and humbled, we but guess
All we shall gain, by all the soul's distress,—
All we shall be, by our poor worthiness.
And so we write and sing [Heaven.
Our dreams of time and space, and call them—
We only know that all is for the best;
To God we leave the rest.

So, reverent beneath the mystery
Of Life and Death, we yield
Back to the great Unknown the spirit given
A few brief years to blossom in our field.
Nor shall time's all-devouring sea
Despoil this brightest century
Of all thou hast been, and shalt ever be.
The age shall guard thy fame,
And reverence thy name.
There is no cloud on them. There is no death for thee!

[1] For an account of this lady, see page 676.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

AMERICAN.

Tuckerman (1813–1871) was a native of Boston, the son of a well-known merchant. He was fitted for college, but, on account of feeble health, did not enter. He was a prolific, but never, in the commercial sense, a successful writer. He spent some eleven years of his life in Italy; wrote "The Italian Sketch-book," "Thoughts on the Poets," "Artist Life," "The Optimist," etc., besides contributing to the leading magazines. In poetry, he preferred the school of Pope, Cowper, and Burns to the modern style, so largely influenced by Tennyson, Browning, and their imitators. His principal poem, published in Boston in 1851, and entitled "The Spirit of Poetry," is an elaborate essay in heroic verse of some seven hundred lines. He was a close student of art, as his writings show.

SONNET: FREEDOM.

Freedom! beneath thy banner I was born:
Oh, let me share thy full and perfect life!
Teach me opinion's slavery to scorn,
And to be free from passion's bitter strife;
Free of the world, a self-dependent soul,
Nourished by lofty aims and genial truth,
And made more free by Love's serene control,
The spell of beauty and the hopes of youth:—
The liberty of Nature let me know,
Caught from her mountains, groves, and crystal streams;
Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,
That woo the spirit with celestial dreams
On Fancy's wing exultingly to soar
Till Life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more!

Epes Sargent.

AMERICAN.

A native of Gloucester, Mass. (born 1813), Sargent attended the Public Latin School in Boston some five years. In 1827 he went in one of his father's ships to Denmark and Russia, and, a few years later, to Cuba. He entered Harvard College, but did not graduate. He was connected in an editorial capacity with the *Advertiser*, *Atlas*, and *Transcript* of Boston; and for several years with the *Mirror*, *New World*, and other New York journals. He published in 1849 "Songs of the Sea, and other Poems," now out of print. Before that, he had passed several seasons at Washington as the correspondent of Boston and New York journals. He wrote a Life of Henry Clay, afterward re-edited by Horace Greeley. In 1868 he revisited Europe, and passed some time in England and the South of France. His home has been in the Roxbury district of Boston.

EVENING IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

The very pulse of ocean now was still:
From the far-off profound, no throb, no swell!
Motionless on the coastwise ships the sails
Hung limp and white—their very shadows white!
The light-house windows drank the kindling red,
And flashed and gleamed as if the lamps were lit.
And now 'tis sundown. All the light-houses—
Like the wise virgins, ready with their lamps—
Flash greeting to the night! There Eastern Point
Flames out! Lo, little Ten Pound Island follows!
See Baker's Island kindling! Marblehead
Ablaze! Egg Rock, too, off Nahant, on fire!
And Boston Light winking at Minot's Ledge!—

* * * * * *

But when the moon shone crescent in the west,
And the faint outline of the part obscured
Thread-like curved visible from horn to horn,—
And Jupiter, supreme among the orbs,
And Mars, with rutilating beam, came forth,
And the great concave opened like a flower,
Unfolding firmaments and galaxies,
Sparkling with separate stars, or snowy white
With undistinguishable suns beyond,—
No cloud to dim the immeasurable arch—
They paused and rested on their oars again,
And looked around,—in adoration looked:
For, gazing on the inconceivable,
They felt God is, though inconceivable.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

When the mild weather came,
And set the sea on flame,
How often would I rise before the sun,
And from the mast behold
The gradual splendors of the sky unfold
Ere the first line of disk had yet begun,
Above the horizon's arc,
To show its flaming gold,
Across the purple dark!

One perfect dawn how well I recollect,
When the whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mounting luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope
As if to show a cope beyond the cope!
How reverently calm the ocean lay
At the bright birth of that celestial day!
How every little vapor, robed in state,
Would melt and dissipate
Before the augmenting ray,
Till the victorious Orb rose unattended,
And every billow was his mirror splendid!

May, 1827.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

LINDA'S SONG.

A little bird flew
To the top of a tree:
The sky it was blue,
And the bird sang to me:
So tender and true was the strain,
The singer, I hoped, would remain:
Oh, little bird, stay and prolong
The rapture, the grief of that song!

A little thought came,
Came out of my heart;
It whispered a name
That caused me to start:
And the rose-colored breath of my sigh
Flushed the earth and the sea and the sky:
Delay, little thought! Oh, delay,
And gladden my life with thy ray!

SOUL OF MY SOUL.

Soul of my soul, impart
Thy energy divine!
Inform and fill this languid heart,
And make thy purpose mine.
Thy voice is still and small,
The world's is loud and rude:
Oh, let me hear thee over all,
And be, through love, renewed!

Give me the mind to seek
Thy perfect will to know;
And lead me, tractable and meek,
The way I ought to go.
Make quick my spirit's ear
Thy faintest word to heed:
Soul of my soul! be ever near
To guide me in my need.

SONNET: TO DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS,

AFTER READING HIS LAST WORK, "THE OLD FAITH AND THE NEW."

Thou say'st, my friend, 'twould strike thee with dismay
To be assured that life would not end here;
Since utter death is less a thing to fear
In thy esteem than life in clearer day:
For life, continuous life, thou wouldst not pray;
And even reunion with the loved and near
Is not to thee a prospect that could cheer,
Or shed a glory on thy earthward way:—
O power of thought perverse and morbid mood,
Conspiring thus to numb and blind the heart!
The universe gives back what we impart,—
As we elect, gives poison or pure food:
Mock—silence—the soul's whisper,—and Despair
Becomes to man than Hope itself more fair!

WEBSTER.

Night of the Tomb! He has entered thy portal;
Silence of Death! He is wrapped in thy shade;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth, is laid.

Lips, whence the voice that held Senates proceeded,
Form, lending argument aspect august,
Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, wells unfathomed of thought,—all are dust.

Night of the Tomb! Through thy darkness is shining
A light since the Star in the East never dim;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of death! There were voices from heaven,
That pierced to the quick ear of Faith through the gloom:
The rod and the staff that he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own track to the tomb.

Beyond it, above, in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill!
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.

Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24th, 1852.

John Sullivan Dwight.

AMERICAN.

Dwight, born in Boston, May 13th, 1813, was graduated at the Public Latin School of that city, and subsequently at Harvard. He has for many years been editor of the *Journal of Music*, and has won merited eminence as a musical critic second to no one in America. He edited in 1839 a collection of poetical translations from the German, in which were many from his own pen.

TRUE REST.

Sweet is the pleasure itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure one with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it, still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,—else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty near thee? all round?
Only hath duty such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean after its life.

Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving,—and that is true rest.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

From the German of Goethe.

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health;
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here,—
Away it went there!

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand;
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old father-land;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,—
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war;
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat.
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame
(And some of our friends fared quite the same).
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me.
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout:
Come, drink the lees all out!

Henry B. Hirst.

AMERICAN.

Hirst was born in Philadelphia in 1813. He began the study of the law in 1830. His earliest poems appeared in *Graham's Magazine* when he was about thirty. In the preface to his "Endymion" (written before he had ever seen the "Endymion" of Keats), he says: "Until the age of twenty-three, I entertained a holy horror of poetry—an almost ludicrous result of an exceedingly prosaic existence. * * * It would be safe to say that I have written, not published, more English rhyme than I have read." In 1845 he put forth, in Boston, "The Coming of the Mammoth," "The Funeral of Time, and other Poems;" and in 1848 appeared his "Endymion," a poem of one hundred and twenty pages, in which there is an occasional passage not unworthy of Keats. In 1849 he published "The Penance of Roland: a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and other Poems." It is rather a tragic story of a husband who, in a fit of unjust jealousy, slays his wife.

PARTING OF DIAN AND ENDYMION.

From "Endymion."

The goddess gasped for breath, with bosom swelling:
Her lips unclosed, while her large, luminous eyes
Blazing like Stygian skies,
With passion on the audacious youth were dwelling:
She raised her angry hand, that seemed to clasp
Jove's thunder in its grasp.

And then she stood in silence, fixed and breathless;
But presently the threatening arm slid down;
The fierce, destroying frown
Departed from her eyes, which took a deathless
Expression of despair, like Niobe's—
Her dead ones at her knees.

Slowly her agony passed, and an Elysian,
Majestic fervor, lit her lofty eyes,
Now dwelling on the skies:
Meanwhile, Endymion stood, cheek, brow, and vision,
Radiant with resignation, stern and cold,
In conscious virtue bold.

Their glances met; his, while they trembled, showing
An earnestness of purpose; hers, a soul
Whence passion's wild control
Had passed forever; while her whole form, glowing,
Resumed its stateliness: once more she stood
Erect, in all—the god!

* * * * * *

"Farewell, Endymion," said the goddess, stooping,
Pressing with pallid lips upon his brow
A kiss of frozen snow, [ing
And, mournfully turning, passed, her fair head droop-
Upon her snowy breast: "Farewell forever—
Forever and forever!"

Endymion, stretching forth his arms, endeavored
To clasp her garment's hem, but slowly, slowly,
She waned and vanished wholly,
And like a dream: the sudden silence severed
His heart from him: "Farewell," it breathed,
"forever!
Forever and forever!"

Thomas Osborne Davis.

Davis (1814–1845) was a native of Mallow, County Cork, Ireland. He was a close student from early youth, entered Trinity College, and was admitted to the Irish Bar. In company with John Dillon and Charles Gavan Duffy, in 1842 he founded *The Nation*, a powerful organ for the most radical of the Irish patriots. He showed as much lyrical as political fervor in his contributions. Of an exuberant, joyous spirit, and a strict lover of truth and right, he did not live to redeem the high promise of his youth.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you;
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you!
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever!"

Robert Nicoll.

Nicoll (1814–1837), a youth of high promise, cultivated literature amidst many discouragements, and died in his twenty-fourth year, of consumption. He was a native of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire, Scotland. When about thirteen he began to note down his thoughts and to

scribble verses. When twenty, he remarked, in a letter to a friend, "I am a Radical in every sense of the term;" and in 1836 he became editor of the *Leeds Times*, representing the extreme of the liberal class of opinions. He added largely to its circulation. His poems are short occasional pieces and songs—the latter much inferior to his serious poems. His "People's Anthem" rises into somewhat of true grandeur by virtue of simplicity; and his lines on "Death," believed to be the last of his compositions, are entitled to similar praise. Ebenezer Elliott styles him "Scotland's second Burns."

PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

Lord, from Thy blessèd throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor!

The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the Poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succor Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the Poor!

Give them staunch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all LIFE and LIGHT!
God save the Poor!

LIFE IN DEATH.

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the cornfield keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine;
Blessed is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar now with death, and neighbor to the grave!

These woods have shaken mighty human souls:
Like a sepulchral echo drear they sound;
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels, in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,—
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! death answers many a prayer:
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes than those of mortals are!

Alexander Beaufort Meek.

AMERICAN.

A native of Columbia, S. C., Meek was born in 1814, and died in 1865. He made the law his profession. He edited for a time *The Southron*, a literary monthly published at Tuscaloosa, Ala. In 1836 he served as lieutenant of volunteers against the Seminoles. He was United States Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama from 1846 to 1850, and associate editor of the Mobile *Daily Register* from 1848 to 1853. In 1859 he was elected Speaker of the Alabama Legislature. In 1855 he published "The Red Eagle: a Poem of the South;" and in 1857 a volume of orations, songs, and poems of the South. His spirited poem describing the charge at Balaklava was for a long time attributed to Alexander Smith, the young Scottish poet. Many critics of the day professed to prefer it to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

BALAKLAVA.

Oh the charge at Balaklava!
Oh that rash and fatal charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava,
On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day the Russian columns,
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
Poured their dread destructive volumes
On the French and English ranks!
On the gallant allied ranks;
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud, incessant thunder!
When a strange but stern command—
Needless, heedless, rash command—
Came to Lucan's little band,—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces:—
"England's lost unless you save her!
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
Oh that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles
Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
Dense and countless, round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!

Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies—
Float as erst at old Ramillies!
And beside them, lo! the Lion!
With her trophied Cross, is flying!
Glorious standards—shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by heavens! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Lucan's little band!
Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play,—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli,—
Down that gorge they swept away!
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets see!
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause,—
To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting, with his latest breath,
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
Oh that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend that little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
Now but lifeless clods of clay,—
Now but bleeding clods of clay!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!

Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
Till they storm the bloody pass,—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
Lo, they storm the deadly pass!
Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
In that wild, shot-rended valley,—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,—
Awful pass at Balaklava!
Oh that rash and fatal charge,
On that battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corses,
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire;—
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava,—
Honor to each hero's name!

Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn
In that fierce and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge.

George Washington Cutter.

AMERICAN.

Cutter (1814–1865) was a native of Kentucky. He was a lawyer by profession, resident at Covington, Ky., and at one time a member of the Indiana Legislature. In the Mexican war he joined the army as a captain of volunteers, and served bravely. He wrote a poem of two hundred and fifty-six lines, entitled "Buena Vista," said to have been penned on the field after the battle, and interesting as giving the experiences of one who took part in the fight. He published in Philadelphia, in 1857, a volume of two hundred and seventy-nine pages, entitled "Poems, National and Patriotic." His "Song of Steam," though rude and unpolished, is the best of his productions. In an Indian poem, entitled "Tecumseh," he represents the old chief as somewhat better versed in classical mythology than savages usually are; for he refers to the time,

"When softly rose the Queen of Love,
All glowing from the sea."

SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;—
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore the law a King decreed,
Or the lines of impatient Love,—
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blessed,
Or those where his last beams shine;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind:
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day,
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf;
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage this world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

John Lothrop Motley.

AMERICAN.

Motley (1814–1877), though far better known as an historian than a poet, was yet the author of verses of no ordinary promise. He was a native of Dorchester, now a part of Boston, Mass., and entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen. He began to write, and to write well, both in prose and verse, before his fifteenth year. In 1832 he went to Germany, met Bismarck (afterward Prince Bismarck) at Göttingen, and in 1833 was his fellow-lodger, fellow-student, and boon companion at Berlin.

"We lived," writes Bismarck (1878), "in the closest intimacy, sharing meals and out-door exercise. * * * The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." Having returned to America and married (1837), Motley put forth a novel, "Morton's Hope," which was not a success. It was followed by "Merry-Mount," also a failure.

"It was a matter of course," he writes, "that I should be attacked by the poetic mania. I took the infection at the usual time, went through its various stages, and recovered as soon as could be expected." In 1841 Motley was Secretary of Legation to the Russian Mission. In 1850 he commenced those historical studies, the fruits of which gave him a wide and still flourishing reputation. His "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" at once established his literary fame both in Europe and America. It was translated into all the principal languages of Europe, and was followed by a "History of the United Netherlands." In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to Austria, and, soon after the election of Grant, became Minister to England, a post he resigned in 1870. In 1876 his health began to fail, and there were symptoms of paralysis, though his intellectual powers kept bright. He died the following year. From a tribute to his memory by William W. Story (Oct., 1877), we quote the following lines:

"Farewell, dear friend! For us the grief and pain,
Who shall not see thy living face again;
For us the sad yet noble memories
Of lofty thoughts, of upward-looking eyes,
Of warm affections, of a spirit bright
With glancing fancies and a radiant light,
That, flashing, threw around all common things
Heroic halos and imaginings:
Nothing of this can fade while life shall last,
But brighten, with death's shadow o'er it cast.
Ah, noble spirit, whither hast thou fled?
What doest thou amid the unnumbered dead?
Oh, say not 'mid the dead, for what hast thou
Among the dead to do? No! rather now,
If Faith and Hope are not a wild deceit,
The truly living thou hast gone to meet,
The noble spirits purged by death, whose eye
O'erpeers the brief bounds of mortality;
And they behold thee rising there afar,
Serenely clear above Time's cloudy bar,
And greet thee as we greet a rising star."

Motley's departure from this life took place near Dorchester, England; and, by his own wish, only the dates of his birth and death appear upon his gravestone, with the text chosen by himself, "In God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." An appreciative and interesting memoir of Motley by his early friend, Dr. O. W. Holmes, appeared in Boston in 1879.

LINES WRITTEN AT SYRACUSE.

Is this the stately Syracuse,
  Proud Corinth's favorite child,
Hymned by immortal Pindar's muse,—
  Thus grovelling, thus defiled?
Tamer of Agrigentum's might,
  And Carthage's compeer,—
Humbler of Athens in the fight!
  And art thou mouldering here?

Still Syracuse's cloudless sun
  Shines brightly day by day,
And, as 'twas Tully's boast, on none
  Seems to withhold his ray;
Still blooms her myrtle in the vale,
  Her olive on the hill,
And Flora's gifts perfume the gale
  With countless odors still—
The myrtle decks no hero's sword,
  But ah! the olive waves,
Type of inglorious peace, adored
  By hosts of supple slaves!

Round broken shaft and mouldering tombs,
  And desecrated shrine,
The wild goat bounds, the wild rose blooms,
  And clings the clustering vine;
And mark that loitering shepherd-boy,
  Reclined on yonder rock,
His listless summer hours employ
  In piping to his flock!
Ah! Daphnis here, in earlier day,
  By laughing nymphs was taught,
While Pan rehearsed the artless lay,
  With tenderest music fraught;
Ay, and the pastoral muse inspired
  Upon these flowery plains
Theocritus, the silver-lyred,
  With sweeter, loftier strains.

I stood on Acradina's height,
  Whose marble heart supplied
The bulwarks, hewn with matchless might,
  Of Syracuse's pride,
Where Dionysius built his cave,
  And, crouching, crept to hear

The unconscious curses of his slave
Poured in the "Tyrant's Ear;"
The prison where the Athenians wept,
And hapless Nicias fell—
With citrons now and flowers entwined
The friar's quiet cell!
The fragrant garden there is warm,
The lizard basking lies,
And, mocking desolation, swarm
The painted butterflies.

I stood on Acradina's height,—
And, spread for miles around,
Vast sculptured fragments met my sight,
With weeds and ivy crowned;
Brightly those shattered marbles gleamed,
In wild profusion strown;
The city's whitening bones, they seemed,
To bleach and moulder thrown.
I gazed along the purple sea,
O'er Læstrygonia's plain,
Whence sprang of old, spontaneously,
The tall and bearded grain,
And nourished giants:—proudly sweep
Those plains, those cornfields wave!
Do Titans still the harvest reap?
Go ask yon toiling slave!

Brightly in yonder azure sky
Old Etna lifts his head,
Around whose glittering shoulders fly
Dark vapors, wildly spread.
Say, rises still that ceaseless smoke,
Old Vulcan's fires above,
Where Cyclops forged, with sturdy stroke,
The thunder-bolts of Jove?

Mark, where the gloomy King of Hell
Descended with his bride;
By Cyäné her girdle fell,
Yon reedy fountain's side;
Where Proserpine descended, still
The crystal water flows,
Though sullied now, that sister rill
Where Arethusa rose:—
Ay, while I gaze, eternal Greece!
Thy sunny fables throng
Around me, like the swarming bees
Green Hybla's mount along—
By Enna's plain, by Hybla's mount,
By yon Æolian isles,
By storied cliff, by fabled fount,
Still, still thy genius smiles!

Alas! how idle to recall
Bright myths forever fled,
When real urns lie shattered all,
Where slept the mighty dead—
Spurn Fancy's wing for History's pen,
Call up yon glorious host,
Not demigods, but godlike men;
Invoke Timoleon's ghost!
Or turn where starry Science weeps,
And tears the briers that hide
The tomb where Archimedes sleeps,
Her victim and her pride!

In vain, sweet Sicily! the fate
Of Proserpine is thine,
Chained to a despot's sceptred state,
A crownless queen to pine—
Thy beauty lured the Bourbon's lust,
And Ceres flings her horn,
Which scattered plenty, in the dust,
Again, her child to mourn.
All desolated lies thy shore,
Fallow thy fertile plains—
And shall thy sons aspire no more
To burst their iron chains?
No; when yon buried Titan rears
His vast and peerless form,
By Etna crushed, ten thousand years,
Through earthquake, fire, and storm,—
Shall man, arising in his strength,
Erect and proudly stand,
Spurning the tyrant's weight at length,
The Titan of the land!

Charles Mackay.

The son of an army-officer, Mackay was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1814. His first volume of poems appeared in 1834; since which he has put forth some twelve more. For several years he was editor of the *Illustrated London News*. In 1852 he travelled in America. His Autobiography appeared in 1877.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays, in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

"Look forth again, O watcher on the tower!
The people wake and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know *must* shine."

"I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow,
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow."

"And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour;
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them, on the slopes?"

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline, but the day comes on apace;
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again, and tell us hour by hour
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply."

"I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again—again, O watcher on the tower!—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song
Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say, O watcher of the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time?"

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
When Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

"Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again
If the broad daylight breaks upon the *plain*."

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:

Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he, the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming:
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

NATURE AND HER LOVER.

I remember the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of Infinity—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May-flowers,
When your odors and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul, as in grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,
Seemed the sigh of the Earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye sun and stars,
When ye raised my soul from mortal bars,
And bore it through heaven in your golden cars.

And has it then vanished, that dreadful time?
Are the winds and the seas, and the stars sublime,
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah no! ah no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill—
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill;

Every flower is a love of mine,
Every star is a friend divine:
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul.
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me if he would;
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me, nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt Nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers; preach to me, skies;
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes;
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries.

Sigh to me, winds; ye forests, nod;
Speak to me ever thou flowery sod;
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

Francis Alexander Durivage.

AMERICAN.

Durivage was born in Boston in 1814. His family name was Caillaud—*du rivage* being a territorial title. His father, an estimable teacher of the French language, married a sister of Edward Everett. Francis acquired early a good knowledge of French and Spanish. Before he was seventeen, he edited the *Amateur*, a Boston weekly periodical. He contributed to nearly all the leading magazines, and became noted as a humorist. A collection of his papers, under the signature of "The Old 'Un," illustrated by Darley, was published by Carey and Hart in 1849. He visited Europe six times, chiefly to study the great art collections. He is favorably known as an amateur artist, as well as for his poetry. William C. Bryant and Bayard Taylor were among the literary friends who praised and valued his poetical productions, the dramatic element in which is a distinguishing quality, to which they owe much of their effect.

ALL.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein
With a rusty buckle and green curb-chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable, it is not far;
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within. Here's an empty stall
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black steed came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam.
Do you see that mound where the dead leaves fall?
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not. I am old and weak.
His saddle and sabre hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death. I have told you all!

CHEZ BRÉBANT.

The vicomte is wearing a brow of gloom
As he mounts the stair to his favorite room.
"Breakfast for two!" the *garçons* say,
"Then the pretty young lady is coming to-day!"
But the *patron* mutters, *à Dieu ne plaise!*
I want no clients from Père la Chaise.
Silver and crystal! a splendid show!
And a damask cloth white as driven snow.

The vicomte sits down with a ghastly air—
His *vis-à-vis* is an empty chair.
But he calls to the *garçon*, "Antoine! *Vite!*
Place a stool for the lady's feet."
"The lady, monsieur?" (in a quavering tone).
"Yes—when have you known me to breakfast alone?
Fill up her glass! *Versez! Versez!*
You see how white are her cheeks to-day.
Sip it, my darling, 'twas ordered for thee."
He raises his glass, "*à toi*, Mimi!"
The *garçon* shudders, for nothing is there
In the lady's place but an empty chair.
But still, with an air of fierce unrest,
The vicomte addresses an unseen guest.
"Leave us, Antoine; we have much to say,
And time is precious to me to-day."
When the *garçon* was gone he sprang up with a start:
"Mimi is dead of a broken heart.
Could I think, when she gave it with generous joy,
A woman's heart such a fragile toy?
Her trim little figure no longer I see!
Would I were lying with thee, Mimi!
For what is life but a hell to me?
What splendor and wealth but misery?"
A jet of flame and a whirl of smoke!
A detonation the silence broke.
The landlord enters, and, lying there,
Is the dead vicomte, with a stony glare
Rigidly fixed on an empty chair.
"*Il faut avertir le commissaire!*
Ma foi! Chez Brébant ces choses sont rares!"

JERRY.

His joyous neigh, like the clarion's strain,
When we set before him his hay and grain,
And the rhythmic beat
Of his flying feet,
We never, never shall hear again;
For the good horse sleeps
Where the tall grass weeps,
On the velvet edge of the emerald plain,
By the restless waves of the billowy grain,
And never will answer to voice or rein.

By whip-cord and steel he was never stirred,
For he only needed a whispered word,
And a slackened rein, to fly like a bird.

By loving hands was his neck caressed—
Hands, like his own fleet limbs, at rest.

Through blinding snow, in the murkiest night,
With never a lamp in heaven alight—
With the angry river a sheet of foam,
Swiftly and safely he bore me home;
And I never resigned myself to sleep
Till I'd rubbed him down and bedded him deep.
If I ever can sit in the saddle again,
With foot in stirrup and hand on rein,
I shall look for the like of Jerry in vain.
Steed of the desert or jennet of Spain
Would ne'er for a moment make me forget
My favorite horse, my children's pet,
With his soft brown eye and his coat of jet.

He would have answered the trumpet's peal,
And charged on cannon and splintering steel;
But humbler tasks did his worth reveal.
To mill and to market, early and late;
On the brown field, tracing the furrow straight;
Drawing the carriage with steady gait—
Whatever the duty we had to ask,
Willingly he performed his task.
And when his life-work was all complete,
He was found in his stable, dead on his feet.
And, in spite of each and every fool
Whose brain and heart are hardened by rule,
I have reached the conclusion that on the whole,
The horse that we loved possessed *a soul!*

Aubrey Thomas De Vere.

Son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, the poet, De Vere, born in Ireland in 1814, has published several productions in verse: "The Waldenses, with other Poems" (1842); "The Infant Bridal, and other Poems" (1864). He is also the author of "Sketches of Greece and Turkey" (1850). His poems are marked by refinement and delicacy of expression, united with rare sweetness in the versification. "This gentle poet and scholar, the most spiritual of the Irish poets," says Mr. E. C. Stedman, "though hampered by a too rigid adoption of Wordsworth's theory, often has an attractive manner of his own."

THE TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

Blesséd is he who hath not trod the ways
Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
Which loftier minds are studious to abhor:
Blesséd is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays;
Who hath not spent in Time's vainglorious war
His youth; and found—a school-boy at fourscore!—
How fatal are those victories which raise
Their iron trophies to a temple's height
On trampled Justice; who desires not bliss,
But peace; and yet, when summoned to the fight,
Combats as one who combats in the sight
Of God and of His angels, seeking this
Alone, how best to glorify the right.

ADOLESCENTULÆ AMAVERUNT TE NIMIS.

"Behold! the wintry rains are past;
The airs of midnight hurt no more:
The young maids love thee. Come at last:
Thou lingerest at the garden-door.

"Blow over all the garden; blow,
Thou wind that breathest of the south,
Through all the alleys winding low,
With dewy wing and honeyed mouth.

"But wheresoe'er thou wanderest, shape
Thy music ever to one Name:
Thou too, clear stream, to cave and cape
Be sure thou whisper of the same.

"By every isle and bower of musk
Thy crystal clasps, as on it curls,
We charge thee, breathe it to the dusk;
We charge thee, grave it in thy pearls."

The stream obeyed. That Name he bore
Far out above the moonlit tide.
The breeze obeyed. He breathed it o'er
The unforgetting pines, and died.

SONNET: HOW ALL THINGS ARE SWEET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing:
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing:
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them.

James Hedderwick.

Hedderwick, editor of *The Glasgow Citizen*, a daily newspaper, was born in that city in 1814. He studied for a time at the London University, then became connected with the Press. In 1854 he published a small volume of poems, and in 1859 his "Lays of Middle Age, and other Poems."

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after-dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—
I shuddered at the sight;
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring;
But if the birds sang in the trees,
I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odor from dead flowers.

And when at last he was borne afar
From this world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life!

His every look, his every word,
His very voice's tone,
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone.

That grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface!

Thomas Westwood.

Westwood, a native of England, born in 1814, has produced "Beads from a Rosary" (1843); "The Burden of the Bell" (1850); "Berries and Blossoms" (1855); and "The Quest of the Sangreal" (1868). All these are in verse. His most popular poem, "Little Bell," originally appeared in the *London Athenæum*. He says: "Though the writer is a childless man, he has a love and reverence for childhood which can scarcely be surpassed."

THE PET LAMB.

Storm upon the mountain, night upon its throne!
And the little snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

Storm upon the mountain, rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb, bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd drives his flocks afar;
Through the murky mist and cloud shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward, never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

At the shepherd's door-way stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home, counts them one by one;
Counts them full and fairly: trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb, left alone—alone!

Up the glen he races, breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain, and leaves wood and wold behind!
Storm upon the mountain, night upon its throne:
There he finds the little lamb, left alone—alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing, kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck both his arms are wound;
Soon within his bosom, all its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb, left alone—alone!

Oh, the happy faces by the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars, but the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together make that joy their own,
In their midst the little lamb, left alone—alone!

LITTLE BELL.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."
COLERIDGE'S "*Ancient Mariner.*"

Piped the Blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,
"Bonnie bird!" quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonnie bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade:
Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonnie Blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonnie Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain,
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,—
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray:

Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,
In blue heaven an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and kind,
Shall watch round, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

AMERICAN.

Hosmer, born in Avon, N. Y., in 1814, graduated at Hobart College, Geneva. He engaged in the practice of the law, but afterward held a position in the Custom-house. In early life he spent much of his time among the Indians, and some of his poems have reference to their traditions. His mother conversed fluently in the dialect of the Seneca tribe, and thus he became well acquainted with the legends of which he made use in his romance of "Yonnondis." In 1854 two volumes of his numerous poems were published by Redfield, New York.

BLAKE'S VISITANTS.

"Blake, the painter-poet, conceived that he had formed friendships with distinguished individuals of antiquity. He asserted that they appeared to him, and were luminous and majestic shadows. The most propitious time for their visits was from nine at night till five in the morning."

The stars shed a dreamy light—
The wind, like an infant, sighs;
My lattice gleams, for the queen of night
Looks through with her soft, bright eyes.
I carry the mystic key
That unlocks the mighty Past,
And, ere long, the dead to visit me
Will wake in his chambers vast.

The gloom of the grave forsake,
Ye princes who ruled of yore!
For the painter fain to life would wake
Your majestic forms once more.
Ye brave, with your tossing plumes,
Ye bards of the pale, high brow!
Leave the starless night of forgotten tombs,—
For my hand feels skilful now.

They come, a shadowy throng,
With the types of their old renown—
The Mantuan bard, with his wreath of song,
The monarch with robe and crown.
They come!—on the fatal Ides
Of March yon conqueror fell;
For the rich, green leaf of the laurel hides
His baldness of forehead well.

I know, though his tongue is still,
By his pale, pale lips apart,
The Roman whose spell of voice could thrill
The depths of the coldest heart—
And behind that group of queens
Bedight in superb attire,
How mournfully Lesbian Sappho leans
Her head on a broken lyre!

That terrible shade I know
By the scowl his visage wears,
And the Scottish knight, his noble foe,
By the broad claymore he bears.
That warrior king who dyed
In Saracen gore the sands,
With his knightly harness on, beside
The fiery Soldan stands.

Ye laurelled of old, all hail!
I love, in the gloom of night,
To rob the Past of his cloudy veil,
And gaze on your features bright.
Ha! the first bright beam of dawn
On my window redly plays,
And back to their spirit homes have gone
The mighty of other days!

TO A LONG SILENT SISTER OF SONG.

Where art thou, wood-dove of Hesperian climes,
The sweetest minstrel of our unshorn bowers?
In dreams, methinks, I faintly hear at times
An echo of thy silver-sounding rhymes:
Alas! that blight should fall on fairest flowers,
Eternal silence on angelic lips;—
That tender, starry eyes should know eclipse,
And mourning love breathe farewell to the hours!
Speak! has the grave closed on thee evermore,

Daughter of music?—hath thy golden lute,
With dust upon its broken strings, grown mute;
Thy fancy, rainbow-hued, forgot to soar?
To hush thy warbling is a grievous wrong—
Come back! come back to sunlight and to song!

Marion Paul Aird.

Miss Aird is a native of Glasgow, where she was born in 1815. In 1846 appeared her first work, "The Home of the Heart, and other Poems;" and in 1853 a volume of prose and verse, entitled "Heart Histories." Her hymn, "Far, far Away," is sung in almost every Sunday-school in Scotland. Her mother was a niece of Hamilton Paul (1775–1854), a Scottish poet of some note.

FAR, FAR AWAY.

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
  Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,
  Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
There I from sorrow ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blessed,
  Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
  Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;
  Come, come away; come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;
  Come, come away; come, come away;
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;
  Come, come away; come away.

Frederick William Faber.

Faber (1815–1863) was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, but became a convert to the Catholic religion, and a priest in that Church. He was the author of some five volumes of poems, some of them of singular grace, tenderness, and beauty. He wrote "The Cherwell Water-Lily, and other Poems" (1840); "The Styrian Lake, and other Poems" (1842); "Sir Lancelot: a Poem" (1844); "The Rosary, and other Poems" (1845); and several papers in the "Lives of the English Saints," edited by Dr. Newman. Faber became distinguished as an earnest and eloquent preacher. His theological writings, after his conversion, were numerous and able.

THE LIFE OF TRUST.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
  To rise and take His part
Upon the battle-field of earth,
  And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
  As though there were no God:
He is least seen when all the powers
  Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
  The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need Him most.

Oh, there is less to try our faith
  In our mysterious creed
Than in the godless look of earth,
  In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
  To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
  Is at cross-purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
  Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
  We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks,
  And we lose courage then,
And doubts will come if God hath kept
  His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
  His ways are far above,—

Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways,
Love's lifelong study are;
She can behold, and guess, and act,
When Reason would not dare.

She hath a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

And blessed is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men;
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast Soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls,
Amid their sins, are dear,—

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth that does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

Time was when I believed that wrong
In others to detect
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind,
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

He whom no praise can reach is aye
Men's least attempts approving:
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
Omniscience makes all-loving.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind:
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

How thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul:
More grace, O Lord! more grace;
More sweetness from thy loving heart,
More sunshine from thy face!

Alfred Domett.

Born in England about 1815 (according to some authorities, in 1811), Domett contributed lyrics to *Blackwood's Magazine* as early as 1837. But he became a great traveller, and passed some time in Australia—his friends not knowing what had become of him. Browning addressed a poem to him, beginning—

> "What's become of Waring
> Since he gave us all the slip,
> Chose land-travel or seafaring
> Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,
> Rather than pace up and down
> Any longer London town?"

Domett does not seem to have redeemed the high promise of his youth. We subjoin one of the best of his poems.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
  The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
  From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
  Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
  Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
  Told what was going on within:
How keen the stars, his only thought—
  The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! low and high
  Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why,
  The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
  Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

It is the calm and silent night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn—
  To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
  The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

Philip James Bailey.

Bailey, a native of Nottingham, England, was born in 1816. He published at the age of twenty a poem entitled "Festus," which passed through many editions both in England and America. Few poems have so immediately excited so much attention. It was followed by "The Angel World" (1850), "The Mystic" (1855), "The Age: a Colloquial Satire" (1858), and "The Universal Hymn" (1867). No one of these had a success equal to his first juvenile production.

LOVE, THE END OF CREATED BEING.

From "Festus."

Love is the happy privilege of the mind—
Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other:
All are compatible—all needful; one
To life,—to virtue one,—and one to bliss:
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being:
From these three principles comes every deed,
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad;
To these they all determine—sum and scheme:
The three are one in centre and in round;
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail, air of love, by which we live!
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen—

Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
One only simple essence liveth—God,—
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence;
For God, being Love, in love created all,
As he contains the whole and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good:
We love each other; and these lower lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,
According to their reason, love us too:
The most intelligent affect us most.
Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure,—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
His all-sufficing precept—was't not love?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God,—
To love God we must all his creatures love,—
To love his creatures, both ourselves and him.
Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy!

THOUGHTS FROM "FESTUS."

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

Keep the spirit pure
From worldly taint by the repellent strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds
Ever; still count the rosary of truth,
And practise precepts which are proven wise.
Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast:
There is a hand above will help thee on.
I am an omnist, and believe in all
Religions,—fragments of one golden world
Yet to be relit in its place in heaven.

John Godfrey Saxe.

AMERICAN.

One of the most popular of the humorous poets of America, Saxe was born in Highgate, Vt., in 1816, and was graduated at Middlebury College in the class of 1839. After practising law for a time, he abandoned it for literature, editing, and lecturing. He has published several volumes of poems, which have had a large sale. For some time he was a resident of Albany, N. Y.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

I long have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned—
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world
Is Twenty to Twenty-and-one:
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of the conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,—
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined,
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals or manners or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I'm still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face:
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van;
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man!

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern,

The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For, struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the Twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man!

JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT!

"Hélas! vous ne m'aimez pas."—Piron.

I know, Justine, you speak me fair
As often as we meet;
And 'tis a luxury, I swear,
To hear a voice so sweet;
And yet it does not please me quite,
The civil way you've got;
For me you're something too polite—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you never scold
At aught that I may do:
If I am passionate, or cold,
'Tis all the same to you.
"A charming temper," say the men,
"To smooth a husband's lot:"
I wish 'twere ruffled now and then—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you wear a smile
As beaming as the sun;
But who supposes all the while
It shines for only one?
Though azure skies are fair to see,
A transient cloudy spot
In yours would promise more to me—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you make my name
Your eulogistic theme,
And say—if any chance to blame—
You hold me in esteem.
Such words, for all their kindly scope,
Delight me not a jot;
Just so you would have praised the Pope—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine—for I have heard
What friendly voices tell—
You do not blush to say the word,
"You *like* me passing well;"
And thus the fatal sound I hear
That seals my lonely lot:
There's nothing now to hope or fear—
Justine, you *love* me not!

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

AMERICAN.

The son of an eminent lawyer, Cooke (1816–1850) was a native of Martinsburg, Va. He entered Princeton College at fifteen, studied law with his father, and before he was of age had married and begun practice. He was extravagantly fond of field sports, and grew to be the most famous hunter of the Shenandoah Valley. He published a volume of "Froissart Ballads" in 1847, in which his "Florence Vane" is introduced; wrote novels and tales for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, when it was edited by Poe; and also for *Graham's Magazine;* and became an accomplished man of letters instead of a busy lawyer. He died young, of pneumonia, got in a hunting expedition; leaving one son and several daughters. John Esten Cooke, his brother (born 1830), has been a prolific and interesting writer, chiefly of prose. Of Philip he says: "I can sum up my brother's character by saying that he was an admirable type of a sensitive, refined, and highly cultivated gentleman." Impulsive and chivalrous, he once galloped twenty miles to throw a bouquet into the window of his cousin, the "Florence Vane" of his graceful little lyric, which, it is interesting to know, was the offspring of a genuine passion, and not of mere fancy. He was profoundly read in the English masters of verse, from Chaucer to our own day.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane.
My life's bright dream, and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told,—

That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom in beauty vying
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

Christopher Christian Cox.

AMERICAN.

Born in Baltimore, Md., in 1816, Cox graduated at Yale College in 1835; was admitted to practice medicine in 1838; was Brigade-surgeon of the United States in 1860, and Surgeon-general of Maryland in 1863. An outspoken upholder of the Union, he was elected Lieutenant-governor of Maryland in 1865. In 1869 he received the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College, Hartford. In 1871 he was President of the Board of Health, Washington, D. C.; and in 1879 was sent Commissioner to the World's Fair in Australia, whence he returned in impaired health. His poems have appeared mostly in the magazines, and are characterized by qualities suggestive of the affectionate nature, the tenderness, and intellectual grace, which endeared the writer to many attached friends.

ONE YEAR AGO.

What stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die!
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er
Forever lost the hue they wore:
How like a death-knell, sad and slow,
Rolls through the soul, "one year ago!"

Where is the face we loved to greet?
The form that graced the fireside seat?
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago?"

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there:
From door and hall, from porch and lawn,
The echo of that voice is gone,
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "one year ago!"

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps near her lowly bed:
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led;
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "one year ago."

HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

After the German of Schiller.

Without haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not: let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right—
Forward then with all thy might!
Haste not: years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not: time is sweeping by—
Do and dare before thou die:

Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not: calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not, rest not: conflicts past,
Good shall crown thy work at last!

Charles Gamage Eastman.

AMERICAN.

Eastman (1816–1860) was a native of Fryeburg, Me., the son of a watch-maker. At eighteen he became a student at the University of Vermont, Burlington. Here, to maintain himself, he taught and wrote for the newspapers, and finally entered upon the career of an editor. In 1846 he bought the *Vermont Patriot*, published at Montpelier, in the editorship of which he continued until his death. An edition of the poems of Eastman, copyrighted by his widow, was published in Montpelier, in 1880.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter-time,
As cold as it ever can be!
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea.
The moon is full, but the wings to-night
Of the furious blast dash out her light;
And over the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the storm comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day,
As it never came down before,
Till over the ground at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet or more.
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curb gone;
The hay-stack rose to a mountain-lift;
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came wind and hail,
While the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful gale
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the norther! see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, Ho! ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the hail and the freezing air,
Lies a shivering dog, in the field by the road,
With the snow on his shaggy hair.
As the wind drives, see him crouch and growl,
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;
Then, to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,—
Pray, what does the dog do there?

An old man came from the town to-night,
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with main and might
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last o'er a log had floundered down,
That deep in a hollow lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,
She made in the heavy snow;
And her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he struggled back again to his sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For awhile he strives with a wistful cry
To catch the glance of his drowsy eye;
And wags his tail when the rude winds flap
The skirts of his coat across his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er,
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes, and bends no more
In the rush of the sweeping blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of ledge and tree, and ghostly stump,
On the silent plain are cast.

But cold and dead—by the hidden log—
Are they who came from the town;
The man in the sleigh, the faithful dog,
And the beautiful Morgan brown!
He sits in his sleigh; with steady grasp
He holds the reins in his icy clasp;
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet
Where she lay when she floundered down.

THANATOS.

Hush! her face is chill, and the summer blossom,
Motionless and still, lies upon her bosom;
On the shroud so white, like snow in winter weather,
Her marble hands unite quietly together.

Ah, how light the lid on the thin cheek presses!
Still her neck is hid by her golden tresses;
And the lips, that Death left a smile to sever,
Part to woo the breath, gone, alas! forever.

Theodore Martin.

Martin, the son of a lawyer, was born in Edinburgh in 1816. On the completion of his studies at the University, he qualified himself as a solicitor, and in 1846 established himself in that capacity in London. He was associated with Aytoun in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," which passed through twelve editions. But it was by his excellent translations from Heine, Goethe, and other German writers, and his successful version of Horace (1860), that he won most fame. In 1863 appeared his "Poems, Original and Translated: printed for Private Circulation;" and in 1875 the first volume of a "Memoir of Prince Albert:" a work prepared under the Queen's authority, and the second volume of which appeared in 1880, when he was knighted by the Queen, and became Sir Theodore Martin. In 1851 he was married to Miss Helen Faucit, the popular and accomplished actress. As a lawyer he has been prominent and active.

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

From the German of Baron Joseph Christian von Zedlitz.

At midnight, from the sullen sleep
Of death the drummer rose;
The night winds wail, the moonbeams pale
Are hid as forth he goes;
With solemn air and measured step
He paces on his rounds,
And ever and anon with might
The doubling drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately
The rattling sticks let fall,
By turns they beat in rattlings meet
Reveillé and roll-call;
Oh! strangely drear fell on the ear
The echoes of that drum,
Old soldiers from their graves start up
And to its summons come.

They who repose 'mong Northern snows,
In icy cerements lapped,
Or in the mould of Italy
All sweltering are wrapped,—
Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile,
Or desert's whirling sand,
Break from their graves, and, armèd all,
Spring up at the command.

And at midnight, from death's sullen sleep,
The trumpeter arose;
He mounts his steed, and loud and long
His pealing trumpet blows;
Each horseman heard it, as he lay
Deep in his gory shroud,
And to the call these heroes all
On airy coursers crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—
They were a ghastly file—
And underneath the glittering casques
Their bleached skulls grimly smile;
With haughty mien they grasp their swords
Within their bony hands,—
'Twould fright the brave to see them wave
Their long and gleaming brands.

And at midnight, from the sullen sleep
Of death, the chief arose,
Behind him move his officers,
As slowly forth he goes.
His hat is small—upon his coat
No star or crest is strung,
And by his side a little sword—
His only arms—is hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue
Across the mighty plain,
And he that wore the little hat
Stepped proudly forth again—
And well these grizzly warriors
Their little chieftain knew,
For whom they left their graves that night
To muster in review.

"Present—recover arms!" The cry
Runs round in eager hum;
Before him all that host defiles
While rolls the doubling drum.
"Halt!" then he calls—his generals
And captains cluster near—
He turns to one that stands beside
And whispers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank
It wings along the Seine;
The word that chieftain gives is "France!"
The answer—"Sainte-Hélène!"
And thus departed Cæsar holds,
At midnight hour alway,
The grand review of his old bands
In the Champs Elysées.

SIE HABEN MICH GEQUÄLET.

From Heine.

People have teased and vexed me,
Worried me early and late:
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.

They drugged my glass with poison,
They poisoned the bread I ate:
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.

But she who has teased and vexed me,
And worried me far the most—
She never hated me, never,
And her love I could never boast.

THE EXCELLENT MAN.

From Heine.

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me, and honored me more and more;
Said that I only should "wait awhile,"
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him, though *other* folks *can*,
For I myself am this excellent man.

Lady John Scott.

The authoress of the words and music of many popular and spirited songs, Lady John Scott was born near Edinburgh, about the year 1816. Her maiden name was Anne Alicia Spottiswoode. In 1836 she married Lord John Douglas Scott, who died in 1860. She shows genuine lyrical power, and some of the spirit of Ossian in her songs.

LAMMERMOOR.

O wild and stormy Lammermoor!
Would I could feel once more
The cold north wind, the wintry blast
That sweeps thy mountains o'er.
Would I could see thy drifted snow
Deep, deep in clench and glen,
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And was free on thy hills again!

I hate this dreary Southern land,
I weary day by day
For the music of thy many streams
In the birch-woods far away!
From all I love they banish me,
But my thoughts they cannot chain;
And they bear me back, wild Lammermoor!
To thy distant hills again!

ETTRICK.

O murmuring waters!
Have ye no message for me?
Ye come from the hills of the West,
Where his step wanders free.
Did he not whisper my name?
Did he not utter one word?
And trust that its sound o'er the rush
Of thy streams might be heard.

O murmuring waters!
The sounds of the moorlands I hear,
The scream of the heron and eagle,
The bell of the deer;
The rustling of heather and fern,
The shiver of grass on the lea,
The sigh of the wind from the hill,—
Hast thou no voice for me?

O murmuring waters!
Flow on—ye have no voice for me;
Bear the wild songs of the hills
To the depths of the sea!

Bright stream, from the founts of the west,
Rush on with thy music and glee!
Oh! to be borne to my rest
In the cold waves with thee!

Robert Traill Spence Lowell.

AMERICAN.

Born in Boston in 1816, Lowell graduated at Harvard in 1833. He entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church in 1842, and officiated for a time as chaplain to the Bishop of Newfoundland and Jamaica. He is the author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," a novel; and he published, in 1860, a volume of poems. He is a brother of James Russell Lowell, the poet.

LOVE DISPOSED OF.

Here goes Love! Now cut him clear,
A weight about his neck:
If he linger longer here,
Our ship will be a wreck.
Overboard! overboard!
Down let him go!
In the deep he may sleep
Where the corals grow.

He said he'd woo the gentle breeze,
A bright tear in her eye;
But she was false or hard to please,
Or he has told a lie.
Overboard! overboard!
Down in the sea
He may find a truer mind,
Where the mermaids be.

He sang us many a merry song
While the breeze was kind;
But he has been lamenting long
The falseness of the wind.
Overboard! overboard!
Under the wave
Let him sing where smooth shells ring
In the ocean's cave.

He may struggle; he may weep;
We'll be stern and cold;
His grief will find, within the deep,
More tears than can be told.
He has gone overboard!
We will float on;
We shall find a truer wind,
Now that he is gone.

Frances Brown.

Daughter of the postmaster of Stranolar, Ireland, Miss Brown was born in 1816. When only eighteen months old, she lost her eyesight from small-pox; and the development of her poetical faculty under this deprivation is a remarkable instance of the triumph of the spiritual nature over physical obstructions. In 1847 appeared her "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," and she has since contributed largely to periodical works. A pension of twenty pounds a year was settled on her by government.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends who were their trust no more,
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses ye have met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart is gone from me."

"Alas," these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

David Barker.

AMERICAN.

Barker (1816–1874) was a native of Exeter, Me. When seven years old he lost his father, and thus early learned the lesson of self-dependence. He was educated at the Foxcroft Academy, and became himself a teacher; then tried the trade of a blacksmith, but finally qualified himself as a lawyer, and was admitted to the Bar. Sympathy for the distressed was one of his prominent traits. While he repudiated dogmas, he had a firm faith in immortality and a divine Providence. Upright and charitable, he faithfully practised the good he preached in his unpretending verses. A collection of his poems, edited by his brother, was published in Bangor, Me., in 1876.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

Tell the fainting soul in the weary form,
  There's a world of the purest bliss,
That is linked as that soul and form are linked,
  By a covered bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other shore,
  We must pass through a transient gloom,
And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone,
  Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
  For the universal toll
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God
  Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
  And the river it spans is wide,
Yet Faith points through to a shining mount
  That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet, in the next day's march,
  To climb up that golden ridge,
We must all lie down for a one night's rest
  Inside of the covered bridge.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
  From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
  And a different song to sing.

But for me,—and I care not a single fig
  If they say I am wrong or am right,—
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
  For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
  Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
  But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
  Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
  For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
  Or, 'twere better I had said it *incog.*,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,—
  Here is luck to the bottom dog!

The Brontë Family.

Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë were daughters of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, a native of Ireland, who in 1820 moved, with his wife and ten children, to the village of Haworth, four miles from Keighley, England. His income was one hundred and seventy pounds a year. The three daughters showed remarkable literary abilities. Charlotte (1816–1855) wrote the celebrated novel of "Jane Eyre" (1847), and became famous. Emily (1818–1848) wrote "Wuthering Heights" (1847), a novel; and Anne (1820–1849) wrote "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," also published in 1847. The three sisters had published in 1846 "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell"—pseudonymes representing Charlotte, Emily, and Anne respectively. Of these Emily seems to have shown the most decided talent for poetry. Charlotte married (1854) her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, but died the next year. An interesting memoir of her by Mrs. Gaskell appeared in 1857. The other two sisters died young and unmarried. "The bringing out our book of poems," writes Charlotte, "was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted."

LIFE.

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

Life, believe, is not a dream,
  So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
  Foretells a pleasant day:
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
  But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
  Oh, why lament its fall?
    Rapidly, merrily,
  Life's sunny hours flit by,
    Gratefully, cheerily,
  Enjoy them as they fly.

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our Best away?
What though Sorrow seems to win,
O'er Hope a heavy sway?
Yet Hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

FROM "THE TEACHER'S MONOLOGUE."

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

Life will be gone ere I have lived;
Where now is Life's first prime?
I've worked and studied, longed and grieved,
Through all that rosy time.
To toil, to think, to long, to grieve—
Is such my future fate?
The morn was dreary, must the eve
Be also desolate?
Well, such a life at least makes Death
A welcome, wished-for friend;
Then aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,
To suffer to the end!

FROM "ANTICIPATION."

EMILY BRONTÉ.

It is Hope's spell that glorifies,
Like youth to my maturer eyes,
All Nature's million mysteries,
The fearful and the fair:
Hope soothes me in the griefs I know;
She lulls my pain for others' woe,
And makes me strong to undergo
What I am born to bear.

Glad Comforter! will I not brave
Unawed the darkness of the grave,—
Nay, smile to hear Death's billows rave—
Sustained, my Guide, by thee?
The more unjust seems present fate,
The more my spirit swells elate,
Strong, in thy strength, to anticipate
Rewarding destiny!

A DEATH SCENE.

EMILY BRONTÉ.

"O Day! he cannot die,
When thou so fair art shining!
O Sun! in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining;

"He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

"Edward, awake, awake,
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

"Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou to cross the eternal sea
Would'st yet one hour delay:

"I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blessed my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond:
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,
To thy own native land.

"It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again:
I cannot let thee rest!"

One long look that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer.

And, with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction passed away;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirred my soul that awful day.

Paled at length, the sweet sun setting;
Sank to peace the twilight breeze;
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
  Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
  Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
  Never moved, and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
  Wandered not, nor yet reposed!

So I knew that he was dying—
  Stooped and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,—
  So I knew that he was dead!

IF THIS BE ALL.

ANNE BRONTÉ.[1]

O God! if this indeed be all
  That Life can show to me;
If on my aching brow may fall
  No freshening dew from Thee;—
If with no brighter light than this
  The lamp of Hope may glow,
And I may only dream of bliss,
  And wake to weary woe;—
If friendship's solace must decay,
  When other joys are gone,
And love must keep so far away,
  While I go wandering on,—
Wandering and toiling without gain,
  The slave of others' will,
With constant care and frequent pain,
  Despised, forgotten still;
Grieving to look on vice and sin,
  Yet powerless to quell
The silent current from within,
  The outward torrent's swell:
While all the good I would impart,
  The feelings I would share,
Are driven backward to my heart,
  And turned to wormwood there;—
If clouds must ever keep from sight
  The glories of the Sun,
And I must suffer Winter's blight
  Ere Summer is begun;—
If Life must be so full of care,
  Then call me soon to Thee!
Or give me strength enough to bear
  My load of misery.

[1] The poems of Anne, like those of her sisters, have a marked personal bearing.

William Ellery Channing.

AMERICAN.

A nephew of the eminent American preacher (1780-1842) of the same name, Channing, the son of Dr. Walter Channing, a well-known physician, was born in Boston, 1817. He has published: "Poems, First Series" (1843), "Second Series" (1847); "Youth of the Poet and Painter, Psychological Essays" (1844); "Conversations in Rome, between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Critic" (1847); "The Woodman, and other Poems" (1849). His productions are suggestive of reserved power. Emerson once characterized them as "poetry for poets."

TO MY COMPANIONS.

Ye heavy-hearted mariners
  Who sail this shore!
Ye patient, ye who labor
  Sitting at the sweeping oar,
And see afar the flashing sea-gulls play
On the free waters,—and the glad bright day
Twine with his hand the spray!
    From out your dreariness,
    From your heart weariness,
    I speak, for I am yours
    On these gray shores.

Nay, nay, I know not, mariners!
  What cliffs they are
That high uplift their smooth dark fronts,
  And sadly round us bar;
I do imagine that the free clouds play
Above those eminent heights; that somewhere Day
Rides his triumphant way,
    And hath secure dominion
    Over our stern oblivion,—
    But see no path thereout
    To free from doubt.

A POET'S HOPE.

Lady, there is a hope that all men have,
  Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strewn, gentle grave;
  Another hope which purifies our race,
That when that fearful bourn forever past,
They may find rest,—and rest so long to last!

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever,
  My path is onward to the farthest shores,—
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river!
  That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly pours,

Motionless not, until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun!

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
'Mid throngs of light-winged angels, sweeping far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited,
That tesselate the unseen, unthought star,
To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam!

Ah! caverns of my soul! how thick your shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly see,—
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry!
Your son, though blinded, hath a light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky!
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

Henry David Thoreau.

AMERICAN.

Thoreau (1817–1862) was a native of Boston, Mass., and was graduated at Harvard College in 1837. His father was a maker of lead-pencils at Concord. Henry supported himself by surveying, teaching school, carpentering, and other work. But the burdens and restrictions of society were intolerable to his free, unconventional nature. He remained single; he never attended church, never voted, and never paid a tax. The town-constable once attempted to collect a poll-tax of him, and took him to jail; but after a short imprisonment he was set at liberty. In 1845 he built for himself a wooden house, or hut, on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, and lived there several years. He gives this account of his expenses for a year: The house cost him $28 12½; his crop of vegetables was valued at $23 44, and the outgoes were $14 72½. The cost of groceries for eight months was $8 74, and for clothing $8 40. Total expenses for the year, $61 99¾. Thoreau published "A Week on Concord and Merrimac Rivers" (1849); "Walden, or Life in the Woods" (1854); "Excursions" (1863); "Maine Woods, Cape Cod, A Yankee in Canada, Letters to various Persons" (1865). His poetry is for the most part scattered through his prose writings. Some of it was contributed to *The Dial*. The thought in it is often too subtle and recondite to be traced without an effort. In a letter which Hawthorne wrote us, under date of Concord, October 21st, 1842, we find this pertinent passage: "There is a gentleman in this town by the name of Thoreau, a graduate of Cambridge, and a fine scholar, especially in old English literature—but withal a wild, irregular, Indian-like sort of fellow, who can find no occupation in life that suits him. He writes, and sometimes—often, for aught I know—very well indeed. He is somewhat tinctured with transcendentalism; but * * * is a genuine and exquisite observer of nature—a character almost as rare as that of a true poet. He writes poetry also—for instance, 'To the Maiden in the East,' 'The Summer Rain,' and other pieces in *The Dial* for October, which seem to be very careless and imperfect, but as true as bird-notes. The man has stuff to make a reputation of, and I wish you would find it consistent with your interest to aid him in attaining that object."

SMOKE IN WINTER.

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day;
Delaying now upon its heavenward course
In wreathéd loiterings dallying with itself,
With as uncertain purpose and slow deed,
As its half-wakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind still slumbering and sluggish thoughts
Have not yet swept into the onward current
Of the new day;—and now it streams afar,
The while the chopper goes with step direct,
And mind intent to swing the early axe!
First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from the roof,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day;
And while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird;
And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

UPON THE BEACH.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides,—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore,—
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

Horace Binney Wallace.

AMERICAN.

Wallace (1817–1852) was a native of Philadelphia, a nephew of the eminent jurist, Horace Binney, and a cousin of Horace Binney Sargent. He graduated at Princeton in the class of 1835; studied both medicine and law, but practised neither. He travelled in Europe between 1849 and 1852, and died in Paris. He had been intimate with the celebrated Comte, much of whose philosophy, however, he rejected. His first publication was "Stanley," a novel written at the age of twenty. After his death appeared "Art and Scenery in Europe," "Literary Criticism, and other Papers." Daniel Webster said of him: "I doubt whether history displays a loftier nature, or one more usefully or profoundly cultivated, at thirty years of age."

ODE ON THE RHINE'S RETURNING INTO GERMANY FROM FRANCE.

Oh sweet is thy current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale and the dark linden bower;
Thy waves as they dimple smile back on the plain,
And Rhine, ancient river, thou'rt German again!

The roses are sweeter, the air is more free,
More blithe is the song of the bird on the tree;
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain,
And Rhine, dearest river, thou'rt German again!

The land is at peace and breaks forth into song,
The hills, in their echoes, the cadence prolong,
The sons of the forest take up the glad strain,
"Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!"

Thy daughters, sweet river, thy daughters so fair,
With their eyes of dark azure and soft, sunny hair,
Repeat 'mid their dances at eve on the plain,
"Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!"

Eliza Cook.

Born in Southwark, London, in 1817, the daughter of a tradesman, Miss Cook published in 1840 a volume entitled "Melaia, and other Poems." She contributed a great variety of short poems to periodical works, and in 1849 established a weekly—*Eliza Cook's Journal*—which had a fair success from 1849 to 1853, when failing health compelled her to give it up. She seems to have had that "fatal facility" in rhyming which is a bar to excellence; but many of her poems are spirited and pleasing. In 1864 she received a literary pension of one hundred pounds a year. In 1874 an edition of her complete poetical works was published. The "Old Arm-chair" was set to music, and became quite a popular song.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Mrs. Emily Judson.

AMERICAN.

Miss Chubbuck (1817–1854) was a native of Morrisville, N. Y. At an early age she went to Utica as a teacher, and there made her first attempts at authorship. She wrote under the assumed name of Fanny Forrester, and published a collection of her essays and sketches in two volumes under the title of "Alderbrook." This work had quite a success. In 1846 she married Dr. Judson, the missionary, and sailed for Burmah. She returned home after her husband's decease, but followed him soon after.

WATCHING.

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wild over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, wavering to and fro,
Fan the sick air,
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep.
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow.
While prayerful watch I keep—
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are singing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near,—
Sounds these of deepest silence born
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch with shivering sense of pain
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet of the day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;
More heavily the shadows fall
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerful doubt, alone.

Thomas Burbidge.

Burbidge, the friend and school-mate of Arthur Hugh Clough, published with him in 1849 a volume of poems under the title of "Ambarvalia." He was born in England in 1817.

SONNET.

Oh leave thyself to God! and if indeed
'Tis given thee to perform so vast a task,
Think not at all—think not, but kneel and *ask*.
O friend, by thought was never creature freed
From any sin, from any mortal need:
Be patient! not by thought canst thou devise
What course of life for thee is right and wise;
It will be written up, and thou wilt read.
Oft like a sudden pencil of rich light,
Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood,

Will shoot, amid our troubles infinite,
The Spirit's voice; oft, like the balmy flood
Of morn, surprise the universal night
With glory, and make all things sweet and good.

EVEN-TIDE.

Comes something down with even-tide
  Beside the sunset's golden bars,
Beside the floating scents, beside
  The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face,
  Flash after flash the white
Broke up in many a shallow place;
  The rest was soft and bright.

By chance my eye fell on the stream;—
  How many a marvellous power
Sleeps in us,—sleeps, and doth not dream!
  This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,
  No more was in me stirred;
My life was in the river's life,
  And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river we were one:
  The shade beneath the bank,
I felt it cool; the setting sun
  Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene
  I was; the mystery
I felt of having ever been,
  And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour?
  I knew not; but I mourned
When from that realm of awful power
  I to these fields returned.

James T. Fields.

AMERICAN.

Fields was born in 1817, in Portsmouth, N. H. While yet a child he lost his father, a sea-captain. He became a clerk in a Boston book-store, though he had been fitted for college, and his tastes were literary. Successful as a publisher, he withdrew from business in 1863, and attained high popularity as a lecturer. In his few poems he shows a delicate fancy and a fine lyrical vein. His volumes of verse have been printed for private circulation only.

LAST WORDS IN A STRANGE LAND.

Oh to be home again, home again, home again!
  Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill;
Mother is calling me, father is calling me,
  Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, how I long to be wandering, wandering
  Through the green meadows and over the hill;
Sisters are calling me, brothers are calling me,
  Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, once more to be home again, home again,
  Dark grows my sight, and the evening is chill,—
Do you not hear how the voices are calling me,
  Calling me, calling me, calling me still?

AGASSIZ.

Once in the leafy prime of Spring,
  When blossoms whitened every thorn,
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe,
  Where Agassiz was born.

The birds in boyhood he had known,
  Went flitting through the air of May,
And happy songs he loved to hear,
  Made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills
  Run laughing through the valleys green,
And, as I watched it run, I said,
  "This his dear eyes have seen!"

Far cliffs of ice his feet had climbed
  That day outspoke of him to me;
The avalanches seemed to sound
  The name of Agassiz!

And standing on the mountain crag,
  Where loosened waters rush and foam,
I felt that, though on Cambridge side,
  He made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I mused,
  I knew no pang of fear or care,
Or homesick weariness, because
  Once Agassiz stood there!

I walked beneath no alien skies,
  No foreign heights I came to tread,
For everywhere I looked, I saw
  His grand, beloved head.

His smile was stamped on every tree,
The glacier shone to gild his name,
And every image in the lake
Reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys
That could unlock the magic gates
Where Science like a monarch stands,
And sacred Knowledge waits,—

Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks,
Thy memory all the world contains,
For thou couldst bind in human love
All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets
Our warm and deep affections free,—
Who knew thee best must love thee best,
And longest mourn for thee!

Denis Florence McCarthy.

Born in Ireland in 1817, McCarthy published in 1853 an excellent translation of some of the Spanish dramas of Calderon. He is also the author of "Ballads, Poems, and other Lyrics" (1850), "Under Glimpses, and other Poems" (1857), "Bell-Founder, and other Poems" (1857), "Shelley's Early Life" (1872).

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.—CALDERON.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers, that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sun-bright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellet.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Ellet, whose maiden name was Lummis, was a native of Sodus, N. Y., and born in 1818. She married early in life Professor W. H. Ellet. She has published "Poems, Original and Selected," and numerous prose works, of which her "Women of the American Revolution" has passed through many editions.

SONNET.

O weary heart, there is a rest for thee!
O truant heart, there is a blesséd home,
An isle of gladness on life's wayward sea,
Where storms that vex the waters never come!
There trees perennial yield their balmy shade;
There flower-wreathed hills in sunlit beauty sleep;
There meek streams murmur through the verdant glade;
There heaven bends smiling o'er the placid deep,
Winnowed by wings immortal that fair isle!
Vocal its air with music from above!
There meets the exile eye a welcoming smile;
There ever speaks a summoning voice of love
Unto the heavy-laden and distressed,—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

AMERICAN.

The son of a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, Coxe was born in New York in 1818. He graduated at the University of that city in 1838; studied divinity, and became Bishop of Western New York. He began to write poetry while quite young. His "Christian Ballads" have had a large sale both in England and the United States. Among his other works are: "Advent, a Mystery: a Dramatic Poem;" "Athwold: a Romaunt;" "Halloween;" "Athanasion;" "Sermons on Doctrine and Duty;" "Impressions of England," etc.

WATCHWORDS.

We are living,—we are dwelling
  In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
  To be living—is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
  Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth, is Creation's
  Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then! will ye dally,
  With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
  God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
  Faith-clad arms in lazy lock!
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
  Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding!
  Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
  On—right onward, for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
  'Tis no time for idling play,
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
  Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter;
  Thine ambition—trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long Hereafter,
  To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you
  For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
  Tell on ages—tell for God!

MATIN BELLS.

The Sun is up betimes,
  And the dappled East is blushing,
And the merry matin chimes,
  They are gushing—Christian—gushing!
They are tolling in the tower,
  For another day begun;
And to hail the rising hour
  Of a brighter, brighter Sun!
Rise—Christian—rise!
  For a sunshine brighter far
Is breaking o'er thine eyes,
  Than the bonnie morning star!

The lark is in the sky,
  And his morning-note is pouring;
He hath a wing to fly,
  So he's soaring—Christian—soaring!
His nest is on the ground,
  But only in the night;
For he loves the matin sound,
  And the highest heaven's height.
Hark—Christian—hark!
  At heaven-door he sings!
And be thou like the lark,
  With thy soaring spirit-wings!

The merry matin bells,
  In their watch-tower they are swinging;
For the day is o'er the dells,
  And they're singing—Christian—singing!
They have caught the morning beam
  Through their ivied turret's wreath,
And the chancel-window's gleam
  Is glorious beneath:
Go—Christian—go,
  For the altar flameth there,
And the snowy vestments glow
  Of the presbyter at prayer!

There is morning incense flung
  From the child-like lily-flowers;
And their fragrant censer swung,
  Make it ours—Christian—ours!
And hark, the morning hymn,
  And the organ-peals we love!
They sound like cherubim
  At their orisons above!
Pray—Christian—pray,
  At the bonnie peep of dawn,
Ere the dew-drop and the spray
  That christen it are gone!

Thomas Hill.

AMERICAN.

The Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D., was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1818. His parents were both of English birth, and died while he was yet a child. When twelve years old, he was apprenticed to a printer, with whom he remained three years. But he studied Latin and Greek, entered Harvard College, graduated in 1843, and passed two years at the Divinity School. He presided over the Unitarian Church in Waltham, Mass., for fourteen years; in 1859 succeeded Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, Ohio; was thence called to the Presidency of Harvard—an office he held six years, when failing health caused him to resign. He accompanied Agassiz in the voyage of the *Hassler* through the Straits of Magellan. On his return (1873) he was installed over a church in Portland, Maine. Dr. Hill was the first to propose (1847) daily predictions of the weather, founded on telegraphic reports. He is gifted as a mathematician, and published (1849) a valuable little work, entitled "Geometry and Faith." He is one of the most American of our poets, and his productions evince an irrepressible love of Nature. He is the author of some excellent hymns. As versatile in his accomplishments as in his pursuits, a poet and a philosopher, a man of executive ability and an eloquent preacher, he has shown eminent talents in all his undertakings. Four years of his youth in an apothecary's shop made him a skilful pharmacist.

THE BOBOLINK.

Bobolink! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle,
Joyous as my children's prattle,—
Welcome to the North again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and Summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad, ecstatic measure.

A single note so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives us no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our Northern summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more Southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.

ANTIOPA.[1]

At dead of night a south-west breeze
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed at break of day,
Singing his low, sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone wall,
And wakened the butterfly there,

[1] Written in the Straits of Magellan in the spring of 1872. The butterfly which comes out of stone walls in April is *Vanessa antiopa*.

And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stony, rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine
The chambers of my soul,

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within the immortal grew.

THE WINTER IS PAST.[1]

Soft on this April morning,
Breathe, from the South, delicate odors,
Vaguely defined, giving the breezes
Spring-like, delicious zest;—

Breezes from Southern forests,
Bringing us glad tidings of summer's
Promised return; waking from slumber
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel
Tasselled the hedge; maple and alder
Welcomed with bloom the spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly
Fling to the wind joyous assurance,
"Summer is coming North!"

None can express the longing,
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,
Swelling my heart ever, when April
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance,
Filling my soul, gives me assurance,
"Death is but frost; lo! the eternal
Spring-time of heaven shall come."

[1] The measure is an imitation of the Choriambic.

William Wetmore Story.

AMERICAN.

Born in Salem, Mass., in 1819, Story graduated at Harvard in 1838. His father, a judge of the U. S. Supreme Court, was also a poet in his youth. Having a strong artistic taste, William turned his back on the law, and in 1848 went to Rome and became distinguished as a sculptor. He is the author of "Roba di Roma," an excellent descriptive account of modern Rome.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Strive not to say the whole! the Poet in his Art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's silver arc her perfect circle tells,
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

Each act contains the life, each work of Art the world,
And all the planet laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

WETMORE COTTAGE, NAHANT.

The hours on the old piazza
That overhangs the sea,
With a tender and pensive sweetness
At times steal over me;
And again o'er the balcony leaning,
We list to the surf on the beach,
That fills with its solemn warning
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moonlight,
As we sat in the summer gone,
And we talk of art and nature,
And sing as we sit alone;
We sing the old songs of Sorrento,
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,
And our hearts are tender with dreaming
Of days that no more shall be.

How gayly the hours went with us
In those old days that are gone!
Ah! would we were all together,
Where now I am standing alone.
Could life be again so perfect?
Ah, never! these years so drain
The heart of its freshness of feeling,—
But I long, though the longing be vain.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Clough, born at Liverpool, 1819, died of malarial fever at Florence, 1861. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and was on affectionate terms with that noble teacher. "Over the career of none of his pupils," says F. T. Palgrave, "did Arnold watch with a livelier interest or a more sanguine hope." Having won the Baliol scholarship in 1836, Clough went to Oxford, and in 1843 was appointed tutor as well as fellow of Oriel College. His principal poem, "The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich," which he terms "a long vacation pastoral," appeared in 1848. It is written in hexameter verse, and is rich in evidence of his own yearning for the higher truths of life.

His "Amours de Voyage," the result of a holiday of travel in Italy, is in the same measure. It appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly* while Clough was residing (1852) at Cambridge, near Boston, Mass. It is an unsuccessful attempt to give the poetical form to what might have been more aptly and effectively said in prose. "Dipsychus," his third long poem, was written in Venice in 1850. In 1848, from conscientious motives, Clough had given up both his tutorship and his fellowship at Oxford. His life, though uneventful, was full of work, and the great problems of humanity exercised his sincere and searching intellect to the last. As a poet he is very unequal; at times showing himself in his flights the peer of Tennyson, and then lapsing into the commonplace or obscure. In his forty-two years he did much good work, but his life was even richer in promise than in performance. A selection from his papers, with letters and a memoir, edited by his widow, was published in two volumes in 1869.

I WILL NOT ASK TO FEEL THOU ART.

O Thou whose image in the shrine
Of human spirits dwells divine,
Which from that precinct once conveyed,
To be to outer day displayed,
Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
Mere blank, and void of empty mind,
Which wilful fancy seeks in vain
With casual shapes to fill again,—

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
Doth dwell, unknown because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
"The light is here," "behold the way,"
"The voice was thus," and "thus the word,"
And "thus I saw," and "that I heard,"—
But from the lips that half essayed
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of "thus" or "so,"
And be profane with "yes" and "no;"
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er Thou may'st be, art!

Unseen, secure in that high shrine,
Acknowledged present and divine,
I will not ask some upper air,
Some future day, to place Thee there;
Nor say, nor yet deny, such men
And women saw Thee thus or then:
Thy name was such, and there or here
To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain, divine;
There, or if not, at least in eyes
That scan the fact that round them lies,
The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
In sight and sense Thyself divide:
Be Thou but there,—in soul and heart,
I will not ask to feel Thou art.

CONSIDER IT AGAIN.

"Old things need not be therefore true:"
O brother men, nor yet the new!
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain,—
Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do *we* see? each a space
Of some few yards before his face;
Does that the whole wide plan explain?
Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,
And takes its truth from each new day;
They do not quit, nor can retain,
Far less consider it again.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O only Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropped, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart,—
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee,—

Oh not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition—start.

But as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blessed, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.[1]

The following from the "Amours de Voyage" is a specimen of the measure and style of that work, as well as of "The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich."

Dulce it is, and *decorum*, no doubt, for the country to fall,—to
Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the Cause; yet
Still, individual culture is also something, and no man
Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others is called on,
Or would be justified, even, in taking away from the world that
Precious creature, himself. Nature sent him here to abide here;
Else why send him at all? Nature wants him still, it is likely.
On the whole, we are meant to look out for ourselves; it is certain
Each has to eat for himself, digest for himself, and, in general,
Care for his own dear life, and see to his own preservation;
Nature's intentions, in most things uncertain, in this are decisive;
Which, on the whole, I conjecture the Romans will follow, and I shall.
So we cling to our rocks like limpets; Ocean may bluster,
Over and under and round us; we open our shells to imbibe our
Nourishment, close them again, and are safe, fulfilling the purpose
Nature intended,—a wise one, of course, and a noble, we doubt not.
Sweet it may be and decorous, perhaps, for the country to die; but,
On the whole, we conclude, the Romans won't do it, and I sha'n't.

[1] Sweet and becoming it is to die for one's country.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.[1]

As ships becalmed at eve that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamed but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blamed, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!

[1] A fragment of a verse in Virgil:

"Tendunt vela Noti; fugimus spumantibus undis,
Qua cursum ventus-que gubernatorque vocabant."

It may be thus translated:—

"We scud the foaming waters, the south winds swell our sails,
And our way lies where it listeth the pilot and the gales."

Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O, blithe breeze! and O, great seas!
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

IN A GONDOLA.

ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

Afloat; we move—delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
Forever thus—thus glide along!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

Walt Whitman.

AMERICAN.

Whitman was born in 1819 at West Hills, L. I., but moved with his family to Brooklyn, N. Y., while he was yet a child. At thirteen he learned to set type, and a few years later was employed as a teacher in a country school. In 1849 he travelled in the Western States. He drifted to New Orleans, and there, for a year, edited a paper. Returning home, he went into business as a builder—his father's occupation. In 1856 he published "Leaves of Grass," which attracted attention for the rough, untrammelled power it displayed. It was marred, however, by much that was offensive to ears gentle and polite. During the Civil War he was employed in hospitals and camps. He gave the result of his experiences in a thin volume, entitled "Drum Taps." He was on one occasion removed from his post as a Department Clerk, because of the literary sins in his "Leaves of Grass." He has been praised by Emerson, Tennyson, and Ruskin—high authorities in literature. His impulse seems to have been to be true to the thoughts of the moment at all hazards, and to say what came uppermost without regard to consequences. Ruskin, in a letter (1879) ordering copies of Whitman's works, remarked that the reason they excite such furious criticism is, "They are deadly true—in the sense of rifles—against all our deadliest sins:" an assertion which will be contested by many as eccentric if not extravagant.

FROM "THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER."

Now, trumpeter! for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet;
Sing to my soul—renew its languishing faith and hope;
Rouse up my slow belief—give me some vision of the future;
Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.
O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conqueror at last!
Hymns to the universal God, from universal Man—all joy!
A re-born race appears—a perfect world—all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health—all joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals, filled with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

PASSAGES FROM "LEAVES OF GRASS."

O truth of the earth! O truth of things! I am
determined to press my way toward you,
Sound your voice! I scale mountains, or dive into
the sea after you.

* * * * * *

Great is Life, real and mystical, wherever and who-
ever,—
Great is Death:—sure as Life holds all parts to-
gether, Death holds all parts together;
Death has just as much purport as Life has:
Do you enjoy what Life confers?
You shall enjoy what Death confers:
I do not understand the realities of Death, but I
know they are great:
I do not understand the least reality of Life—how
then can I understand the realities of Death?

* * * * * *

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is
spread with the same,
Every cubic foot of the interior swarms with the
same;
Every spear of grass—the frames, limbs, organs, of
men and women, and all that concerns them,
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.
To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of
the waves—the ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

* * * * * *

You felons on trials in courts,
You convicts in prison cells—you sentenced assas-
sins, chained and handcuffed with iron,
Who am I that I am not on trial or in prison?
Me, ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are
not chained with iron, or my ankles with iron?

* * * * * *

I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw
what the not-day exhibited;
I was thinking this globe enough, till there tum-
bled upon me myriads of other globes:
Oh, how plainly I see now that this life cannot
exhibit all to me—as the day cannot;
Oh, I see that I am to wait for what will be ex-
hibited by death.

* * * * * *

O Death!
Oh, the beautiful touch of Death, soothing and be-
numbing a few moments, for reasons;
Oh, that of myself, discharging my excrementitious
body, to be burned, or rendered to powder,
or buried,
My real body doubtless left to me for other spheres,
My voided body, nothing more to me, returning to
the purifications, further offices, eternal uses
of the earth!

* * * * * *

Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the
earth is solid and liquid,
You are he or she for whom the sun and moon
hang in the sky,
For none more than you are the present and the past,
For none more than you is immortality!
Each man to himself, and each woman to herself,
is the word of the past and present, and the
word of immortality:
No one can acquire for another—not one!
Not one can grow for another—not one!

* * * * * *

The earth never tires,
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first—
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first;
Be not discouraged—keep on—there are divine
things, well enveloped,
I swear to you there are divine things more beau-
tiful than words can tell.

Charles Anderson Dana.

AMERICAN.

Born in Hinsdale, N. H., August 8th, 1819, Dana passed two years at Harvard, but left before graduating, on account of an affection of the eyes. He joined George Ripley (1802–1880) and others in the Brook Farm Association. Removing to New York, he became a prominent journalist, and was connected with the *Tribune*. In 1863–'64 he was Assistant Secretary of War. On leaving that post, he bought, with the aid of some associates, the *New York Sun*, which was in a declining condition, and made it a great financial success. He was associated with Ripley in editing *Appleton's Cyclopædia*; and in 1858 he edited "The Household Book of Poetry." His poetry was nearly all written before his twenty-fifth year. One of his early achievements was a tour of Europe on foot. He is a great linguist, and can converse with his foreign guests in their own languages.

MANHOOD.

Dear, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest;
For, like a god toiling in earthly slavery,
Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,
Each darker day a sunnier mien thou wearest.

No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual smile;
No pain is keen enough that it has power
Over thy childlike love, that all the while
Upon the cold earth builds its heavenly bower;—
And thus with thee bright angels make their dwelling,
Bringing thee stores of strength when no man knoweth;
The ocean-stream from God's heart ever swelling,
That forth through each least thing in Nature goeth,
In thee, oh, truest hero, deeper floweth;—
With joy I bathe, and many souls beside
Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go,
Marking with reverent look each passer's face,
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace
That primal soul whereof he is the show.
For here still move, by many eyes unseen,
The blessèd gods that erst Olympus kept;
Through every guise these lofty forms serene
Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept;
But known each thrill that in man's heart hath been,
And every tear that his sad eyes have wept:
Alas for us! the heavenly visitants,—
We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,
Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,
Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests;
But oh! what is it to imperial Jove
That this poor world refuses all his love!

TO R. B.

Belovéd friend! they say that thou art dead,
Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,
Save in the company of the fair and dread,
Along that radiant and immortal shore,
Whither thy face was turned for evermore.
Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,
Never forgetful of that infinite goal;
Salient, electrical, thy weariless soul,
To every faintest vision always leal,
Even 'mid these phantoms made its world ideal.
And so thou hast a most perennial fame,
Though from the earth thy name should perish quite:
When the dear sun sinks golden whence he came,
The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light;
So in our lives impulses born of thine,
Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

Mrs. Harriet Winslow Sewall.

AMERICAN.

Miss Winslow was born in Portland, Me., June 30th, 1819. She is of Quaker extraction. She was married in 1848 to Charles List, of Philadelphia; and some years after his death to Samuel E. Sewall, of Boston. Her summer residence is at Melrose, Mass. In a letter to a friend (1880) she says: "I have written little, and published almost nothing; and most of my verses are of a local or personal nature that would not interest the public." But will the public agree to that after reading her "Why thus Longing?"

WHY THUS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still,
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own,
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the world's applauses,
Not by works that win thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning
When all nature hails the Lord of light,
And his smile, nor low nor lofty scorning,
Gladdens hall and hovel, vale and height?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine,
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier,—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

When gathering clouds are darkly round us lowering,
O'erhanging heavy with impending woe,
And Heaven, to which we turn for help imploring,
Seemingly, by its silence, answers, "No;"—

"We are not worth its heed,"—we say, despairing;
"We are but puppets of relentless law;"
Before a Power, crushing and uncaring,
We bow with reverent, unloving awe.

Ungrateful and presumptuous we, deriding
The Power that knows our needs before we call,
And in advance of them, has been providing
The helping hands to aid us when we fall!

Before we see the light this kind provision
Awaits us in maternal care and love;
Its wondrous divination, intuition,
Are, all recorded miracles, above:

And farther on a band of sisters, brothers,
Holding us with the strongest, tenderest thrall;
And finally the Friend above all others,
The most especial Providence of all!

Julia Ward Howe.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Howe, a daughter of Samuel Ward, a well known banker, was born in the city of New York in 1819. She had the advantage of a thorough education, and in 1843 was married to Samuel G. Howe, the well-known philanthropist of Boston. In 1854 she published "Passion Flowers," a volume of poems; and in 1856 "Words for the Hour." In 1866 appeared her "Later Lyrics," containing her most notable poem, "The Battle Hymn." This seems to have been suggested by one of those improvised effusions, got up, by nobody knows whom, on stirring occasions, and in this case by some one in a company of Boston militia, early in the Civil War. It began: "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," which, being repeated three times, was followed by "His soul is marching on." Then came the refrain, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" This being sung to a spirited melody, the origin of which is also unknown, produced a memorable effect. Mrs. Howe's poem is a refinement on this rough production. She has published several volumes of travels; and is active in all movements for the improvement of the condition of women.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

Speak, for thy servant heareth;
Alone in my lowly bed,
Before I laid me down to rest,
My nightly prayer was said;
And naught my spirit feareth,
In darkness or by day:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before thine altar,
A child before thy might;
No breath within thy temple stirred
The dim and cloudy light;
And still I knew that thou wast there,
Teaching my heart to say—
"Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey."

O God, my flesh may tremble
When thou speakest to my soul;
But it cannot shun thy presence blessed,
Nor shrink from thy control.
A joy my spirit cheereth
That cannot pass away:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

Thou biddest me to utter
Words that I scarce may speak,
And mighty things are laid on me,
A helpless one, and weak:
Darkly thy truth declareth
Its purpose and its way:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

And shouldst Thou be a stranger
To that which Thou hast made?
Oh! ever be about my path,
And hover near my bed.
Lead me in every step I take,
Teach me each word I say:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

How hath thy glory lighted
My lonely place of rest;
How sacred now shall be to me
The spot which Thou hast blessed!
If aught of evil should draw nigh
To bring me shame and fear,
My steadfast soul shall make reply,
"Depart, for God is near!"

I bless thee that thou speakest
Thus to an humble child;
The God of Jacob calls to me
In gentle tones and mild;
Thine enemies before thy face
Are scattered in dismay:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before thee all my days—
Have ministered to thee;
But in the hour of darkness first
Thou speakest unto me.
And now the night appeareth
More beautiful than day:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

Thomas William Parsons.

AMERICAN.

Parsons (1819–18..) was born in Boston, Mass., and educated at the Latin School. He visited Italy with his father in 1836, and accomplished himself in the Italian language. He published in Boston, in 1865, a translation of seventeen cantos of the "Inferno" of Dante; and to these he has since made additions. In 1854 he published a collection of his poems. His translations are masterly, and many of his original lyrics show that his poetical vein is of a quality rich and rare.

SAINT PERAY.

When to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint Peray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,
Once I prayed Saint Dominick;
He was holy, sure, and wise;—
Was't not he that did devise
Auto-da-fé's and rosaries?—
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
In the great cathedral, where
All the ancient kings repose;
But how I was swindled there,
At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,
Reaching Naples,—as I lay
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,
I besought Saint Januarius.
But I was a fool to try him;
Naught I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long

In that pest-house with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things unclean:—
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score,—
In Spain about as many more,—
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,—
Did I pray to—sans reply;
Devil take the tribe!—said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assisi's walls I came:
Sad and full of homesick fancies,
I addressed me to Saint Francis;
But the beggar never did
Anything as he was bid,
Never gave me aught—but fleas,—
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone I found a saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
Potent for the worst complaint.
'Twas at Avignon that first—
In the witching time of thirst—
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blesséd Catholic's name;
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre passed my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,—
Chastened hopes, calm retrospection,—
Softened images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow,—
Charity for what is past,—
Faith in something good at last.

Now why should any almanac
The name of this good creature lack?
Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a saint so sage and merry?
The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.

But since no day hath been appointed,
On purpose, by the Lord's Anointed,
Let us not wait—we'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal! and set your night.

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I watched the swans in that proud park,
Which England's Queen looks out upon;
I sat there till the dewy dark,
And every other soul was gone;
And sitting silent, all alone,
I seemed to hear a spirit say,
Be calm; the night is: never moan
For friendships that have passed away.

The swans that vanished from thy sight
Will come to-morrow at their hour;
But when thy joys have taken flight,
To bring them back no prayer hath power.
'Tis the world's law; and why deplore
A doom that from thy birth was fate?
True, *'tis* a bitter word, "No more!"
But look beyond this mortal state.

Believ'st thou in eternal things?
Thou knowest, in thy inmost heart,
Thou art not clay; thy soul hath wings,
And what thou seest is but part.
Make this thy med'cine for the smart
Of every day's distress: Be dumb,
In each new loss thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

Frederic Dan Huntington.

AMERICAN.

Huntington was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1819. Graduating at Amherst College, he studied divinity in the Cambridge Theological School, and, while quite young, was settled as pastor over the South Congregational Church in Boston. He was appointed Plummer professor at Harvard College, which post he resigned, took orders in the Episcopal Church, and became Rector of Emanuel Church in Boston. Being appointed Bishop of Central New York, he took up his residence in Syracuse, N. Y.

A SUPPLICATION.

O Love Divine! lay on me burdens if Thou wilt,
To break thy faithless one-hour watchman's
shameful sleep!

Turn comforts into awful prophets to my guilt!
Close to thy garden-travail let me wake and weep!

For while the Resurrection waved its signs august,
Like morning's dew-bright banners on a cloudless sky,
My weak feet clung enamored to the parching dust,
And the vain sand's poor pebbles lured my roving eye.

By loneliness or hunger turn and re-create me!
Ordain whatever masters in thy saving school.
Let the whole prosperous host of Fashion's flatterers hate me,
So Thou wilt henceforth bless me with thy gracious rule.

I pray not to be saved, Ascended Lord, from sorrow:
Redeem me only from my fond and mean self-love.
Let each long night of wrestling bring a mourning morrow,
If thus my heart ascend and dwell with Thee [above!

Vales of Repentance mount to hills of high Desire;
Seven times seven suffering years gain the Sabbatic Rest;
Earth's fickle, cruel lap, alternate frost and fire,
Tempers beloved disciples for the Master's breast.

Our work lies wide; men ache and doubt and die;
Thy Ark
Shakes in our hands; Reason and Faith, God's son
And daughter, fight their futile battle in the dark.
Our sluggish eyelids slumber with our task half done.

Oh, bleeding Priest of silent, sad Gethsemané,—
That second Eden where upsprings the Healing Vine,
Press from our careless foreheads drops of sweat for Thee!
Fill us with sacrificial love for souls, like Thine.

Thou who didst promise cheer along with tribulation,
Hold up our trust and keep it firm by much enduring;
Feed fainting hearts with patient hopes of thy salvation: [alluring.
Make glorious service, more than luxury's bed,

Hallow our wit with prayer; our mastery steep in meekness;
Pour on our stumbling studies Inspiration's light:
Hew out for thy dear Church a Future without weakness,
Quarried from thine eternal Order, Beauty, Might!

Met there mankind's great Brotherhood of souls and powers,
Raise Thou full praises from its farthest corners dim;
Pour down, oh steadfast Sun, thy beams on all its towers!
Roll through its world-wide space Faith's Eucharistic Hymn!

O Way for all that live, win us by pain and loss!
Fill all our years with toil,—and comfort with Thy rod!
Through thy ascension cloud, beyond the Cross,
Looms on our sight, in peace, the City of our God!

Thomas Whytehead.

Whytehead was a fellow of St. John's College, England, and was second-class medallist in 1837. He died early in Australia, whither he had gone as a missionary. He twice obtained the University prize for English verse; and was the author of several short poems, printed for private circulation only. He was born about the year 1819. Of the following remarkable poem from his pen there have been several differing versions.

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem;
When visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glory the silent skies record,
Where stands Thy name
In scrolls of flame
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame,—

I gaze o'erhead
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of Heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Softly they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof:
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things,—

A tapestried tent,
To shade us meant,
From the bare everlasting firmament;
When the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,
Like a parchéd scroll,
Shall before my amazéd sight uproll;
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

Oh! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of Days?
Christ us aid!
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed.

James Russell Lowell.

AMERICAN.

Born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, the son of a Unitarian clergyman, Lowell commenced authorship early. His first volume of poems, "A Year's Life," appeared in 1841. He graduated at Harvard in the class of 1838, and commenced the study of law, but soon left it for literature. In 1844 he produced a second series of poems; in 1845, "Conversations on some of the Old Poets;" in 1848, a witty review, in verse, of some of the conspicuous American men of letters, entitled "A Fable for Critics;" also a third series of poems, and "The Bigelow Papers," containing some dainty bits of Yankee humor, and indicating the writer's place in the front rank of American political reformers. In 1869 appeared "Under the Willows, and other Poems," and soon afterward "The Cathedral," perhaps the most mature and vigorous of all his poems. In 1864 appeared "Fireside Travels;" in 1870, a volume of prose essays, entitled "Among my Books;" and in 1871, "My Study Windows," a second collection of essays, chiefly critical.

In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages, etc., in Harvard University. Having taken a somewhat active part in the Presidential canvass of 1876, he was appointed Minister to Spain in 1877, and Minister to England in 1880. His first wife, Maria White (1821–1853), has shown, in some finished verses, that she shared with him the poetic gift. His rank is high among the most original and vigorous of the poets of the age. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, and was also editor for a time of the *North American Review*.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she passed,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

A DAY IN JUNE.

From "Sir Launfal," a Poem.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
The heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illuminated being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
  And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade, and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack!
  We could guess it by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As the grass to be green, or the skies to be blue—
  'Tis the natural way of living.

TO H. W. L.[1]

On his Birthday, February 27, 1807.

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new-moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears—
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls, nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;
Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but found a door
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent rayed
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely, if skill in song the shears may stay,
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may;
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he!

[1] Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it, that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah, let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons!
That some slight good is also wrought,
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

"IN WHOM WE LIVE AND MOVE."

From "The Cathedral."

O Power, more near my life than life itself
(Or what seems life to us in sense immured),
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
Of sunshine and wide air and wingéd things
By sympathy of nature, so do I
Have evidence of Thee so far above,
Yet in and of me! Rather Thou the root
Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,
Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with thought
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,
Walking thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchard's full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low door-way of my tent:
The tent is struck, the vision stays;
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

Charles Kingsley.

Novelist, poet, and theologian, Kingsley (1819–1875) was one of nature's foremost noblemen in act and thought. A native of Devonshire, he studied at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1842. He entered the Church, and became Rector of Eversley. From 1859 to 1869 he was Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. In 1873 he was transferred to a Canonry in Westminster. Two years before his death he travelled and lectured in the United States. A volume of his poems was publish-

ed in 1858. An interesting Memoir of him by his wife appeared in 1878. His mortal remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Anteroom of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
"Wife, and Child, and Father-land."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain:
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the age's gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:—

Be good, my dear, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

AMERICAN.

Holland was born in Belchertown, Mass., 1819. He studied and practised medicine for a time, and was for a year superintendent of schools in Vicksburg, Miss. From 1849 to 1866 he was associate-editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. He travelled in Europe in 1870, and on his return became editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. He is the author of two popular poems—"Bitter Sweet" and "Katrina." As a prose essayist and a novelist he has also been successful in winning the public attention. His "Marble Prophecy, and other Poems," appeared in 1872.

GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God—
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light,
  But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings
  Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men!
  We may borrow the wings to find the way—
  We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
  From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
  But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

WANTED.

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

Samuel Longfellow.

AMERICAN.

Longfellow, brother of the eminent poet, Henry W., was born in Portland, Me., in 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1839, and from the Divinity School in 1846. He has preached in various pulpits, has made several voyages to Europe, and has his home in Cambridge. In his hymns and other poetical productions, he has given ample proof of superior talent.

APRIL.

Again has come the Spring-time,
  With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth-mould,
  And the violet's perfume.

O gardener! tell me the secret
  Of thy flowers so rare and sweet!—
—"I have only enriched my garden
  With the black mire from the street."

NOVEMBER.

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,
  Of olive and gold and brown,
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,
  Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn tempest,
  They were trod by hurrying feet,

And the maids came out with their besoms
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire lost,—
The Summer's precious darlings,
She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!
O golden thoughts and true!
Must I see in the leaves a symbol
Of the fate which awaiteth you?

Richard Dalton Williams.

Williams, a native of Tipperary County, Ireland, was born about the year 1819, and educated in the Catholic College of Carlow. His poetical vein is peculiar, combining tenderness with vehemence. For a time he was a medical student at Dublin; but in 1850 he emigrated to America, and became Professor of Belles-lettres in the Catholic College of Mobile, Ala.

FROM THE "LAMENT FOR CLARENCE MANGAN."

Yes, happy friend, the cross was thine;
'Tis o'er a sea of tears
Predestined souls must ever sail,
To reach their native spheres:
May Christ, the crowned of Calvary,
Who died upon a tree,
Bequeath his tearful chalice
And the bitter cross to me!

The darkened land is desolate,—
A wilderness of graves;
Our purest hearts are prison-bound,
Our exiles on the waves:
Gaunt Famine stalks the blasted plains—
The pestilential air
O'erhangs the gasp of breaking hearts,
Or the stillness of despair.

No chains are on *thy* folded hands,
No tears bedim thine eyes,
But round thee bloom celestial flowers
In ever tranquil skies;
While o'er our dreams thy mystic songs,
Faint, sad, and solemn flow,
Like light that left the distant stars
Ten thousand years ago.

Thou wert a voice of God on earth—
Of those prophetic souls,
Who hear the fearful thunder
In the Future's womb that rolls:
And the warnings of the angels,
As the midnight hurried past,
Rushed in upon thy spirit,
Like a ghost-o'erladen blast.

If any shade of earthliness
Bedimmed thy spirit's wings,
Well cleansed thou art in Sorrow's
Ever salutary springs:
And even bitter suffering,
And still more bitter sin,
Shall only make a soul like thine
More beautiful within,

Tears deck the soul with virtues,
As soft rains the flowery sod,
And the inward eyes are purified
For clearer dreams of God.
'Tis Sorrow's hand the temple-gates
Of holiness unbars—
By day we only see the earth,
'Tis night reveals the stars.

Alas! alas!—the Minstrel's fate!—
His life is short and drear,
And if he win a wreath at last,
'Tis but to shade a bier;
His harp is fed with wasted life,—
To tears its numbers flow—
And strung with chords of broken hearts
Is Dream-land's splendid woe!

But now—a cloud transfigured,
All luminous, auroral—
Thou joinest the Trisagion
Of choired immortals choral;
While all the little discords here
But render more sublime
The joy-bells of the universe
From starry chime to chime!

O Father of the harmonies
Eternally that roll
Life, light, and love to trillioned suns,
Receive the Poet's soul!
And bear him in thy bosom
From this vale of tears and storms,
To swell the sphere-hymns thundered
From the rushing, starry swarms!

John Campbell Shairp.

Born in Linlithgowshire, Scotland, in 1819, Shairp was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and Baliol College, Oxford. In 1868 he was appointed Principal of the University of St. Andrews. He has published "Kilmahoe, and other Poems" (1864); "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy" (1868); "Lectures on Culture and Religion" (1870); and "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature" (1877).

SONNET: RELIEF.

Who seeketh finds: what shall be his relief
Who hath no power to seek, no heart to pray,
No sense of God, but bears as best he may,
A lonely, incommunicable grief?
What shall he do? One only thing he knows,
That his life flits a frail uneasy spark
In the great vast of universal dark,
And that the grave may not be all repose.
Be still, sad soul! lift thou no passionate cry,
But spread the desert of thy being bare
To the full searching of the All-seeing eye:
Wait—and through dark misgiving, blank despair,
God will come down in pity, and fill the dry
Dead place with light and life and vernal air.

Thomas Dunn English.

AMERICAN.

Born in Philadelphia in 1819, English became a member of the medical profession. He has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and published in 1855 a volume of poems, and in 1880 one of spirited American ballads, issued by the Messrs. Harper.

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

Alice and Phœbe Cary.

AMERICANS.

The sisters, Alice Cary (1820–1871) and Phœbe Cary (1824–1871), were born on a farm, eight miles north of Cincinnati, O. Alice began writing for newspapers and magazines before she was sixteen. In 1850 a volume of poems by her and Phœbe appeared, edited by Griswold. In 1851 the sisters moved to the city of New York, and managed, with the strictest economy, to support themselves by their literary efforts. They wrote novels and poems, indicating rare poetic sensibility. Their creed was Universalism; and deep religious feeling characterizes the writings of both. There is a jubilant tone in Alice's last hymn.

ALICE'S LAST HYMN.

Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives—
That I shall live, I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King.
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

THOU THAT DRAWEST ASIDE THE CURTAIN.

From "The Lover's Diary."

Alice Cary.

Thou that drawest aside the curtain,
Letting in the moon's broad beams,
Give me back the sweet, th' uncertain—
Give, oh give me back my dreams.

Take the larger light and grander,
Piercing all things through and through;
Give me back the misty splendor,
Give me back the darling dew.

Take the harvest's ripe profusions,
Golden as the evening skies;
Give me back my soft delusions,
Give me back my wondering eyes.

Take the passionless caresses
All to waveless calm allied;
Give me back my heart's sweet guesses,
And my hopes unsatisfied.

Thou that mak'st the real too real,
Oh, I pray thee, get thee hence!
Give me back my old ideal,
Give me back my ignorance.

THOU AND I.

Phœbe Cary.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou safe beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid time's shade.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest-tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost:
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life:
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river;
Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust.

NEARER HOME.

Phœbe Cary.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before!

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer that bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying dimly between,
Winding down through the night,
Lies the dark and uncertain stream
That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my feeble faith!
Let me feel as I shall when I stand
On the shores of the river of death:—

Feel as I would were my feet
Even now slipping over the brink,—
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

Anna Mowatt-Ritchie.

AMERICAN.

Anna Cora Ogden (1820-1870) was born in Bordeaux, France, while her father, Samuel G. Ogden, a New York merchant, was residing there. In 1826 the family, a large one, returned to New York—two of the children having been swept overboard and lost on the voyage. Anna married James Mowatt in 1837. Owing to his financial misfortunes, she went on the stage, and had considerable success as an actress. She wrote plays, poems, and novels, showing great facility in composition. Mr. Mowatt having been dead some years, she married, in 1854, Mr. Ritchie, editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*. They passed some time in Europe; but he returned home, and left her there. She died at Twickenham, on the Thames—having endeared herself to many distinguished persons by her intellectual gifts, and her activity in all good and charitable works. Mary Howitt wrote of her: "How excellent in character, how energetic, unselfish, devoted, is this interesting woman!" She wrote "The Autobiography of an Actress," which had a large sale; also "Pelayo, a Poem," published by the Messrs. Harper.

TO A BELOVED ONE.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in my eyes never shone,
But ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys they have ever been mine,
Thy sorrows too often thine own;
The sun that on me still would shine,
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear
For once—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear.

Mrs. Anne (Lynch) Botta.

AMERICAN.

Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch was born about 1820, in Bennington, Vt.—the daughter of a gallant Irishman, who, having partaken in the rebellion of 1798, was banished from his native country. She was educated in Albany. A handsomely illustrated volume of her poems was published in 1848. She is the author of a valuable "Hand-book of Universal Literature," and has contributed largely to periodical literature. She was married in 1855 to Vincenzo Botta (born 1818), Professor of Italian Literature in the University of the City of New York, and a relative of Charles Botta, who wrote a history of the American Revolution.

LOVE WINS LOVE.

Go forth in life, O friend, not seeking love,—
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passer-by
The alms his strong necessities may move:—
For *such* poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,—
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;—
But thy heart's affluence lavish, uncontrolled;
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

O clouds and winds and streams, that go your way,
Obedient to fulfil a high behest,
Unquestioning, without or haste or rest,—
Your only law to be and to obey,—
O all ye beings of the earth and air
That people these primeval solitudes,
Where never doubt nor discontent intrudes,—
In your divine accordance let me share;
Lift from my soul this burden of unrest,
Take me to your companionship; teach me
The lesson of your rhythmic lives; to be
At one with the great All, and in my breast
Silence this voice, that asks forever "why,
And whence, and where?"—unanswerable cry!

THE LESSON OF THE BEE.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

Marian Evans Cross (George Eliot).

Mrs. Cross, whose maiden name was Marian C. Evans, was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1820. She united herself informally to George Henry Lewes, an eminent English philosophical writer (1817–1878), who was separated from his wife, but, on account of legal obstacles, not regularly divorced. About two years after the death of Lewes she married (1880) Mr. Cross, her financial agent, said to be about twenty years her junior. As Miss Evans she translated Feuerbach and Strauss, both atheistic writers. Under the pseudonyme of George Eliot, she published "Scenes of Clerical Life" (1858); "Adam Bede" (1859); "The Mill on the Floss" (1860); "Silas Marner" (1861); "Romola" (1863); "Felix Holt" (1866); "Middlemarch" (1871); "Daniel Deronda" (1876). Of poetry she has published "The Spanish Gypsy" (1868), a drama in blank verse, interspersed with short lyrical pieces; "The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems." Her reputation as a novelist far exceeds what she has won by her poetry. That lacks spontaneity, and she does not reach the art to conceal art. The following often-quoted passage, in which, with an artificial show of enthusiasm, she attempts to glorify the aspiration to an immortality of mortal influence, as if it were a desideratum superior to that of immortal life (belief in which she rejects), is a proof of the way in which she has made the intellect dominate the natural affections and emotions of the heart of humanity:

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.—So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
* * * * * *
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.—*This is life to come,*—
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion evermore intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

The real sentiment of these lines is, that the good influences, which a man may posthumously shed on the human generations, form the true, the desirable, the unselfish, and the only real immortality. Were not the meaning subtly disguised in the gush of a forced enthusiasm, the passage would hardly have the effect of poetry upon the mind that craves reunion with loved ones gone before, and has great philosophical, religious, and psychophysiological reasons for its expectations. As a critic in *Harper's Magazine* aptly remarks: "The philosophy is a pitiful and painful one. Were it truth, it still would *not* be poetry; there is in it nothing inspiring: no rhythmical attire, no poetic ornament, can redeem it from its essential coldness and lifelessness. In depicting the known and the present, George Eliot is almost without a peer. In attempting to soar into the unseen and unknown, she fails. To her there is, in truth, no unseen, no unknown."

DAY IS DYING.

From "The Spanish Gypsy."

Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiems chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time, he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting;
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
July deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

Maturin M. Ballou.

AMERICAN.

Ballou, the son of Hosea Ballou, a distinguished Universalist clergyman, was born in Boston in 1820. He was fitted for Harvard College, and passed his examination, but did not enter. His tastes led him to an editorial career. He became connected with the *Olive Branch*, a flourishing weekly paper, in 1838. From that time to the present, excepting his visits to Europe, he has not lost his connection with the Press a single week. He is the author of "The Treasury of Thought," "Biography of Hosea Ballou," "The History of Cuba," etc. He has also exhibited, in his short lyrical pieces, a marked taste for poetry.

FLOWERS.

Is there not a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in these delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep color?—George Eliot.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell,—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

Illumined words from God's own hand,
How fast my pulses beat,
As each quick sense in rapture comes,
Your varied sweets to greet!
Alone and in silence, I love you best,
For mine is the old belief,
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

Ye are prophets sent to this heedless world,
The sceptic's heart to teach—
And 'tis well to read your lore aright,
And mark the creed ye preach.
I never could pass ye careless by,
For mine is the old belief,
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

William Cox Bennett.

Bennett is the son of a watch-maker, and was born at Greenwich, England, in 1820. About 1845 he began to contribute poems to the English periodicals; but it was not till the publication of his volume of 1861 that he won a place in literature. His themes are of domestic joys and sorrows, and the beauties of nature; in his treatment of which he shows true feeling and a cultivated taste. He belongs to the school of Hunt and Keats, and occasionally reminds us of Herrick and Wither. Among his works are: "War Songs" (1855); "Baby May, and other Poems on Infants" (1861); "Songs for Sailors" (1873).

A MAY-DAY SONG.

Out from cities haste away:
This is earth's great holiday;
Who can labor while the hours
In with songs are bringing May,
Through the gaze of buds and flowers,
Through the golden pomp of day!
Haste, oh, haste;
'Tis sin to waste
In dull work so sweet a time;
Joy and song
Of right belong
To the hours of Spring's sweet prime;
Golden beams and shadows brown,
Where the roofs of knotted trees
Fling a pleasant coolness down,
Footing it, the young May sees;
In their dance, the breezes now
Dimple every pond you pass;
Shades of leaves from every bough
Leaping, beat the dappled grass;
Birds are noisy—bees are humming
All because the May's a-coming;
All the tongues of nature shout,
Out from towns—from cities out;
Out from every busy street;
Out from every darkened court;
Through the field-paths, let your feet
Lingering go, in pleasant thought;
Out through dells, the violet's haunting;
Out where golden rivers run;
Where the wallflower's gayly flaunting
In the livery of the sun;
Trip it through the shadows hiding
Down in hollow winding lanes;
Where through leaves the sunshine gliding,
Deep with gold the woodland stains;
Where in all her pomp of weeds,
Nature, asking but the thanks
Of our pleasure, richly pranks
Painted heaths and wayside banks,
Smooth-mown lawns and green deep meads;
Leave the noisy bustling town
For still glade and breezy down;
Haste away
To meet the May;
This is earth's great holiday.

A THOUGHT.

"God wills but ill," the doubter said—
"Lo, time doth evil only bear;
Give me a sign His love to prove—
His vaunted goodness to declare."

The poet paused by where a flower,
A simple daisy, starred the sod,
And answered, "Proof of love and power—
Behold—behold a smile of God."

Henry Howard Brownell.

AMERICAN.

In 1864 a volume of verse appeared in New York, in which a higher and bolder strain than we had been accustomed to seemed to be struck. It was modestly entitled "Lyrics of a Day; or, Newspaper Poetry by a Volunteer in the United States Service," and was from the pen of Henry Howard Brownell (1820–1872). It was not his first venture in verse. He had published a volume some fifteen years before, giving ample promise of something better. He was a native of East Hartford, Conn., and a nephew of the well-known Bishop Brownell of that State. Henry graduated at Trinity College, taught school for awhile, and when the Civil War broke out entered the naval service as a volunteer, and took part in several of the great sea-fights in the Southern waters. These he has described in two spirited poems of some length, entitled severally "The River Fight" and "The Bay Fight;" the latter first published in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1864. They were the outcome of his own experiences—of what he had been personally engaged in—and bear the marks of that earnest sincerity and graphic power, which could only come from the union of imaginative force with actual recollection. "Some of the descriptions," he says, "might seem exaggerated, but better authorities than I am say they are not." Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes of him:

> "Little did he crave
> Men's praises. Modestly, with kindly mirth,
> Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate,—
> Drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men,
> Cities and camps, and War's immortal woe;
> Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate—
> His spirit is not whiter now than then!)
> A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow."

In the Preface to his Lyrics, Brownell says of them: "Penned, for the most part, on occasion, from day to day (and often literally *currente calamo*), they may well have admitted instances of diffuseness, contradiction, or repetition."

AT SEA: A FRAGMENT.

On a night like this, how many
  Must sit by the hearth, like me,—
Hearing the stormy weather,
  And thinking of those at sea!
Of the hearts chilled through with watching,
  The eyes that wearily blink,
Through the blinding gale and snow-drift,
  For the Lights of Navesink!

Like a dream, 'tis all around me—
  The gale with its steady boom,
And the crest of every roller
  Torn into mist and spume;—
The shroud of snow and of spoon-drift
  Driving like mad a-lee—
And the huge black hulk that wallows
  Deep in the trough of the sea!

The creak of cabin and bulk-head—
  The wail of rigging and mast,—
The roar of the shrouds, as she rises
  From a deep lee-roll to the blast;—
The sullen throb of the engine,
  Whose iron heart never tires,—
The swarthy faces that redden
  By the glare of his caverned fires!

The binnacle slowly swaying
  And nursing the faithful steel—
And the grizzled old quartermaster,
  His horny hands on the wheel:—
I can see it—the little cabin—
  Plainly as if I were there—
The chart on the old green table,
  The book, and the empty chair!

FROM "THE BAY FIGHT."

MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

Three days through sapphire seas we sailed,
  The steady Trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
  We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
  In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
  And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
  In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
  The burning glare, the barren reach
  Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
  The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
  Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet, coastwise as we cruised or lay,
  The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,
By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
  Sweet odors from the enemy's shore,—

Fresh from the forest solitudes,
Unchallenged of his sentry-lines—
The bursting of his cypress buds,
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
Nor bolder flag a foe to dare,
Had left a wake on ocean blue
Since Lion-heart sailed *Trenc-le-mer!*

But little gain by that dark ground
Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath
For friend or brother strangely found,
'Scaped from the drear domain of death.

And little venture for the bold,
Or laurel for our valiant Chief,
Save some blockaded British thief,
Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood—
Or dull bombardment, day by day,
With fort and earthwork, far away,
Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time—but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame!

"Man your starboard battery!"
Kimberly shouted—
The ship, with her hearts of oak,
Was going, 'mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!
None of us doubted,
No, not our dying—
Farragut's flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right—
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha, old ship! do they thrill,
The brave two hundred scars
You got in the River-wars?
That were leeched with clamorous skill
(Surgery savage and hard),
Splinted with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarfing and seam,
Rudely linted and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch,
And sutured with splice and hitch,
At the Brooklyn Navy-yard!

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown,
(Wont of old renown)—
But every ship was dressed
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day;
Sixty flags and three,
As we floated up the bay—
Every peak and mast-head flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue—
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
The weaker lashed to port,
On we sailed, two by two—
That if either a bolt should feel
Crash through caldron or wheel,
Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,
Her mate might bear her through.

Forging boldly ahead,
The great flag-ship led,
Grandest of sights!
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our Leader's dauntless Blue,
That had waved o'er twenty fights—
So we went, with the first of the tide,
Slowly, 'mid the roar
Of the rebel guns ashore,
And the thunder of each full broadside.

Ah, how poor the prate
Of statute and State,
We once held with these fellows—
Here, on the flood's pale-green,
Hark how he bellows,
Each bluff old Sea-lawyer!
Talk to them, Dahlgren,
Parrott and Sawyer!

On, in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the line of death
That our devilish foe had laid—
Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villanous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, O sight forlorn!
  There, while the cannon
    Hurtled and thundered—
  (Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn!)—
Caught by the under-death,
In the drawing of a breath,
  Down went dauntless Craven,
    He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,
  A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her
  Like the crest of a breaking wave—
In that great iron coffin,
  The channel for their grave,
  The fort their monument
(Seen afar in the offing),
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
  And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
  Closing up in their stations—
There are minutes that fix the fate
  Of battles and of nations
  (Christening the generations)—
When valor were all too late,
  If a moment's doubt be harbored—
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old Chief—
    "Go on!"—'twas all he said:
  Our helm was put to starboard,
    And the *Hartford* passed ahead.

Ahead lay the *Tennessee*,
  On our starboard bow he lay,
With his mail-clad consorts three,
  (The rest had run up the Bay)—
There he was belching steam from his bow,
And the steam from his throat's abyss
Was a Dragon's maddened hiss—
  In sooth a most curséd craft!—
In a sullen ring, at bay,
By the Middle Ground they lay,
  Raking us fore and aft.

  Trust me our berth was hot,
  Ah, wickedly well they shot—
How their death-bolts howled and stung!
  And the water-batteries played
  With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung;
So the battle raged and roared—
Ah, had you been aboard
  To have seen the fight we made!

* * * * * *

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

Blue Gulf all around us,
  Blue sky overhead,—
Muster all on the quarter,
  We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
  Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
  Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from,
  We know—and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
  On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
  Reason drifting awreck,
"'Tis my watch," he would mutter,
  "I must go upon deck!"

Ay, on deck—by the foremast!—
  But watch and lookout are done;
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
  How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
  Stay the hurrying shaft!
Let the roll of the ocean
  Cradle our giant craft—
Gather around the grating,
  Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
  To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
  Every head be bare—
The soft trade-wind is lifting
  A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
  (A little spray on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
  And the trust a true heart seeks—
"We therefore commit his body
  To the deep"—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin,—
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft!
Loose to'gallant and top-sail,
The breeze is fair abaft!
Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead—
Every man to his duty!
We have buried our dead.

1858.

Henry Rootes Jackson.

AMERICAN.

Gen. Jackson, a native of Athens, Ga., was born in the year 1820. He was educated in Edgehill Seminary, Princeton, N. J., and at Yale College, where he graduated in 1839. A lawyer by profession, he resides in Savannah. He distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and also in the war for Southern separation from the Union. He was United States Minister at Vienna from 1853 to 1858. He is the author of "Tallulah, and other Poems" (1858), full of evidences of genuine emotion, finding fit utterance in lyrical expression.

MY FATHER.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow, and locks of white!

My father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep,
The soothing drops refused to roll;
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made,
When last they feebly trod the earth;

And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand;
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn, like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree!—

Then, father, *then* for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly,
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things their real hue take on,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
With thee, above the stars, alone!

THE LIVE-OAK.

With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
Has rested from the chase;

And he here has wooed his dusky maid—
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies:
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
And he moans above their grave.

And the agéd oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower toward the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free,
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea!

When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh! may those hearts be as firm and true,
When the war-clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
Beneath our Southern sun.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh! dearest one,
Whose love mine early life hath blessed—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh! guard the little sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother-wife; the doubly dear—
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirit yet.

Now, as she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while, by Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast,
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone,
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Wherever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild;
By day, by night, in joy, or woe,
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

Frederick Locker.

Locker, born in 1821, has published "London Lyrics" (1857), a volume of *vers de société*, which has passed through several editions. He has also edited a book of drawing-room poetry, called "Lyra Elegantiarum." His effusions at times seem to be colored somewhat by his reminiscences of Praed and Holmes; but he not unfrequently dashes into a style of his own. He assigns to Holmes the first place among living writers of *vers de société*. Locker may be read with pleasure, for his gayety is always sweet and genial.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

She passed up the aisle on the arm of her sire,
A delicate lady in bridal attire,
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;
Half London was there, and, my word, there were few

That stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
  But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

O beautiful Bride! So meek in thy splendor,
So frank in thy love and its trusting surrender,
  Departing you leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy bosom, unsought,
And may Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,
  Prove worthy thy worship,—confound him!

THE UNREALIZED IDEAL.

My only love is always near:
  In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
  The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young;
  Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung
  And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads;
  And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
  She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
  To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice—ah me! it seems
  Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
  And youth beguiled the chase;
I follow, follow still, for I
  Shall never see her face!

Horace Binney Sargent.

AMERICAN.

Sargent was born in Quincy, Mass., in 1821. His father was Lucius Manlius Sargent (1786–1867), who published a volume of poems in his youth, and in his latter days was a writer of essays, full of wit, in the style of Montaigne. Horace graduated at Harvard College in 1843, being first in his class. He was admitted to the Bar in 1845. He recruited the First Massachusetts Cavalry in 1861, in the war for the Union; became colonel, and was breveted brigadier-general March 21st, 1864; but was discharged from service September 29th, 1864, for disability from wounds in action. The fine poem we quote was written in his tent on a saddle-box, the night after a sharp fighting reconnoissance. His younger brother, Lucius Manlius, Jr., who also had poetical and artistic tastes, entered the army as a surgeon, became captain of cavalry, was obliged by a wound in the lungs to go home on a furlough; after a brief respite, rejoined his regiment as lieutenant-colonel, and was killed in action by a shell, December 9th, 1864, near Bellfield, Va., while leading a gallant charge against the enemy.

AFTER "TAPS."

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
  As I lay with my blanket on,
By the dim fire-light, in the moonlit night,
  When the skirmishing fight was done.

The measured beat of the sentry's feet,
  With the jingling scabbard's ring!
Tramp! tramp! in my meadow-camp
  By the Shenandoah's spring!

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams
  On a row of pale grave-stones:
Give the bugle breath, and that image of Death
  Will fly from the reveillé's tones.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof
  Makes the frosty hill-side ring:
Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of Death
  To each horse's girth will spring.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
  The sentry before my tent,
Guards in gloom his chief, for whom
  Its shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare
  I think of the ghost within;
Of the brave who died at my sword-hand side,
  To-day, 'mid the horrible din

Of shot and shell and the infantry yell,
  As we charged with the sabre drawn.
To my heart I said, "Who shall be the dead
  In *my* tent at another dawn?"

I thought of a blossoming almond-tree,
  The stateliest tree that I know;
Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;
  And a lamp that is burning low.

Oh, thoughts that kill! I thought of the hill
  In the far-off Jura chain;
Of the two, the three, o'er the wide salt sea,
  Whose hearts would break with pain;

Of my pride and joy—my eldest boy;
Of my darling, the second—in years;
Of *Willie*, whose face with its pure, mild grace,
Melts memory into tears;

Of their mother, my bride, by the Alpine lake's side,
And the angel asleep in her arms;
Love, Beauty, and Truth, which she brought to my youth,
In that sweet April day of her charms.

"HALT! *Who comes there?*" The cold midnight air
And the challenging word chills me through:
The ghost of a fear whispers, close to my ear,
"Is peril, love, coming to you?"

The hoarse answer, "RELIEF," makes the shade of a grief
Die away, with the step on the sod.
A kiss melts in air, while a tear and a prayer
Confide my beloved to God.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
With a solemn pendulum-swing!
Though *I* slumber all night, the fire burns bright,
And my sentinels' scabbards ring.

"Boot and saddle!" is sounding. Our pulses are bounding.
"To horse!" And I touch with my heel
Black Gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks,
With my heart, like my sabre, of steel.

Amelia B. Welby.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Welby (1821–1852) was born at St. Michael's, Md. Her maiden name was Coppuck. Her father removed to Louisville, Ky., in 1835, where, in 1838, she was married to Mr. Welby, a merchant of that city. She began to write for the *Louisville Journal* under the signature of "Amelia." Poe, not always an unbiassed judge, said of her: "As for our *poetesses* (an absurd but necessary word), few of them approach her." A volume of her poems was published in Boston in 1844, and went through four editions. Another appeared in New York in 1850.

TWILIGHT AT SEA:—A FRAGMENT.

The twilight hours, like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft, unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time hath dimmed its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes! from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sheds a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

O sunny tress! the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave,
With all thy sister-tresses now
Lies cold within the grave:
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Cornelius George Fenner.

AMERICAN.

A modest little volume of eighty-seven pages, entitled "Poems of Many Moods," appeared in Boston in 1846, published by Little & Brown. It was from the pen of Fenner, of whom we know little except that he was born in Providence in 1822, and died in 1847 in Cincinnati, where he had been settled as a Unitarian minister. His "Gulf-Weed" shows that young as he was he had in him the elements of the true poet.

WINNIPISEOGEE LAKE.

The blue waves gently kiss the strand,
And flow along the pebbly shore,
Then rippling leave the verdant land,
And seek the lake's calm breast once more.

No white sail gleams upon the wave,
Nor motion hath it, save its own
Bright flow of waters, and no sound
Save its own gentle moan.

And deep and pure the summer blue
Reflected in its bosom lies,—
And mirrored there intensely true
The thousand-tinted foliage dyes!
Far towering stretch the pine-trees round,
And from those leafy seas so dim
I hear the wind's mysterious sound,
Like faint heard angel's hymn.

Nature, kind mother! from this scene
Of holy and serenest calm,
May the sad soul a lesson glean,
A soothing tone 'mid life's alarm:—
To bid each stormy passion rest,
And lie in lake-like, calm repose,
With sunshine sleeping on my breast,
Till death-shades round me close.

GULF-WEED.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear;
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole:
Growth unfolding amid unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

AMERICAN.

Read (1822–1872) was a native of Chester, Pa. His advantages of early education were limited. When fourteen, he went to Cincinnati, and became a pupil of the sculptor, Clevenger; but soon turned his attention to painting, in which he was financially successful. The poetical element was strong in his nature, as some of his shorter pieces show. He published three long poems, "The New Pastoral," "The House by the Sea," and "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies." In 1850, and again in 1853, he visited Italy. The last few years of his life were spent in Rome. Returning to New York, he died there after a short illness. Among his ballads "Sheridan's Ride" has been quite popular; but his "Drifting" (published 1859) is far the most memorable of his poems.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;—
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like water-falls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away!

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away!

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away!

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away!

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,

And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away!

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both:
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray:
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

1864.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile, armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest, and a plenteous year:—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage-loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And, in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords, to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed—
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

Matthew Arnold.

Born at Laleham, in England, 1822, Arnold was the eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold of Rugby School. He has published several volumes of poems, and a tragedy, entitled "Merope." As a theological writer he has also won distinction. His poetry, though not of the obvious and popular kind, is evidently the work of a profound thinker, a scholar, and a true poet. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea, and to the stars I send,—
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me!
Calm me, ah! compose me, to the end!"

"Ah! once more," I cried, "ye stars! ye waters!
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer,—
"Would'st thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in my own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery."

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom:—
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,

To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide, aërial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

DR. ARNOLD.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left in vain:
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast,
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,

Sternly repressest the bad,
Still, like a trumpet dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

That son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth, amid a festal throng,
Sat with his bride to see a public show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way—crash fell a platform! Lo!

'Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

Thomas Lake Harris.

Harris was born at Fenny-Stratford, England, May 15, 1823, and brought to America when only five years old. The career of Harris is a study for the psychologist. Impulsive and impressionable, he became at an early age a Universalist preacher. In 1850 he was one of the leaders in a movement for a communist settlement at Mountain Cove, Fayette County, Virginia. It was not a success. He lectured for a time in opposition to Christianity, but this phase of his doctrinal belief was transient: he claimed a new development, became zealously Christian, and assumed a theosophic authority. He taught that in many mediums the possession is of a demoniac, rather than of an angelic origin; and he admitted that he had at times been under the influence of these "subjective devils," from whom he was now happily free. Believing that his inspiration was at length purely divine,

he became somewhat dictatorial in his tone. There is no evidence that he has not been conscientious and sincere in all his changes. As a writer he is forcible and eloquent. After preaching in London (1859, '60), he returned to the United States, and organized a new society. William Howitt says of him: "He arrives at his conclusions by flashes of intuition." In what appeared to be a state of trance, he dictated his poems, a volume at a time, or as fast as his amanuensis—generally his publisher—could write. The chief of these productions are: "The Epic of the Starry Heavens" (New York, 1854; fourth edition, 1855); "The Lyric of the Morning Land" (1854); "The Lyric of the Golden Age" (1856); "Regina, a Song of Many Days" (London, 1859). The amazing celerity with which these remarkable poems, all showing extraordinary literary facility and bursts of true poetry, were written is attested by Mr. S. B. Brittan and others. Among the distinguished converts who followed Harris was Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, an English author of note. In 1880 Harris was the chief of a society, called "The Brotherhood of the New Life," established at Fountain Grove, Santa Rosa, Cal. He says of his poems: "They are not mine; they are the work of mighty poets in their glory above." In this extraordinary assertion he was doubtless sincere.

THE SPIRIT-BORN.[1]

Night overtook me ere my race was run,
  And mind, which is the chariot of the soul,
Whose wheels revolve in radiance like the sun,
  And utter glorious music as they roll
    To the eternal goal,
With sudden shock stood still. I heard the boom
  Of thunders; many cataracts seemed to pour
From the invisible mountains; through the gloom
  Flowed the great waters; then I knew no more
    But this, that thought was o'er.

As one who, drowning, feels his anguish cease,
  And clasps his doom, a pale but gentle bride,
And gives his soul to slumber and sweet peace,
  Yet thrills when living shapes the waves divide,
    And moveth with the tide,
So, sinking deep beneath the unknown sea
  Of intellectual sleep, I rested there;
I knew I was not dead, though soon to be,
  But still alive to love, to loving care,
    To sunshine and to prayer.

And Life and Death and Immortality,
  Each of my being held a separate part;
Life there, as sap within an o'erblown tree;
  Death there, as frost, with intermitting smart;
    But in the secret heart
The sense of immortality, the breath
  Of being indestructible, the trust
In Christ, of final triumph over death,
  And spiritual blossoming from dust,
    And heaven with all the just.

The soul, like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown,
  Lay tranced in beauty in its silent cell;
The spirit slept, but dreamed of worlds unknown,
  As dreams the chrysalis within its shell
    Ere summer breathes her spell.
But slumber grew more deep till morning broke,
  The Sabbath morning of the holy skies;
An angel touched my eyelids, and I woke;
  A voice of tenderest love said, "Spirit, rise,"—
    I lifted up mine eyes,

And lo! I was in Paradise. The beams
  Of morning shone o'er landscapes green and gold,
O'er trees with star-like clusters, o'er the streams
  Of crystal, and o'er many a tented fold,
    A patriarch—as of old
Melchisedec might have approached a guest—
  Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,
And bade me welcome to the Land of Rest,
  And led me upward, wondering, but content,
    Into his milk-white tent.

[1] Harris claims to have uttered this under the control of the spirit of Robert Southey, who, it will be remembered, died insane. There is both method and beauty in the "madness"—if such it be.

Robert Leighton.

A man of genius and true poetical tastes, Leighton (1822–1869) was a native of Dundee. He engaged in mercantile pursuits in Liverpool. In 1855 he put forth a volume entitled "Rhymes and Poems," which was reprinted in 1861. Another volume of poems from his pen, published in 1869, was received with much favor.

YE THREE VOICES.

Ye glasse was at my lippe,
  Clear spirit sparkling was;
I was about to sippe,
  When a voice came from ye glasse:
"And would'st thou have a rosie nose,
  A blotchéd face and vacant eye,
A shakey frame that feeblie goes,
  A form and feature alle awry,—
A bodie racked with rheumic paine,
  A burnt-up stomach, fevered braine,

A muddie mind that cannot thinke?
Then drinke, drinke, drinke."

Thus spoke ye voice and fledde,
Nor any more did say;
But I thought on what it saide,
And I threw ye glasse away.

Ye pipe was in my mouth,
Ye first cloude o'er me broke;
I was to blow another,
When a voice came from ye smoke.

Come, this must be a hoaxe!
Then I'll snuffe if I may not smoke;
But a voice came from ye boxe!
And thus these voices spoke:

"And would'st thou have a swimmie hedde,
A smokie breath and blackened tooth?
And would'st thou have thy freshness fade,
And wrinkle up thy leafe of youthe?
Would'st have thy voice to lose its tone,
Thy heavenly note a bagpipe's drone?
If thou would'st thy health's channels choke,
Then smoke, smoke, smoke;
Ye pipes of thy sweet music stuffe,
Then snuffe, snuffe, snuffe!"

Thus spoke, and fledde they both;—
Glasse! pipe! boxe! in a day,
To lose them was I loath;
Yet I threw them alle away.

Oh! would we be alle healthe, alle lightnesse,
Alle youthe, alle sweetness, freshness, brightness,
Seeing through every thinge
With minds like ye crystal springe;
Oh! would we be just right enoughe—
Not drinke—not smoke—not snuffe.

Then would our forwarde course
To the right be as naturall
As it is, withouten force,
For stones downwarde to falle.

BOOKS.

I cannot think the glorious world of mind,
Embalmed in books, which I can only see
In patches, though I read my moments blind,
Is to be lost to me.

I have a thought, that as we live elsewhere,
So will those dear creations of the brain;
That what I lose unread, I'll find, and there
Take up my joy again.

Oh, then the bliss of blisses, to be freed
From all the wants by which the world is driven;
With liberty and endless time to read
The libraries of Heaven!

David Atwood Wasson.

AMERICAN.

Wasson was born at West Brookfield, Me., May 14th, 1823. He entered Bowdoin College, but left before the close of his sophomore year. Afterward he studied law, but, declining the practice, turned his attention to theology. His writings have appeared chiefly in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, and *Christian Examiner*. For twelve years he has been a student of the moral and political sciences; and it is understood that he has on hand, nearly complete, an elaborate work on the fundamental principles of political society. An independent thinker, well versed in the highest philosophy, Wasson has also given evidences of high genius as a poet; while he has controverted the materialism of the age with a skill at once logical and scientific. His residence (1880) was West Medford, Mass.

MINISTERING ANGELS TO THE IMPRISONED SOUL.

From an Unpublished Poem.

The bread of life we bring, immortal Truth,—
The wine of life, pure joy of Love, we bear;
Eat, famished heart, regain thy godlike youth,
Drink, arid soul, and thy lost hopes repair!

Yet luminous æthers hold the hills of heaven,
Yet breathe its meadows unexhausted balm,
Yet, shining 'mid the groves at morn and even,
The wise with wise have speech in regal calm.

O unforgotten, how couldst thou forget?
O claimed of heaven, claim thy birth divine.
O heir to all things, why in misery yet?
Put forth thy palm, the very stars are thine!

In each, in thee, would fain Existence flower.
We come to quicken all thy death to bloom,
Make live in thee all grace, all peace, all power:
Fling wide the heart-gates! give thy brothers room!

ALL'S WELL.

Sweet-voicéd Hope, thy fine discourse
  Foretold not half life's good to me;
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
  To show how sweet it is to be!
    Thy witching dream
    And pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power;
    Thy promise brave
    From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive,—'tis sweetly said;
  Yet what to plead for know I not;
For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,
  And aye to thanks returns my thought.
    If I would pray,
    I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
    For Him to live
    Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!
  Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the Present sound?
  Who promises a *future* heaven?
    Or glad, or grieved,
    Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
    Still pours the flood
    Of golden good,
And more than heartful fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess
  No petty province, but the whole;
What's mine alone is mine far less
  Than treasure shared by every soul.
    Talk not of store,
    Millions or more,—
Of values which the purse may hold,—
    But this divine!
    I own the mine
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
  In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
  My ores arterial tides convey;
    The fields, the skies,
    And sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust—
    The oaks, the brooks,
    And speaking looks
Of lover's faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
  For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
  And is not ta'en in Time's arrears:
    His life's a hymn
    The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
    And to his soul
    The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
  "The wealth I am, must thou become:
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
  Immortal gain, immortal room!"
    And since all his
    Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
    And drowns the dream
    In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

William Caldwell Roscoe.

Roscoe was born in England in 1823, and died in 1859. He was the author of "Violenzia," a tragedy published anonymously in 1851. His volume of "Poems and Essays, edited, with a Memoir, by his brother-in-law, Richard Holt Hutton," was published in 1860.

TO A FRIEND.

Sad soul, whom God, resuming what he gave,
Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb,
Cease to oppress the portals of the grave,
And strain thy aching sight across the gloom.
The surged Atlantic's winter-beaten wave
Shall sooner pierce the purpose of the wind
Than thy storm-tossed and heavy-swelling mind
Grasp the full import of his means to save.
Through the dark night lie still; God's faithful grace
Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea.
Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars,
Down to the level ocean patiently;
Till His loved hand shall touch the eastern bars.
And His full glory shine upon thy face.

Caroline Atherton Mason.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Mason was born in Marblehead, Mass., in 1823. She was a daughter of Dr. Calvin Briggs of that town. She married Charles Mason, Esq., a lawyer of Fitchburg, Mass. In 1852 she published a volume of her verses, entitled "Utterance: a Collection of Home-Poems." They are of superior merit, showing a genuine vein of poetic sentiment, with a command of appropriate language, rich in its simplicity.

NOT YET.

Not yet:—along the purpling sky
We see the dawning ray,
But leagues of cloudy distance lie
Between us and the day.

Not yet:—the aloe waits serene
Its promised advent hour,—
A patient century of green
To one full perfect flower.

Not yet:—no harvest song is sung
In the sweet ear of spring,
Nor hear we, while the blade is young,
The reaper's sickle swing.

Not yet:—before the crown, the cross;
The struggle ere the prize;
Before the gain the fearful loss,
And death ere Paradise.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

I dare not echo those who say
That life is but a troubled way,
A barren waste devoid of charms,
And ripe with dangers and alarms;

A cross to take up and to bear;
A vapor chilly with despair;
A desert where no roses blow,
Nor any healing waters flow.

Is life a cross? O burden blessed
To those of God's dear love possessed!
Let me on him but lay it down,
And lo! my cross becomes my crown.

Is it a desert vast and dim?
On every side beholding him,
The barren wilderness doth bloom
And sweeten with a sweet perfume.

Is it a vapor chill with death?
I'll breathe it with a trusting breath;
'Tis health to me! 'Tis sweet and rare
As Araby's best spices are.

Oh, only he who lets his smart
Grow cankered in a thankless heart,
Dares scout with carping discontent
His thousand blessings daily sent.

And he who has and would increase
Within his soul God's perfect peace,
Because the Lord is made his song,
May well go singing all day long.

AN OCTOBER WOOD HYMN.

My soul has grown too great to-day
To utter all it would.
Oh! these preventing bonds of clay!
When will my spirit learn to say,
Unfettered, all it should!

I'm out in the free wood once more,
With whispering boughs o'erhead;
Strange influences round me steal,
And yet, what deepliest I feel
Must ever be unsaid.

These glowing, glowing autumn hours!
These wildering, gorgeous days!
This dainty show of gorgeous flowers,
As though with dusty, golden showers
The air were all ablaze!

This living, shining, burnished wood,
Tricked with a thousand dyes!
Its strong ribs laced with crimson sheen,
And decked with gold and glittering green,
Like kingly tapestries!

This tangled roof of braided light
Above me richly flung!
These glimpses of the sky's soft blue!
This quivering sunshine melting through!
The wide earth, glory-hung!

How shall I utter all I would?
Alas! my struggling soul—
It strives to grasp these glorious things
As strives a bird on broken wings
To struggle to its goal.

John Randolph Thompson.

AMERICAN.

Thompson (1823–1872), a native of Richmond, was educated at the University of Virginia. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1845; but forsook it for the more congenial pursuit of literature. He contributed largely to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which he edited from 1847 to 1861. During the Civil War he went to England, where he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* and other periodicals. He was afterward engaged on the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted,—

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender:
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yandle Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles:
Loud shrieked the swarming "Boys in Blue"
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang,
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Of blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

Coventry Patmore.

Coventry Kearsey Dighton Patmore was born in Woodford, England, in 1823. He published a volume of poems in 1844; and between 1854 and 1862, "The Angel in the House," issued in four parts; "The Betrothal," "The Espousal," "Faithful Forever," and "The Victories of Love." He occupied a position in the literary department of the British Museum.

FROM "FAITHFUL FOREVER."

All I am sure of Heaven is this;
Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss
One true delight which I have known:—
Not on the changeful earth alone
Shall loyalty remain unmoved
Toward everything I ever loved.
So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
To Jacob in the field, Rejoice!
Serve on some seven more sordid years,
Too short for weariness or tears;
Serve on; then, O beloved, well-tried,
Take me forever for thy bride!

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed,
With hard words and unkissed,—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So, when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,—
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott.

AMERICAN.

The maiden name of Mrs. Lippincott was Clarke, and she gained her literary reputation under the pen-name of Grace Greenwood. She was born in 1823 in Pomfrey, Onondaga County, N. Y., and in 1853 married Mr. Lippincott of Philadelphia. She has published a volume of poetry and several volumes in prose; and is known as a graceful, vivacious writer. Latterly she has resided in Colorado.

THE POET OF TO-DAY.

More than the soul of ancient song is given
To thee, O poet of to-day!—thy dower
Comes from a higher than Olympian heaven,
In holier beauty and in larger power.

To thee Humanity, her woes revealing,
Would all her griefs and ancient wrongs rehearse;
Would make thy song the voice of her appealing,
And sob her mighty sorrows through thy verse.

While in her season of great darkness sharing,
Hail thou the coming of each promise-star
Which climbs the midnight of her long despairing,
And watch for morning o'er the hills afar.

Wherever Truth her holy warfare wages,
Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard.
Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages
The human utterance of God's living word!

But bring not thou the battle's stormy chorus,
The tramp of armies, and the roar of fight,
Not war's hot smoke to taint the sweet morn o'er us,
Nor blaze of pillage, reddening up the night.

Oh, let thy lays prolong that angel-singing,
Girdling with music the Redeemer's star,
And breathe God's peace, to earth glad tidings bringing
From the near heavens, of old so dim and far!

George Henry Boker.

AMERICAN.

Boker, born in Philadelphia in 1823, was graduated at Princeton College, N. J., in 1842. He travelled in Europe, and, returning home, published in 1847 his first volume of poems. In 1848 he produced "Calaynos, a Tragedy"—played with success in the United States and in England. He wrote other plays, showing fine dramatic talent; and in 1870 published his "Plays and Poems," in two volumes. In 1871 he was sent United States Minister to Constantinople by President Grant; a post which he resigned in 1877.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY, KILLED SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor:
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever;
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

AMERICAN.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1823, Higginson was graduated at the College in 1841. He studied theology, and was settled as pastor in Newburyport in 1847, and in Worcester from 1852 to 1858. When the Civil War broke out he gave up preaching, and was appointed colonel of the first black regiment raised in South Carolina. Having been wounded, he was discharged for disability, October, 1864. He has since resided at Newport, R. I., or at Cambridge. He is the author of "Out-door Papers" (1863); "Malbone, an Oldport Romance" (1869); "Army Life in a Black Regiment" (1870); "Atlantic Essays" (1871); "Harvard Memorial Biographies;" "History of the United States for Schools," etc. His prose style is fresh, graceful, and compact; and his poem "Decoration" establishes his claim as a poet. The poem, entitled "Gifts," which we append, is from the pen of his wife, Mary Thacher Higginson, daughter of Peter and Margaret (Potter) Thacher of West Newton, Mass.

"I WILL ARISE, AND GO TO MY FATHER."

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
Oh, leave not our maturer days,—
We still are helpless without thee!

We trusted hope and pride and strength;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain;
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on, like childhood's hours.

GIFTS.

A flawless pearl, snatched from an ocean cave
Remote from light or air,
And by the mad caress of stormy wave
Made but more pure and fair;

A diamond, wrested from earth's hidden zone,
To whose recesses deep
It clung, and bravely flashed a light that shone
Where dusky shadows creep;

A sapphire, in whose heart the tender rays
Of summer skies have met;
A ruby, glowing with the ardent blaze
Of suns that never set:—

These priceless jewels shone, one happy day,
On my bewildered sight:
"We bring from earth, sea, sky," they seemed to say,
"Love's richness and delight."

"For me?" I trembling cried. "Thou need'st not dread,"
Sang heavenly voices sweet;
And unseen hands placed on my lowly head
This crown, for angels meet.

DECORATION.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

THE REED IMMORTAL.[1]

Reed of the stagnant waters!
Far in the Eastern lands
Rearing thy peaceful daughters
In sight of the storied sands;
Armies and fleets defying
Have swept by that quiet spot,
But thine is the life undying,
Theirs is the tale forgot.

The legions of Alexander
Are scattered and gone and fled;
And the Queen, who ruled commander
Over Antony, is dead;
The marching armies of Cyrus
Have vanished from earth again;
And only the frail papyrus
Still reigns o'er the sons of men.

Papyrus! O reed immortal!
Survivor of all renown!
Thou heed'st not the solemn portal
Where heroes and kings go down.
The monarchs of generations
Have died into dust away:
O reed that outlivest nations,
Be our symbol of strength to-day!

Robert Collyer.

Born at Keighley, Yorkshire, England, in 1823, Collyer left school at seven to learn his father's trade—that of a blacksmith. He worked at the anvil till 1850, when he emigrated to America. He followed the blacksmith's trade at Shoemakertown, Pa., till 1859, when he went to Chicago. He had been a Wesleyan and local preacher in England, and continued to preach in the United States some nine years, when he was silenced for heresy. But his talents were too conspicuous to be repressed. He became pastor of a Unitarian Church in Chicago, and soon rose to be one of the most popular preachers in the country. In 1879 he was invited to take charge of a church in New York, and removed to that city. He is the author of "Nature and Life," "A Man in Earnest," and other esteemed prose works. His poem, "Saxon Grit," shows his literary versatility. It was read at the New England dinner, December 22d, 1879, and in introducing it, after a brief speech, he said: "As I found my thought going off in a sort of swing, and taking the shape of an old ballad, I concluded to drop into poetry, though it 'comes more expensive,' as Mr. Wegg says."

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[1] Pliny tells us that the Egyptians regarded the papyrus as a symbol of immortality.

SAXON GRIT.

Worn with the battle, by Stamford town,
  Fighting the Norman, by Hastings Bay,
Harold, the Saxon's, sun went down,
  While the acorns were falling one autumn day,
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land:
  By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
  But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
  And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
  Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,
  "You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
  But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green-wood went bold Robin Hood,
  With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
  Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
  Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
  This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipped out his knife,
  And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
  And by breaking a head, made a hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
  "Our life shall not be by the King's permit;
We will fight for the right, we want no more;"
  Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
  From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
  To a nobler stature grew alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
  Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
  So the new day came out of the night.

* * * * *

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
  A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free,
  Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
  Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
  And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
  Trusting in God your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
  Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
  And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
  And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
  Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;
  In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines;
  Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
  To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
  Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar,
  But a little too anxious about a good trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
  Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
  Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
  From the acorns that fell on that autumn day,
So this new manhood in city and town,
  To a nobler stature will grow alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
  Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, never once quailing,
  Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

George William Curtis.

AMERICAN.

Born in Providence, R. I., February 24th, 1824, Curtis received his early education at Mr. Weld's school, Jamaica Plain, Mass. In 1842 he joined the Brook Farm Association, in West Roxbury, where he passed a year and a half. In 1846 he went to Europe, passing four years in study and travel, and extending his tour to Egypt and Syria. On his return home he published "Nile Notes of a Howadji." He was connected with *Putnam's Monthly*, for which he wrote largely and well; but having taken a pecuniary interest in the publication, he sank his private fortune in saving the creditors from loss. He became a public lecturer in 1853, and was high-

ly successful. In all the Presidential campaigns since 1856 he has been prominent as a politician, far above all the arts by which politicians usually thrive. There is no public man more trusted by the best citizens. For some years Mr. Curtis has controlled certain departments in *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine*; to which his fresh and vigorous style always imparts interest.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung,
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

PEARL SEED.

Songs are sung in my mind
As pearls are formed in the sea;
Each thought with thy name entwined
Becomes a sweet song in me.

Dimly those pale pearls shine,
Hidden under the sea,—
Vague are those songs of mine,
So deeply they lie in me.

EBB AND FLOW.

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore,
Said only—"Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach,
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain;
It murmured—"Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom,—
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirred
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:
But like the waves along the shore,
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree;
He sang—"I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang—"I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
For the springs that return no more."

MUSIC I' THE AIR.

Oh listen to the howling sea,
That beats on the remorseless shore;
Oh listen, for that sound shall be
When our wild hearts shall beat no more.

Oh listen well, and listen long!
For, sitting folded close to me,
You could not hear a sweeter song
Than that hoarse murmur of the sea.

Sydney Thompson Dobell.

Dobell (1824–1874) was a native of Cranbrook, England. His earliest poetical productions appeared under the pseudonyme of "Sydney Yendys." His dramatic poem, "The Roman," was published in 1850; "Balder, Part the First," in 1855. In 1871 he published a spirited political lyric, entitled "England's Day." Miss Brontë, author of "Jane Eyre," was one of his friends and correspondents. Yendys is Sydney spelled backward.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.
You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.
How's my boy—my boy?

And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!—
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—"

"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"

"That good ship went down!"

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?—
I was never aboard her!
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—

"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her!"

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

AMERICA.

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
Of the great mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakspeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

AMERICAN.

Adeline Dutton Train was born in Boston in 1824, and married in 1843 to Seth D. Whitney. Her residence (1880) was Milton, Mass. She is known chiefly for her spirited novels, the last of which, "Odd or Even," appeared in 1880. Of poetry she has published "Footsteps on the Seas" (1857) and "Pansies." Her novels, pure, bright, and healthy in sentiment and action, are much prized both by young and old.

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old, distorted face,—
An uncouth visage, rough and wild;
Yet from behind, with laughing grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so contrasting, fair and bright,
It made me of my fancy ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness might
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts on,
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For, while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old!

And pain and petulance and care,
And wasted hope and sinful stain
Shape the strange guise the soul doth wear,
Till her young life look forth again.

The beauty of his boyhood's smile,—
What human faith could find it now
In yonder man of grief and guile,—
A very Cain, with branded brow?

Yet, overlaid and hidden, still
It lingers,—of his life a part;
As the scathed pine upon the hill
Holds the young fibres at its heart.

And, haply, round the Eternal Throne,
Heaven's pitying angels shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known,—
But for the face behind the mask!

Charles Godfrey Leland.

AMERICAN.

Leland was born in Philadelphia in 1824, and graduated at Princeton College in 1845. After passing three years in Europe, he returned home and studied law, but soon gave it up for literature. He translated many of Heine's pieces from the German, and wrote the Hans Breitman ballads, which had an extraordinary success. In 1869 he revisited Europe, and passed several years in travel, residing most of the time in England.

MINE OWN.

And oh the longing, burning eyes!
And oh the gleaming hair
Which waves around me night and day,
O'er chamber, hall, and stair!

And oh the step, half dreamt, half heard!
And oh the laughter low!
And memories of merriment
Which faded long ago.

Oh, art thou Sylph,—or truly Self,—
Or either, at thy choice?
Oh, speak in breeze or beating heart,
But let me hear thy voice!

"Oh, some do call me Laughter, love;
And some do call me Sin:"—
"And they might call thee what they will,
So I thy love may win."

"And some do call me Wantonness,
And some do call me Play:"—
"Oh, they might call thee what they would
If thou wert mine alway!"

"And some do call me Sorrow, love,
And some do call me Tears,
And some there be who name me Hope,
And some that name me Fears.

"And some do call me Gentle Heart,
And some Forgetfulness:"—
"And if thou com'st as one or all,
Thou comest but to bless!"

"And some do call me Life, sweetheart,
And some do call me Death;
And he to whom the two are one,
Has won my heart and faith."

She twined her white arms round his neck:—
The tears fell down like rain:
"And if I live, or if I die,
We'll never part again."

Francis Turner Palgrave.

Palgrave, born 1824, was educated at Oxford. He has published "Idyls and Songs" (1854); "The Passionate Pilgrim, or Eros and Anteros" (1858), which appeared under the *nom de plume* of Henry T. Thurston; "Essays on Art" (1866); "Hymns" (1867); "Lyrical Poems" (1871). He has also edited "The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language;" a tasteful and judicious collection.

FAITH AND SIGHT:

IN THE LATTER DAYS.

"I præ: sequar."

Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O Man, and follow me:"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space—
Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow thee!

—Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is naught but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true?
Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree?

Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore,
And help to follow thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

TO A CHILD.

If by any device or knowledge
The rose-bud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rose-bud forever,
Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child forever,
Completer while incomplete.

William Alexander.

William Alexander, D.D., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, has published a theological prize essay, a volume of poems, several lectures and sermons, papers on the Irish Church, and numerous fugitive works. He was born in 1824, and is the husband of Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, author of "The Burial of Moses," and other poems.

WAVES AND LEAVES.

Waves, waves, waves!
Graceful arches, lit with night's pale gold,
Boom like thunder through the mountains rolled,
Hiss and make their music manifold,
Sing and work for God along the strand.

Leaves, leaves, leaves!
Beautified by Autumn's scorching breath,
Ivory skeletons carven fair by death,
Float and drift at a sublime command.

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts!
Rolling wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore,
Oh that they might follow God's good Hand!

JACOB'S LADDER.

Ah, many a time we look on starlit nights
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old,
Look longing up to the eternal lights,
To spell their lines in gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the angels walk abroad;
And never more we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go;
Many bright messengers are moving yet
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are red-crossed Faith's outspreading wings,—
Prayers of the Church, are keeping time and tryst,—
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,
Their flower the Eucharist.

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions; from the nursery door,
Bright babes that climb up with their clay-cold feet,
Unto the golden door.

These are the messengers, forever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan;
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of Man.

George Macdonald.

Macdonald, the author of numerous imaginative works, was born at Huntly, Scotland, in 1824, and educated at Aberdeen. For a while he was minister of a Congregational Church, but gave up preaching on account of the state of his health. He has published a volume of poems and some theological works. He lectured in the United States in 1874.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did *you* come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to *us*, you dear?
God thought about *you*, and so I am here.

"LORD, I BELIEVE; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

Come to me, come to me, O my God;
  Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean thee, and the grassy sod,
  And the water and the air.

For thou art so far that I often doubt,
  As on every side I stare,
Searching within, and looking without,
  If thou art anywhere.

How did men find thee in days of old?
  How did they grow so sure?
They fought in thy name, they were glad and bold,
  They suffered, and kept themselves pure.

But now they say—neither above the sphere,
  Nor down in the heart of man,
But only in fancy, ambition, or fear,
  The thought of thee began.

If only that perfect tale were true
  Which with touch of sunny gold,
Of the ancient many makes one anew,
  And simplicity manifold!

But *he* said that they who did his word,
  The truth of it should know:
I will try to do it—if he be Lord,
  Perhaps the old spring will flow;

Perhaps the old spirit-wind will blow
  That he promised to their prayer;
And doing thy will, I yet shall know
  Thee, Father, everywhere!

William Gibson.

AMERICAN.

A commander in the United States Navy, Gibson has contributed some remarkable poems (1870–1878) to *Harper's Magazine* and other periodicals. He was born in Baltimore, Md., May 25th, 1825. A volume of his poems was published in 1853 by James Monroe & Co., Boston; and another and more important collection was to appear in 1880.

FROM THE "HYMN TO FREYA."

Her thick hair is golden;
Her white robe is floating on air;
  And, though unbeholden,
We know that her body is fair,
  For a rosy effulgence
Reveals the warm limbs as they move
  In rapturous indulgence
Of grace—the sweet Goddess of Love.

  Like dew-drops ethereal,
Jewels her white neck adorn;
  But alone her imperial
Eyes make the dawning of morn.
  Oh! sweeter than singing
She whispers—the birds burst to song,
  And golden bells ringing,
The charm of her presence prolong.

  The groves where she passes
Hang heavy with blossoms and fruit;

In rich meadow-grasses
Spring flowers at the touch of her foot.
She loves best the roses—
A rose branch for sceptre she takes;
And where'er she reposes
Droop willows o'er crystalline lakes.

* * * *

She is all that is fairest
In the world and the welkin on high,—
The grace that is rarest,
The glow that is homely and nigh;
She is Freedom and Duty,
Frank Morn and the Veiling of Light,
The Passion of Beauty,
The Fragrance and Voices of Night.

Divinest, supremest,
Crowned Queen of the Quick and the Dead;
She is more than thou dreamest,
O soul of desire and of dread!
She is Spring-time and Gladness,
And rapture all glory above;
She is Longing and Sadness;
She is Birth—she is Death—she is Love!

William Allen Butler.

AMERICAN.

Butler was born in Albany in 1825. His father was the estimable and genial Benjamin F. Butler, a member of the Cabinet of Presidents Jackson and Van Buren. William completed his education at the University of the City of New York, and then passed a year or two in European travel. He has made some fine translations from the German of Uhland; is the author of "Out-of-the-way Places in Europe," and has shown, in a series of biographical and critical sketches of the Old Masters, that he is an excellent judge in art. His "Nothing to Wear" shows that he is both a humorist and a poet. It is amusing without coarseness, and rises, at its close, into a strain of pathos as easy and unforced as it is beautiful and apt.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or mi'liner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-bye* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broad-

This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections," [art,
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her, [her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the STUCKUP'S grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found—I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the STUCKUPS, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder.
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say:
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly know how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new

In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation,
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up Humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't PETER COOPER
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't STEWART, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,
Spoiled children of fashion, you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there *should* be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,—
O daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

AMERICAN.

Stoddard, born in Hingham, Mass., in 1825, removed when quite young to New York. He engaged early in literary pursuits; published a volume of poems in 1842; another in 1849; "Songs of Summer," in 1856; "The King's Bell," in 1863; "The Book of the East," in 1871; "Later Poems" (1871–1880). In the last-named year an elegant edition of his collected poems, with a fine portrait, was published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Stoddard has done much literary work for publishers as author, editor, and compiler. For some time he held a place in the Custom-house. His wife (Elizabeth Drew Barstow, born 1823), a native of Mattapoisett, Mass., has also achieved success in authorship, having produced several novels and contributed largely to magazines. One of her poems is subjoined. In his short lyrical pieces Stoddard exhibits much of the grace, tenderness, and delicacy of expression that charm us in Herrick, Tennyson, and the German Heine. He is one of the born poets, having manifested when a child extreme sensitiveness to the influences of external nature and to all that is beautiful in art. A series of short poems on the death of his little boy are remarkable for the deep and true pathos they embody.

SONGS UNSUNG.

Let no poet, great or small,
  Say that he will sing a song;
For song cometh, if at all,
  Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
  Was before it took a voice;
Waiting since the world was young
  For the poet of its choice.
Oh, if any waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
  Whatsoever they impart;
Sorrows sent by them are sweet—
  They know how to heal the heart:
Ay, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
  And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth—
  Try me, merry Muses, now.
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young;
  Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
  Though I shall not live to hear.
Oh, my son, that is to be,
Sing my songs, and think of me!

FROM THE PROEM TO COLLECTED POEMS.

These songs of mine, the best that I have sung,
Are not my best, for caged within the lines
Are thousands better (if they would but sing!),
Silent amid the clamors of their mates:
I know they are imperfect, none so well,—
Echoes at first, no doubt, of older songs,
(Not knowingly caught, but echoes all the same,)
Fancies where facts were wanting, or hard facts
Which only fancies made endurable;
I grant, beforehand, all the faults they have,
Too deeply rooted to be plucked up now,
And leave them to their fate; content to know
That they sustained me in my dreariest days,
That they consoled me in my darkest nights,
And to believe, now I have done with them,
I may do well enough to win at last
The Laurel I have missed so many years.

HOW ARE SONGS BEGOT AND BRED?

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?

From the heart, or from the head?
Happy Poet! let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune—
The harper he of June!

None may answer, none may know:
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the self-same canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! In that old, gray town,
Thy vane is seaward blowing,
The slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing:
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it:
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose bloom the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights, oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest:
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall;
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plough.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

Stop on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campagna,—
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella!
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin, thy curse remains.

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust: the Goths are dust,
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king;
My tomb remains.
When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metellus' wife;
I loved him,—and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial:
Each century marks his love.
Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base:
Deep in its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

McGee (born in 1825) was a native of Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland; the son of a member of the Coast Guard Service. In 1842 Thomas emigrated to America, and was connected for awhile with *The Pilot.* He returned to Ireland to be associated, first with the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, and then with *The Nation.* In 1848 he returned to America, and started the New York *Nation;* it was not a success, and he commenced *The American Celt* in Boston. Selling out his interest in that paper, he accepted an invitation to remove to Montreal, where he was elected to the Canadian Parliament. Here he opposed the Fenian movement, and, incurring the hatred of the most radical of his countrymen, was assassinated April 7th, 1868. His poems are unequal in merit, many of them showing a great lack of artistic care. A collection of them was published in New York in 1869.

CATHAL'S FAREWELL TO THE RYE.

Cathal Crov-derg (the red-handed) O'Connor, being banished from Connaught, was found reaping rye in a field in Leinster, when news was brought that called him to assert his rights. Cathal threw down the sickle, saying, "Farewell, sickle; now for the sword!" The saying grew to be proverbial in Ireland.

Shining sickle! lie thou there;
  Another harvest needs my hand,
Another sickle I must bear
  Back to the fields of my own land.
    Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

A crop waves red on Connaught's plain,
  Of bearded men and banners gay,
But we will beat them down like rain,
  And sweep them like the storm away.
    Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

Peaceful sickle! lie thou there,
  Deep buried in the vanquished rye;
May this that in thy stead I bear,
  Above as thick a reaping lie!
    Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

Welcome, sword! out from your sheath,
  And look upon the glowing sun!
Sharp shearer of the field of death,
  Your time of rust and rest is done.
    Welcome, welcome, trusty sword!

Welcome, sword! no more repose
  For Cathal-Crov-derg or for thee,
Until we walk o'er Erin's foes,
  Or they walk over you and me,
    My lightning, banner-cleaving sword!

Welcome, sword! thou magic wand,
  Which raises kings and casts them down;
Thou sceptre to the fearless hand,
  Thou fetter-key for limbs long bound,—
    Welcome, wonder-working sword!

Welcome, sword! no more with love
  Will Cathal look on land or main,
Till with thine aid, my sword! I prove
  What race shall reap and king shall reign.
    Farewell, sickle! welcome sword!

Shining sickle! lie thou there;
  Another harvest needs my hand,
Another sickle I must bear
  Back to the fields of my own land.
    Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

Miss Procter (1825–1864) was that "golden-tressed Adelaide," of whom her father, while writing under the pseudonyme of Barry Cornwall, used to sing. N. P. Willis described her while a child as "a beautiful girl of eight or nine years, delicate, gentle, and pensive, as if she was born on the lip of Castaly, and knew she was a poet's daughter." In 1858 she published "Legends and Lyrics," a book of verse. Many of her earliest poems appeared in Charles Dickens's weekly magazine, *Household Words.* They breathe an earnest religious sentiment, and have a character of their own which distinguishes them from all mere imitations. Miss Procter became a Roman Catholic in the latter part of her short life. An American edition of her poems has met with a good sale. One of her critics says: "It is full of a thoughtful seriousness, a grave tenderness, a fancy temperate but not frigid, with touches of the true artist."

MINISTERING ANGELS.

Angels of light, spread your bright wings and keep
    Near me at morn;
Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,
    Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy power
    Guard my weak heart.
Circle around me in each perilous hour,
    And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts and dangerous fears
    Keep me secure;
Teach me to hope, and through the bitterest tears
    Still to endure.

If lonely in the road so fair and wide
My feet should stray,
Then through a rougher, safer pathway guide
Me day by day.

Should my heart faint at its unequal strife,
Oh, still be near—
Shadow the perilous sweetness of this life
With holy fear.

Then leave me not alone in this bleak world,
Where'er I roam;
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,
Oh, take me home!

THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming of then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen!

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen!

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise,
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you,
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow:
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Bayard Taylor.

AMERICAN

James Bayard Taylor, as he was christened (1825–1878), was a native of Kennet Square, Chester County, Pa. His active career began with an apprenticeship in a printing-office of his native place. When nineteen years old he set out for Europe, and travelled afoot for two years. His first book, "Views Afoot," had a profitable sale. He subsequently travelled in California, Central Africa, India, China, Japan, Sweden, Denmark, Lapland, Greece, and Russia, and embodied his experiences in many books of travel. He was connected editorially with the *New York Tribune*. He published three novels, made a brilliant translation of Goethe's "Faust," and was the author of several volumes of poems, containing some lyrics of a high order. Married to a German lady, he became an accomplished German scholar, and undertook a life of Goethe, for preparing which his opportunities were ample. Under the Presidency of Mr. Hayes he was made Minister to Berlin in 1878, but died in that city in the flush of his schemes of literary labor and of diplomatic culture. He was a man greatly beloved by numerous friends, and has left a literary record that is likely to make his name long familiar. A complete edition of his poems appeared in Boston in 1880.

STORM-SONG.

The clouds are scudding across the moon;
A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;
Thank God, he has given us broad sea-room,
A thousand miles from shore!

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
The wild and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
Straight through the whelming spray!

Hark, how the surges o'erleap the deck!
Hark, how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck,
Drifting over the desert waves!

Yet courage, brothers! we trust the wave,
With God above us, our star and chart;
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
Be it still with a cheery heart!

A CRIMEAN EPISODE.

"Give us a song," the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

"Give us a song," the Guardsmen say,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and the Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon!

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie!

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean, burned
The bloody sunset embers;
And the Crimean valley learned
How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell
Raiped on the Russian quarters—
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes were dim,
For a singer dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest
Your love and glory bearing,—
The bravest are the loveliest,
The loving are the daring!

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

Gusty and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees;
No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadòr, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him,—
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet as he trode:
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar.

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
And "Back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
And "Back, or you perish!" cried Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland:
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
And smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo, then struck, leaning farther,
The broad breast of Bernal at last.
And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed on him with terrible strength,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

Mrs. Julia C. Dorr.

AMERICAN.

Julia Caroline Ripley, the daughter of a gentleman for some time President of the Rutland County (Vt.) Bank, was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1825. Her father removed to New York, and she had a Northern education. In 1847 she married Seneca M. Dorr, of Chatham, N. Y., and they removed to Rutland. She has had literary tastes from childhood, and is the author of some half-dozen successful novels. Her first volume of poems appeared in 1872; and in 1879 it was followed by "Friar Anselmo, and other Poems." She shows a truly original vein in these productions, which seem always prompted by genuine feeling and a natural lyrical endowment. A happy wife and mother, her best work has been given to other than literary pursuits.

QUIETNESS.

I would be quiet, Lord, nor tease, nor fret;
Not one small need of mine wilt Thou forget.
I am not wise to know what most I need;
I dare not cry too loud lest Thou shouldst heed,—

Lest Thou at length shouldst say, "Child, have thy will;
As thou hast chosen, lo! thy cup I fill!"
What I most crave, perchance Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmeet keep pearls or gold;

As we, when childish hands would play with fire,
Withhold the burning goal of their desire.
Yet choose Thou for me—Thou who knowest best;
This one short prayer of mine holds all the rest!

HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I,
Not a rood of land I own;
Nor a mansion fair and high,
Built of towers of fretted stone.
Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show;

When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
Broidered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.
In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God,—
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their stores of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day!
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears,—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To Earth's fainting sons hath given!
Aspirations pure and high,—
Strength to dare and to endure,—
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!

TO-DAY: A SONNET.

What dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift feet?
All the young birds make haste thy steps to greet;
And all the dewy roses of the May
Turn red and white with joy. The breezes play
On their soft harps a welcome low and sweet;
All nature hails thee, glad thy face to meet,
And owns thy presence in a brighter ray.
But my poor soul distrusts thee! One as fair
As thou art, O To-day, drew near to me,
Serene and smiling, yet she bade me wear
The sudden sackcloth of a great despair!
O, pitiless! that through the wandering air
Sent no kind warning of the ill to be!

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place,

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear,
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day.

TWENTY-ONE.

Grown to man's stature! O my little child!
My bird that sought the skies so long ago!
My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,
How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here
Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,
With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,
And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,
Wavering, perhaps, between a tear and smile,
"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"—
And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But—up in Heaven—how is it with thee, dear?
Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?
Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?
And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou take
Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,
That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,
Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?
To have no memory of pain or sin?
Ne'er to have known in all the calm, bright days
The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread
Ofttimes in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;
Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,
And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,
I cannot save them from earth's pain or loss;
I cannot shield them from its griefs or cares;
Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,
O thou whose little life was but a span?
Ah, think it not! In all his diadem
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty pæans shall the victor greet!
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!
O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?

Stephen Collins Foster.

AMERICAN.

Foster (1826–1864), known chiefly for his musical compositions, was a native of Pittsburgh, Pa. At an early age he had become a skilful performer on the flute, flageolet, and piano-forte. His voice was clear, and well under control. When a boy of sixteen he produced his song "Oh, Susanna," which was sung by a travelling minstrel troupe, was published by Peters of Cincinnati, and largely sold. Foster was accustomed to attend Methodist camp-meetings, both white and black, and thus got many a hint for his wonderfully popular "folk-songs," founded many of them on extemporized, unwritten negro melodies. Of his "Old Folks at Home," 200,000 copies were sold; of "My Old Kentucky Home," 150,000; of "Ellen Bayne," 125,000; and of several others, the sale was enormous. Foster was a poet, as his songs attest, the words of nearly every one of them being of his own composition. Though he enriched others, he laid up little for himself. Unhappily, he was intemperate. His death was occasioned by a severe fall at a Bowery hotel, in New York. At Pittsburgh, his native city, interesting ceremonies were held in his honor; and a large concourse gathered to do homage to his memory.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swannee Ribber,
Far, far away,—
Dare's whar my heart is turning ebber,—
Dare's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!
All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

One little hut among de rushes,—
One dat I love,—
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?
All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

Coates Kinney.

AMERICAN.

Kinney was born on Crooked Lake, near Penn Yan, Yates County, N. Y., in 1826. He went West while a boy, taught school, edited newspapers, and finally practised law. Besides writing for the magazines, he has published "Kecuka: an American Legend, and other Poems" (160 pages, 1854). He made his mark as a poet by his "Rain on the Roof;" but has given evidence of original power in other productions.

FROM THE "MOTHER OF GLORY."

Celebrity by some great accident,
Some single opportunity, is like
Aladdin's palace in the wizard tale,
Vanished when envy steals the charm away.

But Thought up-pyramids itself to fame
By husbandry of opportunities,
Grade after grade constructing to that height,
Which, seen above the far horizon, seems
To peak among the stars. Go mummify
Thy name within that architectural pile
Which others' intellect has builded; none—
For all the hieroglyphs of glory—none
Save but the builder's name, shall sound along
The everlasting ages. Heart and brain
Of thine must resolutely yoke themselves
To slow-paced years of toil, else all the trumps
Of hero-heraldry that ever twanged,
Gathered in one mad blare above the graves,
Shall not avail to resurrect thy name
To the salvation of remembrance then,
When once the letters of it have slunk back
Into the alphabet from off thy tomb. [crumbles
Ay, thou must think, think! Marble frets and
Back into undistinguishable dust
At last, and epitaphs grooved into brass
Yield piecemeal to the hungry elements;
But truths that drop plumb to the depths of time
Anchor the name forever:—thou must think
Such truths, and speak, or write, or act them forth—
Thyself must do this—or the centuries
Shall take thee, as the maelstrom gulps a wreck,
To the dread bottom of oblivion.—Think!
A bibulous memory sponging up the thoughts
Of dead men, is not thought; it holds no sway,
Where genius is: not freighted argosies,
But thunder-throated guns of battle-ships
Command the high seas. Destiny is not
About thee, but within; thyself must make
Thyself: the agonizing throes of Thought,
These bring forth glory, bring forth destiny.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows hover
  Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
  Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother
  As she used to, years agone,
To survey her darling dreamers,
  Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,
  As I list to this refrain,
Which is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
  With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
  A serene, angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
  With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
  Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
  With her eyes' delicious blue;
And forget I, gazing on her,
  That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
  With a rapture kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
  To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in Art's bravuras
  That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
  Whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of Nature,
  That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Mulock).

Miss Mulock (1826–....) became Mrs. Craik in 1865, after she had gained considerable literary distinction under her maiden name. She has written a series of admirable novels, and her short lyrical pieces are remarkable for a union of tenderness and force, beauty and feeling. She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, and her first novel, "The Ogilvies," appeared in 1849; "John Halifax," the most popular of her fictions, in 1857. She is also the author of "Studies from Life" (1860) and "Sermons out of Church" (1875).

TO A WINTER WIND.

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains,
Draughts of life to me!

Clear wind, cold wind, like a Northern giant,
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant,
Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind, bold wind, like a strong-armed angel,
Clasp me round—kiss me with thy kisses divine,
Breathe in my dull heart thy secret sweet evangel—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind, mad wind, howling through the nations,
Knew'st thou how leapeth that heart as thou goest by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in a sudden patience,
Like a human sigh.

Sharp wind, keen wind, cutting as word arrows,
Empty thy quiverful! pass on! what is't to thee
Though in some mortal eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains!
Fresh wind, free wind, trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm fountains,
That I hear not thee!

TOO LATE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King;
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

Walter Mitchell.

AMERICAN.

Mitchell was born at Nantucket, Mass., January 22d, 1826. He was graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1846; entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1858; was settled at Stamford, Conn., in the same year; and in 1880 was Rector of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt. He is the author of "Bryan Maurice," a novel, published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; also of a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, in 1875. His "Tacking Ship" is remarkable for the nautical accuracy of the description. It is as true to life as any part of the "Shipwreck" of Falconer, while it surpasses that once famous poem in graphic power and freedom of style.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

I.

The weather leech of the top-sail shivers,
  The bowlines strain and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
  And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

II.

Open one point on the weather bow
  Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
  And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

III.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
  To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"
  Is suddenly changed to "FULL FOR STAYS!"

IV.

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
  As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
  As the pilot calls, "STAND BY FOR STAYS!"

V.

It is silence all, as each in his place,
  With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
  Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

VI.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
  As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
  With the welcome call of "READY! ABOUT!"

VII.

No time to spare! it is touch and go, [DOWN!"
  And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM! HARD
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
  While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

VIII.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
  As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
  As I answer, "AY, AY, SIR! H-A-A-R-D A-LEE!"

IX.

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
  The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
  And the headland white we have left behind.

X.

The top-sails flutter, the jibs collapse,
  And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the main-sail flaps,
  And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

XI.

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
  Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
  And now is the moment for "MAIN-SAIL, HAUL!"

XII.

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy
  By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
  For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

XIII.

"LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the last command,
  And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
  With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

XIV.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
  I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL!"
  And the captain's breath once more comes free.

XV.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
  Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk in a jacket dry,—
  Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

William Haines Lytle.

AMERICAN.

Lytle (1826–1863) was a native of Cincinnati, O. After a scholastic education, he studied law in the office of his uncle, E. S. Haines. On the breaking out of the Mexican War he caught the military spirit, and served as captain with distinction. In 1861 he became colonel of the 10th Ohio Volunteers, and took part in the battle of Rich Mountain. He led a brigade at Carnifax Ferry, where he was wounded. He next commanded the 17th Brigade under Mitchell, and was again wounded at Perryville, where he was made prisoner. In 1863 he was appointed Brigadier-general of Volunteers, and served under Rosecrans, until killed at Chickamauga, Sept., 1863.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"—Shakspeare.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
Though my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,—
I must perish like a Roman,—
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him,
  'Twas his own that struck the blow:—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble,
  Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home,—
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings,—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light my path through Stygian darkness
  With the splendor of thy smile.
Give to Cæsar thrones and kingdoms,
  Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn all meaner triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my soul exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
  Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

Lucy Larcom.

AMERICAN.

Miss Larcom, who made a name by her simple ballad of "Hannah binding Shoes," was born at Beverly Farms, Mass., in 1826. She has edited various publications, has done some good work for the magazines, is the author of a volume of poems, and the compiler of "Breathings of the Better Life." At one time she was a factory operative at Lowell.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
  Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
  Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
  When the bloom was on the tree;
    Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
  To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
  Oh, her heart's adrift with one
  On an endless voyage gone!
    Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
  Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.

May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely: "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Robert Barry Coffin.

AMERICAN.

Coffin was born at Hudson, New York, in 1826. His great-grandfather was one of the original thirteen proprietors of the island of Nantucket. Robert received a good classical education; and, after some experience as a clerk and a bookseller, formed a literary connection with Morris & Willis of the *Home Journal* (1858). In 1862 he accepted a position in the N. Y. Custom-house. Several volumes in prose from his pen, and one in poetry (1872), have appeared under the name of Barry Gray.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I have ships that went to sea,
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the winds and waves the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,—
Everything except a heart—
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Ever more, ever more.

Horatio Nelson Powers.

AMERICAN.

Of English and German descent, the Rev. Dr. Powers was born in Amenia, N. Y., April 30th, 1826. He was graduated at Union College in 1850, and was ordained in Trinity Church in 1855. He was Rector of the Episcopal Church in Davenport, Iowa, several years; of St. John's Church, Chicago, in 1868; but in 1875 became Rector of Christ Church, Bridgeport, Conn. His books are: "Through the Year," a collection of discourses (1875); "Poems, Early and Late" (Chicago, 1876). He was an intimate friend of Bryant and Bayard Taylor; and has been a contributor to the leading periodicals of America, as well as to *L'Art*, the French art review. His poetry has the charm of an enthusiasm genuine and spontaneous, and we feel in it the throbs of an emotion always true and pure.

FROM "MEMORIAL DAY."

Out of thine azure depths, O sun benign,
  Shower thy golden kisses on the May!
Drink, fertile fields, kind Nature's mystic wine,
Till every herb throb with a life divine;—
  Let not a single dew-drop go astray.
Brood, moistened airs, with warm and fragrant wing,
  On all the vales; and haste, with glowing feet,
  Ye soft-lipped Hours, to make the landscape sweet
Till earth shall burst to flowers—a perfect Spring!
  O vernal season! give your richest blooms—
  Rare radiance woven in celestial looms,
  The subtlest meanings of each tint and tone
  That Beauty keeps about her peerless throne:
Our hearts ache with unsyllabled applause.
  We are unworthy,—but for those who lie
In graves made holy by their life-blood shed,—
The hero-youth who took our perilled cause,
  And thought it sweet and beautiful to die,
That Freedom's fields by us be harvested,—
  We crave the choicest emblems to impart,—
  The sense of that which blossoms in the heart!

* * * * * *

The nation lives: after War's bloody showers
The air is sweet with Freedom's stainless flowers.
Let praise ascend and gratulations grand!
The graves of martyrs consecrate the land.

A ROSE-BUD.

It was merely the bud of a blood-red rose
  That I found 'tween the lids of my book to-day:
What of it? Nothing to you, I suppose—
  Sweet ashes a breath would scatter away!
Yet here I am holding the dead, faded thing,
  As the sun drops out of the August sky,
And dew-drunken blossoms their odors fling
  On the twilight air—do you ask me why?

The years are gathered in this little tomb,—
  (Strange that a grave in my hand I should hold!)
Springs that showered their kisses of bloom,
  And summers that revelled in fruits of gold.
No breath of the meadows nor orange bough
  Sheds to my spirit an odor so rare:
You see not—how can you?—what I see now—
  That marvellous face—Are the angels so fair?

She gave me this bud and a single leaf,—
  Geranium—it has crumbled away;—
What a glory touched life then, but how grief
  Drives to tasks that sprinkle the head with gray!
Half doubting I number the seasons since flown;
  Like a star she just trembled on womanhood's eve:
To what in the garden of God has she grown?
  Naught more fair than she was can my fancy conceive.

For the roses of morning, and music, and light,
  The motions of birds, and the freshness of June,
The glimmer of lilies, and childhood's delight,
  In her exquisite nature were blended in tune.
Its sweetness yet lingers like perfume that clings
  To the air when the splendor of blossoms has fled,
More tender than touch of invisible wings,
  The spell of her presence around me seems shed.

And now while this faded bud in my palm
  Grows dim in the darkness, and still is dear,
All over my sorrow is sprinkled a balm
  From the depth of a heavenly atmosphere.
A hand long vanished I seem to hold;
  The years their glory of dreams restore:
I see a face that can never grow old,
  And life looks large on the other shore.

Mortimer Collins.

Born at Plymouth, England, 1827, Collins died (1876) in his forty-ninth year, the victim of excessive literary labor. He was the author of fourteen moderately successful novels; and, in poetry, of "Idyls and Rhymes" (1855), "Summer Songs" (1860), "Inn of Strange Meetings" (1871), "The British Birds" (1872). He was a frequent contributor to *Punch* and other prosperous periodicals. "I wholly agree," he writes, "in the great saying, *Laborare est orare:* I add, *Laborare est vivere.*" Again

he writes: "I should grow very weary of life if I did not feel that I had God for friend." His marriage was an exceptionally happy one. He not only wrote poetry, but made life a poem. Says one of his friends: "He rejoiced in diffusing gladness; was intensely gentle and tender, and peculiarly sensitive to kindness." By intuition he seemed to have a thorough faith in God and a future life. His writings indicate a highly poetical temperament, and he preserved his intellectual vigor and kindly nature to the last.

FIRST OF APRIL, 1876.

Now, if to be an April-fool
  Is to delight in the song of the thrush,
To long for the swallow in air's blue hollow,
  And the nightingale's riotous music-gush,
And to paint a vision of cities Elysian
  Out away in the sunset-flush—
Then I grasp my flagon and swear thereby,
We are April-fools, my Love and I.

And if to be an April-fool
  Is to feel contempt for iron and gold,
For the shallow fame at which most men aim—
  And to turn from worldlings cruel and cold
To God in His splendor, loving and tender,
  And to bask in His presence manifold—
Then by all the stars in His infinite sky,
We are April-fools, my Love and I.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

No: I shall pass into the Morning Land
  As now from sleep into the life of morn;
  Live the new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand;
  See the dense darkness suddenly withdrawn,
  As when Orion's sightless eyes discerned the dawn.

I shall behold it: I shall see the utter
  Glory of sunrise heretofore unseen,
  Freshening the woodland ways with brighter green,
And calling into life all wings that flutter,
  All throats of music and all eyes of light,
  And driving o'er the verge the intolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far days!
  No more with dreams of grief doth love grow bitter,
  Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to glitter
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:
  A moment—death's dull sleep is o'er; and we
  Drink the immortal morning air Eäriné.

THE POSITIVISTS.

Life and the universe show spontaneity:
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity,
  Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists;
  Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Wise are their teachers beyond all comparison,
Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Mill, Morley, and Harrison:
  Who will adventure to enter the lists
  With such a squadron of Positivists?

Social arrangements are awful miscarriages;
Cause of all crime is our system of marriages.
  Poets with sonnets and lovers with trysts
  Kindle the ire of the Positivists.

Husbands and wives should be all one community,
Exquisite freedom with absolute unity.
  Wedding-rings worse are than manacled wrists,
  Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an ape in the days that are earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier;
  Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
  Then he was MAN,—and a Positivist.

If you are pious (mild form of insanity),
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.
  Other religions are buried in mists:
  "We're our own gods!" say the Positivists.

COLLINS'S LAST VERSES.

I have been sitting alone
  All day while the clouds went by,
  While moved the strength of the seas,
While a wind with a will of his own,
  A Poet out of the sky,
  Smote the green harp of the trees.

Alone, yet not alone,
  For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,
  As the cloudy sky grew clear,
The touch of our Father half-known,
  Who dwells at the heart of the world,
  Yet who is always here.

Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers.

AMERICAN.

Ethelinda Elliott (1827–1879) was born and educated in Goshen, Orange County, N. J. She began to write for the weekly and monthly periodicals under the pseudonyme of Ethel Lynn, which she retained after her marriage. A volume of poems from her pen appeared shortly before her death. Her poem of "The Picket-guard," which first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, November, 1861, was afterward claimed, erroneously it would seem, for Major Lamar Fontaine of Texas. It also appeared in "The War Poetry of the South," edited by William Gilmore Simms. In a private letter Mrs. Beers wrote: "The poor 'Picket' has had so many 'authentic' claimants and willing sponsors, that I sometimes question myself whether I did really write it that cool September morning after reading the stereotyped announcement, 'All quiet,' etc., to which was added in small type, 'A picket shot!'"

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

Edgar Alfred Bowring.

A son of Sir John Bowring, himself a poet, hymn-writer, and translator, Edgar (born in England about 1827) has made translations from Goethe and other German poets.

WHAT SONGS ARE LIKE.

After Goethe.

Songs are like painted window-panes:
In darkness wrapped, the Church remains,
If from the market-place we view it:
Thus sees the ignoramus through it.
No wonder that he deems it tame,—
And all his life 'twill be the same.

But let us now inside repair,
And greet the holy Chapel there!
At once the whole seems clear and bright,
Each ornament is bathed in light,
And fraught with meaning to the sight.
God's children! thus your fortune prize,
Be edified, and feast your eyes.

YOUTH AND AGE.

From Goethe, Æt. 77.

When I was still a youthful wight,
So full of enjoyment and merry,
The painters used to assert in spite,
That my features were small—yes, very;
Yet then full many a beauteous child
With true affection upon me smiled.

Now as a graybeard I sit here in state,
By street and by lane held in awe, sirs;
And may be seen, like old Frederick the Great,
On pipebowls, on cups, and on saucers.
Yet the beauteous maidens, they keep afar;
O vision of youth! O golden star!

Rose Terry Cooke.

AMERICAN.

Rose Terry was born in Hartford, Conn., February 17th, 1827, and educated in that city at the Female Seminary. After her marriage she became a resident of Winsted, Litchfield County, Conn. In the early days of the *Atlantic Monthly* she contributed to its pages many graphic and amusing sketches of rural life in New England. In 1861 she published a volume of poems in Boston. She is one of the genuine warblers, whose songs are not so much artificial products as they are the melodious expression of some heart-felt thought or emotion.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew:
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue—
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent,
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain;
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its silvery psalm.
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent,
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea,
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning, to heap up your gold!
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion;
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead which are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

John Townsend Trowbridge.

AMERICAN.

Trowbridge was born in Ogden, N. Y., in 1827. He received a good common school education, but was largely self-taught—mastering the Latin, French, and German languages. He went to New York in 1846, applied himself to literature, encountered gallantly some of the experiences of the unknown and impecunious author, removed to Boston in 1850, wrote "Father Bright Hopes," a story for the young, then several novels which had a good sale: he contributed largely to the leading magazines, published "The Emigrant's Story, and other Poems," in 1875; and "The Book of Gold, and other Poems," in 1877. He is also the author of "Guy Brown," a novelette in verse, published in "The Masque of the Poets" (Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1878); and of some half-dozen successful stories for the young. It is in his poetry that Trowbridge excels. "The Vagabonds" has been neatly illustrated by Darley. It is one of the happy hits that are not soon forgotten.

BEYOND.

From her own fair dominions,
Long since, with shorn pinions,
My spirit was banished:
But above her still hover, in vigils and dreams,
Ethereal visitants, voices, and gleams,
That forever remind her
Of something behind her
Long vanished.

Through the listening night,
With mysterious flight,
Pass those winged intimations:
Like stars shot from heaven, their still voices fall to me;
Far and departing, they signal and call to me,
Strangely beseeching me,
Chiding, yet teaching me
Patience.

Then at times, oh! at times,
To their luminous climes
I pursue as a swallow!
To the river of Peace, and its solacing shades,
To the haunts of my lost ones, in heavenly glades,
With strong aspirations
Their pinions', vibrations
I follow.

O heart! be thou patient!
Though here I am stationed
A season in durance,
The chain of the world I will cheerfully wear;
For, spanning my soul like a rainbow, I bear,
With the yoke of my lowly
Condition, a holy
Assurance,—

That never in vain
Does the spirit maintain
Her eternal allegiance:
Though suffering and yearning, like Infancy learning
Its lesson, we linger; then skyward returning,
On plumes fully grown
We depart to our own
Native regions!

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you—
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head:
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets

And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing.
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy—thank you—there! it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love— But I took to drink—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast,
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her! Once. I was weak and spent;
On the dusty road a carriage stopped,
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me to talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? You find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain, then Roger and I will start.
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming—
You rascal, limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

Julian Fane.

Julian Charles Henry Fane (1827–1870), a native of London, was "a poet, a musician, a linguist, a diplomatist, an eloquent speaker, a wit, a mimic, a delightful talker." So says Mr. John Dennis, a contemporary man of letters. In conjunction with his friend Edward Robert Bulwer (afterward Lord Lytton), Fane published "Tannhäuser; or, the Battle of the Bards—a Poem" (1861). He had previously published (1852) a volume of poems, a second edition of which, with additional notes, appeared in 1853. His Sonnets to his Mother (Ad Matrem) are remarkable specimens of this form of composition, al-

though framed after the Shakspearian model. A Life of Fane was published (1871) by Lord Lytton, who says of the two sonnets, dated 1870: "On the evening of the 12th of March, 1870, his physical suffering was excessive. The following day was the birthday of his mother." She found what she "dared not, could not anticipate." There lay upon the table a letter with the two sonnets. "They are the last words ever written by Julian Fane. But this golden chain of votive verse * * * was not broken till life itself had left the hand that wrought it."

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1862.

Oft in the after-days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace.
Oh may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying, "What love unto her son she bore!"
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
"Nor ever yet was mother worshipped more!"
So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honored name.

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1864.

Music, and frankincense of flowers, belong
To this sweet festival of all the year.
Take, then, the latest blossom of my song,
And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.
What is it that Love chants? thy perfect praise.
What is it that Love prays? worthy to prove.
What is it Love desires? thy length of days.
What is it that Love asks? return of love.
Ah, what requital can Love ask more dear
Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?
Thy liberal love, increasing year by year,
Hath granted more than all my heart hath prayed,
And, prodigal as Nature, makes me pine
To think how poor my love compared with thine!

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1870.

When the vast heaven is dark with ominous clouds,
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;
When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in shrouds,
And dire calamity and care have birth;
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene,
And breathes a blight on every living thing;
Then, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,
Half fears, half hopes, that Death be at his side,
Outleaps the sun, and gives him life again.
O Mother, I clasped Death; but, seeing thy face,
Leaped from his dark arms to thy dear embrace.[1]

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Rossetti was born in London in 1828; the son of Mr. Gabriel Rossetti (1783–1854), Professor of Italian at King's College, and author of a Commentary on Dante. A poet, Rossetti is also an artist, and one of the originators of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school of painting. He published in 1870 a volume of poems; also a work on the early Italian poets. Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," says of him: "He approaches Tennyson in simplicity, purity, and richness of tone. His verse is compact of tenderness, emotional ecstasy, and poetic fire."

LOST DAYS: SONNET.

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway?
I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath:
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself" (lo! each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

FROM "THE PORTRAIT."

This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver

[1] It will be remarked that this sonnet has but thirteen lines.

That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart:—
And yet the earth is over her.
Alas! even such the thin-drawn ray
That makes the prison-depths more rude,—
The drip of water night and day
Giving a tongue to solitude.
Yet this, of all love's perfect prize
Remains: save what in mournful guise
Takes counsel with my soul alone;
Save what is secret and unknown,
Below the earth, above the skies.

Clarence Cook.

AMERICAN.

A native of Dorchester, now a part of Boston, Mass., Cook was born September 8th, 1828. He was fitted for Harvard College, which he entered, and was duly graduated. As a writer on art and kindred subjects, he has won well-merited distinction. His residence is the city of New York. His poems are scattered through the magazines, but are well worthy of being collected into a volume. His "Abram and Zimri" is one of the most charming narrative poems in the language.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.

Abram and Zimri owned a field together—
A level field hid in a happy vale;
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labor in his barns.
Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.
One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."
So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.
Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine"
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone);
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."
So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.
So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.
Now the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive-branches whispered in the wind:
Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on,
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek,
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.

Walter Thornbury.

Thornbury (1828–1876) was the son of a London solicitor, and by baptism his first name was George, which he dropped. His poetical works were: "Lays and Legends of the New World," 1851; "Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads," 1857; and "Historical and Legendary Ballads and Songs," 1875. He was the author of some six or seven novels, and was for some years art-critic to the *Athenæum*. As a tourist, he wrote "Experiences in the United States," also "Life in Turkey." He toiled on till within a few days of his death, which came suddenly; the result of over-brain-work.

HOW SIR RICHARD DIED.

Stately as bridegroom to a feast
  Sir Richard trod the scaffold stair,
And, bowing to the crowd, untied
  The love-locks from his sable hair;
Took off his watch, "Give that to Ned,
I've done with time," he proudly said.

'Twas bitter cold—it made him shake.
  Said one—"Ah! see the villain's look!"
Sir Richard, with a scornful frown,
  Cried, "Frost, not fear, my body shook!"
Giving a gold-piece to the slave,
He laughed, "Now praise me, master knave!"

They pointed, with a sneering smile,
  Unto a black box, long and grim;
But no white shroud, or badge of death,
  Had power to draw a tear from him;
"It needs no lock," he said in jest,
"This chamber where to-night I rest."

Then crying out—"God save the King!"
  In spite of hiss and shout and frown;
He stripped his doublet, dropped his cloak,
  And gave the headsman's man a crown;
Then "On for heaven!" he proudly cried,
And bowed his head—and so he died.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

TOLD ON A BENCH OUTSIDE THE INVALIDES

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,—
  It seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
  Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
  Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
  Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
  Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
  As though the wound were not.
And when the Mameluke's wild horse
  Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!

"My mother has got other sons,
  With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
  To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
  "Fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
  Wiping his burning eyes:
It was by far more pitiful
  Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
  Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!"

Oh never saw I sight like that!
  The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
  With a wet and bloody rag;
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,
  But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
  "*Teach me the way to die!*"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
  They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
  But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
  Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
  Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
  As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
  In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook, and Heaven answered:
  I watched his eagle-eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third
  Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
  He limped unto the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
  Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
  A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third
  Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
  Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
  Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
  And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
  Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
  The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy,
  I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
  Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!"

William Allingham.

Allingham (1828–....) is a native of Ballyshannon, County of Donegal, Ireland. Removing to England, he obtained an appointment in the Customs. His publications are: "Poems," 1850; "Day and Night Songs," 1854; "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland" (a poem in twelve chapters), 1864; and "Fifty Modern Poems," 1865. For several years he was editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, but retired from the editorship in 1879.

SONG.

O Spirit of the Summer-time!
  Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
  The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
  The gilded evenings, calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
  And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing; and the scent
  Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;—
Oh bring again my heart's content,
  Thou Spirit of the Summer-time!

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
  Bearing a Touchstone in his hand,
  And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose
  From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
  The golden crown he did not spare,
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
  Were many changed to chips and clods;
  And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
  "The loss outweighs the profit far;
  Our goods suffice us as they are:
We will not have them tried."

And, since they could not so avail
  To check his unrelenting quest,
  They seized him, saying, "Let him test
How real is our jail!"

But though they slew him with the sword,
  And in a fire his Touchstone burned,
  Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
  They strewed its ashes on the breeze,
  They little guessed each grain of these
Conveyed the perfect charm.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it passed
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

Gerald Massey.

Massey was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1828. Of humble origin, he fought his way bravely up to distinction in the face of severe difficulties. He has published several volumes both in prose and verse. In 1875–'76 he lectured in the United States on the subject of Spiritualism.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his look,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber touched with
Gold of Heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh
When from the cold world
He crouched down to die.
In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for *bread;*
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for *bed.*
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said;
Ah! so tired was poor Willie!
And so sweetly sleep the dead!

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the new year
On a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful:
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon eye
Through which looks no heart.
"Come to me," said Heaven;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave.

George Meredith.

An English novelist and poet, born about 1828, Meredith has published "Poems" (1851); "Poems and Ballads" (1862); "Beauchamp's Career" (1875); "Poems of the English Roadside," and several other works—exhibiting his marked ability as a writer both in poetry and prose. Among his best novels are "Evan Harrington" (1861) and "Rhoda Fleming" (1865).

LOVE WITHIN THE LOVER'S BREAST.

Love within the lover's breast
Burns like Hesper in the West,
O'er the ashes of the sun,
Till the day and night are done;
Then when Dawn drives up the car—
Lo! it is the morning-star.

Love! thy love pours down on mine
As the sunlight on the vine,
As the snow-rill on the vale,
As the salt breeze on the sail;
As the song unto the bird
On my lips thy name is heard.

As a dew-drop on the rose
In thy heart my passion glows;
As a skylark to the sky
Up into thy breast I fly;
As a sea-shell of the sea
Ever shall I sing of thee.

AT THE GATE.

Outside the open gate a spirit stood.
One called: "Come in!" Then he: "Ah, if I could!
For there within 'tis light and glorious,
But here all cold and darkness dwell with us."
"Then," said the other, "come—the gate is wide!"
But he: "I wait two angels who must guide.
I cannot come unto Thee without these;
Repentance first, and Faith Thy face that sees.

I weep and call: they do not hear my voice;
I never shall within the gate rejoice."
"O heart unwise!" the voice did answer him,
"I reign o'er all the hosts of seraphim.
Are not these angels also in my hand?
If they come not to thee, 'tis my command.
The darkness chills thee, tumult vexes thee;
Are angels more than I? Come in to me."
Then in the dark and restlessness and woe
That spirit rose and through the gate did go,
Trembling because no angel walked before,
Yet by the voice drawn onward evermore.
So came he weeping where the glory shone,
And fell down crying, "Lord, I come alone!"
"And it was thee I called," the voice replied;
"Be welcome." Then Love rose, a mighty tide
That swept all else away. Speech found no place,
But silence, rapt, gazed up unto that face;
Nor saw two angels from the radiance glide,
And take their place forever at his side.

Albert Laighton.

AMERICAN.

A native of Portsmouth, N. H., Laighton was born in 1829. He was for some time employed as the teller of a bank in his native town. In 1859 he published a volume of "Poems," of which the specimens we give are the best commendation. Another edition of his poems appeared in 1878. He is a cousin of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, to whom he dedicates his last volume.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blessed foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away
The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet flowers!—with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,—
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With Love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

TO MY SOUL.

Guest from a holier world,
Oh, tell me where the peaceful valleys lie!
Dove in the ark of life, when thou shalt fly,
Where will thy wings be furled?

Where is thy native nest?
Where the green pastures that the blesséd roam?
Impatient dweller in thy clay-built home,
Where is thy heavenly rest?

On some immortal shore,
Some realm away from earth and time, I know,—
A land of bloom where living waters flow,
And grief comes nevermore.

Faith turns my eyes above;
Day fills with floods of light the boundless skies;
Night watches calmly with her starry eyes
All tremulous with love.

And, as entranced I gaze,
Sweet music floats to me from distant lyres;
I see a temple round whose golden spires
Unearthly glory plays.

Beyond those azure deeps
I fix thy home,—a mansion kept for thee
Within the Father's house, whose noiseless key
Kind Death, the warder, keeps!

THE DEAD.

I cannot tell you if the dead,
That loved us fondly when on earth,
Walk by our side, sit at our hearth,
By ties of old affection led;

Or, looking earnestly within,
Know all our joys, hear all our sighs,
And watch us with their holy eyes
Whene'er we tread the paths of sin;

Or if with mystic lore and sign,
They speak to us, or press our hand,
And strive to make us understand
The nearness of their forms divine:

But this I know,—in many dreams
They come to us from realms afar,
And leave the golden gates ajar,
Through which immortal glory streams.

Henry Timrod.

AMERICAN.

Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1829, Timrod died in Columbia, S. C., in 1867. In his brief career he gave tokens of rare poetical powers, which, if life had been prolonged, and opportunities had been more favorable, would unquestionably have placed him in the front rank of contemporary poets. An eloquent and touching memoir of him by Paul H. Hayne, himself a true poet, was published in 1873, as an accompaniment to a collection of Timrod's poems. See the lines by his father, page 420.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND.

Hark to the shouting Wind!
  Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
  A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
  That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
  And the roar upon the beach.

And oh to be with that ship
  That I watch through the blinding brine!
O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
  O Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
  To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
  A calm blue sky again.

ODE.

Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
  Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
  The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

A COMMON THOUGHT.

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
  In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
  Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
  I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
  Through the darkness—hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and musky chamber,
  I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
  And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
  As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
  And a whisper, "He is gone!"

FROM "A SOUTHERN SPRING."

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair;
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,

Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already here and there, on frailest stems,
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala-day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

SONNETS.

I.

Poet! if on a lasting fame be bent
Thy unperturbing hopes, thou wilt not roam
Too far from thine own happy heart and home;
Cling to the lowly earth, and be content!
So shall thy name be dear to many a heart;
So shall the noblest truths by thee be taught;
The flower and fruit of wholesome human thought
Bless the sweet labors of thy gentle art.
The brightest stars are nearest to the earth,
And we may track the mighty sun above,
Even by the shadow of a slender flower.
Always, O bard, humility is power!
And thou may'st draw from matters of the hearth
Truths wide as nations, and as deep as love.

II.

I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot
That pent my life within a city's bounds,
And shut me from thy sweetest sights and sounds.
Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot
Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart
Taught me amid its turmoil; so my youth
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome truth.
Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,
Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.
There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
The beauty of the stars is over all,
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.
Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's smoke
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

Lizzie Doten.

AMERICAN.

Miss Doten was born in Plymouth, Mass., about the year 1829. She received a good early education, but was mostly self-taught. She is publicly known as an "inspirational speaker," and her poems are nearly all improvisations, produced with little or no intellectual labor. She has put forth two volumes of poems, which have attracted a good deal of attention in England as well as in her native country. Her residence for several years has been in Boston.

"GONE IS GONE, AND DEAD IS DEAD."

"On returning to the inn, he found there a wandering minstrel—a woman—singing, and accompanying her voice with the music of a harp. The burden of the song was, 'Gone is gone, and dead is dead.'"—Jean Paul Richter.

"Gone is gone, and dead is dead!"
Words to hopeless sorrow wed—
Words from deepest anguish wrung,
Which a lonely wanderer sung,
While her harp prolonged the strain,
Like a spirit's cry of pain
When all hope with life is fled:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Mournful singer! hearts unknown
Thrill responsive to that tone;
By a common weal and woe,
Kindred sorrows all must know.
Lips all tremulous with pain
Oft repeat that sad refrain
When the fatal shaft is sped—
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Pain and death are everywhere—
In the earth, and sea, and air;
And the sunshine's golden glance,
And the heaven's serene expanse,
With a silence calm and high,
Seem to mock that mournful cry
Wrung from hearts by hope unfed—
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

O ye sorrowing ones, arise;
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes;
Lift your faces to the light;
Read Death's mystery aright.
Life unfolds from life within,
And with death does life begin.
Of the soul cannot be said,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

As the stars, which, one by one,
Lighted at the central sun,
Swept across ethereal space,
Each to its predestined place,
So the soul's Promethean fire,
Kindled never to expire,
On its course immortal sped,—
Is not gone, and is not dead!

By a Power to thought unknown,
Love shall ever seek its own,
Sundered not by time or space,
With no distant dwelling-place,
Soul shall answer unto soul,
As the needle to the pole:
Leaving grief's lament unsaid,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Evermore Love's quickening breath
Calls the living soul from death;
And the resurrection's power
Comes to every dying hour.
When the soul, with vision clear,
Learns that Heaven is always near,
Never more shall it be said,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Guy Humphrey McMaster.

AMERICAN.

Born at Clyde, N. Y., 1829, McMaster became a lawyer and then a judge, resident at Bath, N. Y. In the few poems from his pen he has given evidence of a purely original vein.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn!

But with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red Saint George's
Cannoniers,
And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce discordant metre
Round their ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger came the Horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
His broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death.

BRANT TO THE INDIANS.

The following is an extract from a Centennial Poem, delivered August 29th, 1879, in memory of the Battle of the Chemung. The scene of the battle, which took place in 1779, was the beautiful, virgin valley of Chemung, not far from Newtown, N. Y., the English name of a small Indian village, and near Elmira.

Ye braves of the Ancient League—the people's defenders!
Here, in the gates of the South, the white foe comes,
Daring his doom, yet marching with banners and splendors,
With empty roar of cannon and rattle of drums.

These are the hungry eaters of land—the greedy
Devourers of forest and lake and meadow and swamp;
Gorged with the soil they have robbed from the helpless and needy,
The tribes that trembled before their martial pomp.

These are the rich, who covet the humble goods of the poor:
The wise, who with their cunning the simple ensnare;
The strong, who trample the weak as weeds on the moor;
The great, who grudge with the small the earth to share.

But you are the valiant braves of Ho-den-a-sau-nee;
The tribes of the East were weaklings, with hearts of the deer;
Unconquered in war you are, and ever shall be,
For your limbs are mighty—your hearts are void of fear.

Continue to listen! These white men are liars who say
That red men are faithless to treaty, and heed not their pledge;
That they love but to ravage and burn, to torture and slay,
And to ruin the towns with torch, and the hatchet's edge!

The Spirit above gave his red children these lands,
The deer on the hills, the beaver and fowls in the ponds;
The bow and the hatchet and knife he placed in your hands,
And bound your tribes together in mighty bonds.

* * * * * *

Who are these farm-house curs that foolishly rant
At you, the untamable cubs of the mountain-cat?
Who is this lawyer[1] that seeks on the war-path for Brant,
And struts with a new-bought sword and a general's hat?

Why do these choppers of wood, these ox-driving toilers,
Lust for the ancient homes of Ho-den-a-sau-nee?
Why from their barn-yards come these rustic despoilers?
Shall the sweet wilderness like their vile farms e'er be?

Can the warrior become a farmer's hired clown?
Shall he hoe like the squaw, or toss up grass on a fork?
Will the panther churn milk in the pen of the tread-mill hound?
Or the bear wear an apron and do a scullion's work?

Continue to listen! Ye are not fashioned for slaves!
And that these blue-eyed robbers at once shall know:
Want they your lands?—they shall not even have graves,
Until their bodies are buried by winter's snow!

Fitz-James O'Brien.

O'Brien (1829–1862), the son of a barrister, was born in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. While quite young he went to London, and wrote for Dickens's *Household Words*. In 1852 he emigrated to America, and soon became a valued contributor to the leading periodicals. Many of his poems appeared in *Harper's Magazine*

[1] This is a reference to General Sullivan, who commanded the American army, numbering five thousand men.

and *Harper's Weekly* between 1853 and 1860. When news of the death of Kane reached New York, O'Brien was asked to write a poem on the subject for the next number of *Harper's Weekly*. It is a brilliant proof of his genius that he could produce *to order* such a poem as he did. Rude in places, and showing a lack of the *labor limæ*, it is yet a remarkable production.

When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the New York Seventh Regiment, and marched with his company to the capital. In January, 1862, he got an appointment on the staff of Gen. Lander, and showed great bravery in several skirmishes. The following month, while heading a cavalry charge, he was shot in the shoulder. The wound was not at first thought dangerous, but from surgical maltreatment it became so. On the 4th of April he had to submit to an operation, of which he wrote: "All my shoulder-bone and a portion of my upper arm have been taken away. I nearly died. My breath ceased, heart ceased to beat, pulse stopped. * * * There is a chance of my getting out of it; that's all. In case I don't, good-bye, old fellow, with all my love!" Two days after this was written, he died.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1857.

Aloft, upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came.
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE.

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late—too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well;
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell!

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With Hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white-bear
Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few

At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder: such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself—yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate;
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial—every fate
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE!

Charles Graham Halpine.

Halpine (1829–1869) was a native of Ireland. Emigrating to America, he connected himself with the Press, and won distinction. Under the assumed name of Miles O'Reilly he wrote some of the most effective of the humorous poems that were produced during the Civil War. A major in the army of the Union, he wrote for the cause almost as well as he fought.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair—my pet;"
For the world to me had no daintier sight [white.
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulder

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss—my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world—my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown—my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair—my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story—my pet;
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair—my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds—my pet,
When the spring is young, and roses are wet,
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair—my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare—my pet;
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair—my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair—my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair—my pet.

Florus Beardsley Plimpton.

AMERICAN.

Plimpton was born in 1830, in Palmyra, Portage County, O. He was educated principally at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., and in 1851 connected himself editorially with a newspaper at Warren, Trumbull County. In 1857 he removed to Pittsburgh, Pa., and edited the *Daily Despatch*.

TELL HER.

O river Beautiful! the breezy hills
That slope their green declivities to thee,
In purple reaches hide my Life from me:—
Go, then, beyond the thunder of the mills,
And wheels that churn thy waters into foam,
And murmuring softly to the darling's ear,
And murmuring sweetly when my love shall hear,
Tell how I miss her presence in our home.
Say that it is as lonely as my heart;
The rooms deserted; all her pet birds mute;
The sweet geranium odorless; the flute,
Its stops untouched, while wondrous gems of art
Lie lustreless as diamonds in a mine,
To kindle in her smile and in her radiance shine.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

Miss Rossetti, a sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born in London in 1830. Her collected poems were republished in Boston by Roberts Brothers in 1875. She has written several books for children.

CONSIDER.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount:
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:
What profits all this care,
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food:—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

BEAUTY IS VAIN.

While roses are so red,
While lilies are so white,
Shall a woman exalt her face
Because it gives delight?
She's not so sweet as a rose,
A lily is straighter than she,
And if she were as red or white
She'd be but one of three.

Whether she flush in summer,
Or in its winter grow pale,
Whether she flaunt her beauty
Or hide it away in a veil,—
Be she red or white,
And stand she erect or bowed,
Time will win the race he runs with her,
And hide her away in a shroud.

James Gowdrey Clark.

AMERICAN.

A native of Oswego County, N. Y., Clark was born in 1830. His residence (1880) was in Minneapolis, Minn. A musical composer and singer, as well as a natural poet, he has given popular entertainments with great success in most of the Western cities.

LEONA.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half lifted revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits could cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow,
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun; [fought
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold
From headland, from hill-side, and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth,
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn,
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye: should the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
Over lowland and river to me.

Alexander Smith.

A native of Kilmarnock, Scotland (1830–1867), Smith put forth in 1853 a volume of poems, of which the principal was entitled "A Life Drama." Two more volumes of his poetry appeared; one in 1857, the other in 1861. In one of Miss Mitford's letters we read: "Mr. Kingsley says that Alfred Tennyson says that Smith's poems show fancy, but not imagination; and on my repeating this to Mrs. Browning, she said it was exactly her impression." Smith's "Life," written by P. P. Alexander, appears in an edition of his "Last Leaves" (1868).

A DAY IN SPRING.

From "A Life Drama."

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun!

A DAY IN SUMMER.

From "A Life Drama."

Each leaf upon the trees doth shake with joy,
With joy the white clouds navigate the blue,
And on his painted wings, the butterfly,
Most splendid masker in this carnival,
Floats through the air in joy! Better for man,
Were he and Nature more familiar friends!

HER LAST WORDS.

The callow young were huddling in the nests,
The marigold was burning in the marsh,
Like a thing dipped in sunset when he came.

My blood went up to meet him on my face,
Glad as a child that hears its father's step,
And runs to meet him at the open porch.

I gave him all my being, like a flower
That flings its perfume on a vagrant breeze;
A breeze that wanders on, and heeds it not.

His scorn is lying on my heart like snow,
My eyes are weary, and I fain would sleep;
The quietest sleep is underneath the ground.

Are ye around me, friends? I cannot see,
I cannot hear the voices that I love,
I lift my hands to you from out the night.

Methought I felt a tear upon my cheek;
Weep not, my mother! It is time to rest,
And I am very weary; so, good-night!

Cecil Frances Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander, born about 1830, is the wife of William Alexander, D.D., Bishop of Derry, etc. She is the author of "Moral Songs, Hymns for Children," and "Poems on Old Testament Subjects." She has edited the "Children's Garland" and the "Sunday Book of Poetry" (1865).

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight:
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Margaret Junkin Preston.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Preston, a daughter of Dr. George Junkin, is a native of Lexington, Va. She has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, and is the author of three volumes of poems which have been well received, and give evidence of high poetical gifts. Her "Cartoons"

(published in Boston, 1876) went to a second edition a month after its appearance, and a third has since been put forth. She was for years the literary critic of the Baltimore *Southern Review*, and a diligent contributor to several Southern journals. Her sister was the wife of Stonewall Jackson (Thomas Jonathan Jackson) of military renown, and Mrs. Preston has written a poem, worthy of the subject, on his death. The "Dedication" in her "Old Songs and New," published in Philadelphia (1870), is a favorable example of her style.

DEDICATION.

Day-duty done,—I've idled forth to get
  An hour's light pastime in the shady lanes,
  And here and there have plucked with careless pains
These wayside waifs,—sweetbrier and violet,
  And such like simple things that seemed indeed
  Flowers, — though, perhaps, I knew not flower from weed.

What shall I do with them?—They find no place
  In stately vases where magnolias give
  Out sweets in which their faintness could not live:
Yet tied with grasses, posy-wise, for grace,
  I have no heart to cast them quite away, [day.
  Though their brief bloom should not outlive the

Upon the open pages of your book,
  I lay them down:—And if within your eye
  A little tender mist I may descry,
Or a sweet sunshine flicker in your look,—
Right happy will I be, though all declare
  No eye but love's could find a violet there.

THE TYRANNY OF MOOD.

I. MORNING.

It is enough: I feel, this golden morn,
As if a royal appanage were mine,
Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investiture. What princess, palace born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
Themselves so grandly; when the mountains shine
Transfigured; when the air exalts like wine;
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?
So satisfied with all the goodliness
Of God's good world,—my being to its brim
Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
Than bliss of beauty, passionately glad [dim,—
Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape
"Who dares," I cry, "in such a world be sad?"

II. NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
And gaze abroad into the blank, black space
Where earth and sky no more have any place,
Wiped from existence by the expunging rain;
And as I hear the worried winds complain,
A darkness darker than the murk whose trace
Invades the curtained room is on my face,
Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain.
My swelling aspirations viewless sink
As yon cloud-blotted hills: hopes that shone bright
As planets yester-eve, like them to-night
Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists before:
"O weary world," I cry, "how dare I think
Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more?"

SAINT CECILIA.

Haven't you seen her?—and don't you know
Why I dote on the darling so?
Let me picture her as she stands
There with the music-book in her hands,
Looking as ravishing, rapt, and bright
As a baby Saint Cecilia might,
Lisping her bird-notes,—that's Belle White.

Watch as she raises her eyes to you,
Half-crushed violets dipped in dew,
Brimming with timorous, coy surprise,—
(Doves have just such glistening eyes:)
But, let a dozen of years have flight,
Will there be *then* such harmless light
Warming these luminous eyes,—Belle White?

Look at the pretty, feminine grace,
Even now, on the small, young face:
Such a consciousness as she speaks,
Flushing the ivory of her cheeks,—
Such a maidenly, arch delight
That she carries me captive quite,
Snared with her daisy chain,—Belle White.

Many an ambushed smile lies hid
Under that innocent, downcast lid:
Arrows will fly, with silvery tips,
Out from the bow of those arching lips
Parting so guilelessly, as she stands
There with the music-book in her hands,
Chanting her bird-notes soft and light,
Even as Saint Cecilia might,
Dove with the folded wings,—Belle White!

John Esten Cooke.

AMERICAN.

Cooke, a brother to Philip Pendleton Cooke, was born in Winchester, Va., in 1830. His family removed to Richmond in 1839, and, after a good education, he studied law in the office of his father, and was admitted to the Bar. Literature has, however, claimed much of his attention. He has published several popular novels, among which are "The Virginia Bohemians" and "Her Majesty the Queen."

MAY.

Has the old glory passed
From tender May—
That never the echoing blast
Of bugle-horns merry, and fast
Dying away like the past,
Welcomes the day?

Has the old Beauty gone
From golden May—
That not any more at dawn
Over the flowery lawn,
Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
Of the fairy May?—
Ah! the sad tear-drops unshed!
Ah! the young maidens unwed!
Golden locks—cheeks rosy red!
Ah! where are they?

Edna Dean Proctor.

AMERICAN.

Miss Proctor was born in the interesting old town of Henniker, N. H., on the Contoocook River. On completing her school education, she made Brooklyn, N. Y., her home. She published a volume of poems, national and miscellaneous, in 1867. It fixed her rank among the foremost of American feminine poets. After its publication she made an extensive European tour, visiting, with a party of friends, all the countries except Portugal, ascending the Nile, inspecting the noted attractions of Syria, and travelling in Russia over routes rarely frequented. This portion of her trip she has described in "A Russian Journey," published in 1873, and full of rare and entertaining information. Miss Proctor has been a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers. Some of her poems seem to combine a masculine vigor and spirit with feminine purity and grace. As remarkable for personal attractions as for her graces of character, she is described by one of her friends as "a true poet in deeds as well as in words."

FROM "THE RETURN OF THE DEAD."

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
As slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door,
Sad welcomed by the lingering rose
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang,
I entered, wall and rafter rang,
Down dropped the moon, and clear and high
September's wind went wailing by;
"Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago!"

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where, glad of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening old.

Where were those rosy children three?
The boy beneath the moaning sea;
Sweet Margaret, down where violets hide,
Slept, tranquil by that father's side,
And I, alone, a pilgrim still,
Was left to climb the midnight hill.

My hand was on the latch, when, lo!
'Twas lifted from within! I know
I was not wild, and could I dream?
Within, I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father in his ancient chair!

O the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast!
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the long years had brought to me.

Then, by his side, his hand in mine,
I tasted joy serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers, in June's enchanted air,
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes!

"O Death!" I cried, "if these be thine,
For me the asphodels entwine,

Fold me within thy perfect calm;
Leave on my lips the bliss of balm,
And let me slumber, pillowed low,
With Margaret, where the violets blow."

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars;
Within, the wood-fire fainter glowed,
Weird on the wall the shadows showed,
Till, in the east, a pallor born,
Told midnight melting into morn.

* * * * * *

'Tis true, his rest this many a year
Has made the village church-yard dear;
'Tis true, his stone is graven fair,
Here lies, remote from mortal care."
'annot tell how this may be,
well I know he talked with me.

TAKE HEART.

ormy wind has blown
dark and rainy sea;
the window flown,
's been the moan
in the willow-tree.

r's burial-time;
ropped the earliest leaves;
rosy prime,
n's frosty rime,—
ne that grieves,—

sunny seas
for April skies;
rest trees
in fragrant ease,
ir azure eyes.

ef o'erblown
mmer's bier,—
are only flown,
arful sown,
mortal year!

CANNOT LOSE.

et prime!
m western calms;
imb;
gled balms.

Nor stream, nor bank the way-side by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike, to me, fall frosts and dews;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And, over hope's horizon line,
The future dawns, serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise,
And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my hearth left lone and drear;
Thus half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear,
Though friends grow cold or fond love wooes;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings:
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise,
And far the radiant angel flees,—
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees.
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Edward Augustus Jenks.

AMERICAN.

A native of Newport, N. H., Jenks was born Oct. 30th, 1830. He was educated at the Thetford, Vt., Academy; learned to set type before he was seventeen, and, after some experience as a publisher of newspapers, was called in 1871 to the management of the Republican Press Association of Concord, N. H. Before that he had been engaged in various enterprises at the West, and was at one time a resident of Vicksburg, Miss. An amateur in verse, he is not unfrequently the true artist.

GOING AND COMING.

Going—the great round Sun,
  Dragging the captive Day
Over behind the frowning hill,
  Over beyond the bay—
    Dying!
Coming—the dusky Night,
  Silently stealing in,
Gloomily draping the soft, warm couch
  Where the golden-haired Day had been
    Lying.

Going—the bright, blithe Spring:
  Blossoms! how fast ye fall,
Shooting out of your starry sky
  Into the darkness all
    Blindly!
Coming—the mellow days;
  Crimson and yellow leaves;
Languishing purple and amber fruits
  Kissing the bearded sheaves
    Kindly!

Going—our early friends;
  Voices we loved are dumb;
Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew;
  Fainter the echoes come
    Ringing!
Coming to join our march—
  Shoulder to shoulder pressed;
Gray-haired veterans strike their tents
  For the far-off purple West—
    Singing!

Going—this old, old life;
  Beautiful world! farewell!
Forest and meadow! river and hill!
  Ring ye a loving knell
    O'er us!
Coming—a nobler life;
  Coming—a better land;
Coming—the long, long, nightless day,
  Coming—the grand, grand
    Chorus!

Jean Ingelow.

Miss Ingelow, a native of Ipswich, England, born about 1830, put forth a volume of poems in 1862, which ran through fourteen editions in five years, and was republished in Boston, Mass. She has written several novels, stories for children, etc., and contributed largely to various periodical works. In the course of eighteen years her American publishers paid her in copyright upward of fifteen thousand dollars.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. (1571.)

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
  The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
  Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
  Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
  The Lord that sent it, He knows
But in myne ears doth still abide
  The message that the bells let
And there was naught of strav
The flight of mews and peew
  By millions crouched on t

I sat and spun within the
  My thread brake off, I
The level sun, like rudd
  Lay sinking in the b
And dark against day
She moved where Lin
My sonne's faire wif

"Cusha! Cusha! C
Ere the early dew
Farre away I hea
"Cusha! Cusha!"
Where the reedy
    Floweth
From the meads
Faintly came he

"Cusha! Cusha
"For the dews
Leave your me
    Mellov
Quit your cow
Come uppe W
Quit the stalk
    Holl
Come uppe J
From the clo
Come uppe Y
Come uppe J
Jetty, to the

If it be long—ay, long ago,—
  When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
  Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
  And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
  The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
  at Saturday at even-tide.

wannerds where their sedges are
ed on in sunset's golden breath,
herde lads I heard afarre,
v sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
g o'er the grassy sea
that kyndly message free,
of Mavis Enderby."

ed uppe into the sky,
where Lindis flows
dly vessels lie,
lordly steeple shows.
why should this thing be?
s by land or sea?
of Enderby!

Mablethorpe,
varping downe;
yond the scorpe,
ed to wake the towne:
a red to see,
d pyrates flee,
of Enderby?'"

! my sonne
h might and main;
lrew on,
again:

ew breath
abeth.)

) is downe,
apace,
owne
-place."
n death:

"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
  Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast,
  For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night:
  The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh come in life, or come in death!
Oh lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;

The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she sayth),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed!"

Lady Wilde.

Poems under the pen-name of "Speranza", appeared in the *Dublin Nation* in its palmy days. They proved to be by Lady Wilde, author of "Ugo Bassi," a tale in verse (1857), and other works. A collection of her poems and translations was published in Dublin (1864) by James Duffy. Most of the poems have a political bearing, and are alive with patriotic fire. A native of Ireland, she was born about 1830. Her present residence, we believe, is London, whither she removed some years ago for the better education of her sons.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

Was ever sorrow like to our sorrow?
O God above!
Will our night never change into a morrow
Of joy and love?
A deadly gloom is on us waking, sleeping
Like the darkness at noontide
That fell upon the pallid mother, weep
By the Crucified.

Before us die our brothers, of starva
Around are cries of famine an
Where is hope for us, or comfort,
Where—oh! where?
If the angels ever hearken, dow
They are weeping, we are
At the litanies of human gro
From the crushed heart

When the human rests in
All grief is light;
But who bends one kin
Our life-long night
The air around is rin
God has only m
But we—in our rag
low after,
Weeping the w

And the laughter
When, oh! w
Will fall the froze
From other n
Will ignorance fo
Will misery
All are eager wi
None, none

We never knew
Nor the pr
Oh, a death-lik
Is life's w
Day by day
Till the
Falls crushed
Of pove

So we toil on, on with fever burning
In heart and brain;
So we toil on, on through bitter scorning,
Want, woe, and pain.
We dare not raise our eyes to the blue heaven,
Or the toil must cease—
We dare not breathe the fresh air God has given
One hour in peace.

We must toil though the light of life is burning,
Oh, how dim!
We must toil, on our sick-bed feebly turning
Our eyes to Him
o alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
With scarce moved breath,
the paler hands, uplifted, aid the praying:
ord, grant us *Death!*"

Helen Fiske Jackson.

AMERICAN.

daughter of Professor N. W. Fiske, was Mass., in 1831. She was married to \.,—who was killed in 1863 while ex- submarine battery,—and by a subse- me Mrs. Jackson. Her residence '. She has published "Verses by collection of foreign sketches, en- ' (1872). Her poetry unites medi- sweetness of expression. To the ur best female poet?" Emerson the word *female!*"

Y TO SING.

w. Who wisely sings
s they.
generous wings:
their way.

before,
;
ce, or hour,

und betrays
;
w delays,
ear.

ıe song is good."

ısky wood

Then, late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits,
By snatches, through his weary brain,
To help him rest:
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh:
"Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air; and other men,
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

MARCH.

Beneath the sheltering walls the thin snow clings;
Dead winter's skeleton, left bleaching, white,
Disjointed, crumbling, on the friendly fields.
The inky pools surrender tardily
At noon, to patient herds, a frosty drink
From jagged rims of ice; a subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
Of lowly meadow growths; the willows weep,
Their stems in furry white; the pines grow gray
A little, in the biting wind; mid-day
Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out
Alert for sun. Ah, March! We know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

THOUGHT.

O messenger, art thou the king, or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews; the morn's bright, scornful eye

Reminds thee; then in subtle mockery
Thou smilest at the window where I wait,
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return; at last, in sad despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air,
When lo! thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah, messenger! thy royal blood to buy,
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I.

OCTOBER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles, like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely way-side things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late after-maths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

Charles Stuart Calverley.

Comic poet, hymn writer, and translator, Calverley (born 1831) has published under the initials "C. S. C.," in London, "Verses and Translations," "Translations into English and Latin," and "Fly Leaves" (1872), republished in New York. As a writer of *vers de société*, he differs both from Praed and Holmes, and there is a decidedly original vein in his productions.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH FEBRUARY.

Ere the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there
(As they did in Watts's Hymns,[1] and
Made him wonder what they we
When the forest nymphs are bead
Fern and flower with silvery d
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake, and think of you

When the hunter's ringing bu
Sounds farewell to field ar
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and
When (as Gray remarks) '
Owl doth to the moon
And the hour suggests e'
Fly my thoughts to y

May my dreams be gr
Must I aye endure
Rarely realized, if ev
In our wildest w
Madly Romeo lover
Copperfield beg
When he hadn't
But their love

Give me hope, t
Ere I drain t
Tell me I may
Not to make
Else the heart
This my bre
Hushed, men a
They'll be t

[1] An allusion probab
tle poem for children,

"Twink
How

Isabella (Craig) Knox.

Mrs. Knox first acquired distinction in literature as Miss Craig, in 1859, by gaining the £50 prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company for the best ode on the centenary celebration of the birth of Burns. She was born in 1831, in Edinburgh, and published a volume of poems in 1856.

THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

A stillness crept about the house,
At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed house of Quair.

peacock on the terrace screamed;
wsed on the lawn the timid hare;
eat trees grew i' the avenue,
by the sheltered house of Quair.

as still; around its brim
sickened all the air;
o murmur from the streams,
flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

their wonted pace,
rt and camp repair,
f good or ill,
ep the house of Quair.

vidow's weeds,
-like and fair,
seek the paths
lds of Quair.

u the streams,
eflected there,
iden dreams
veed and Quair.

et clad,
u chair—
name—
of Quair.

ier side,
len hair,
plaint—
ome to Quair.

ed in pine,
ed of care,
y sinned,
Quair.

"Alas! and ere thy father died,
I had not in his heart a share;
And now—may God forefend her ill—
Thy brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came; they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair;
They led her to her chamber high—
The fairest in the house of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said, on looking forth;
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare?"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair.

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."
What need be said, she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton.

Under the name of "Owen Meredith," Lord Lytton the younger, born in 1831, has published several volumes of verse, among them a rhymed romance (1860), entitled "Lucille." He is the only son of the first Lord Lytton, better known as Bulwer, the novelist, and inherits much of his father's talent. For about twenty years he was engaged in diplomatic service, and in 1876 was appointed Viceroy of India; a post from which he withdrew in 1880. He has written fluently and well, though there is a lack of concentration and care manifest in several of his poems. Republished in Boston, they have passed through several editions.

LEOLINE.

In the molten-golden moonlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watched the fire-fly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by.
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-steeping slumberous leaves,
Flowed to us in the shadow there
Below the cottage eaves.

We sang our songs together
Till the stars shook in the skies.
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet the tears were in our eyes.
And my hand—I know it trembled
To each light, warm touch of thine;
But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon looked, dear!
There has not ever been,
Since those old nights, the same great light
In the moons which I have seen.
I often wonder when I think,
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west wind
Comes faint across the sea,
It seems that you have breathed on it,
So sweet it comes to me.
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line,
I muse, "And does she watch it too,
Far off, sweet Leoline?"

And often, leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanished time
In the far fair foreign lands;
Thinking sadly—"Is she happy?
Has she tears for those old hours?
And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?"

One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air
A fire-fly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kissed him lightly off again,
And he glittered up the vine,
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch
I've a purple rose-leaf pressed,
More sweet than common rose-leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.
When she gave me that, her eyes were wet;
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is withered long ago!
The page is blistered, too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it, too—long, long ago;
Her love was less than mine.
Still we were friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!

Elbridge Jefferson Cutler.

AMERICAN.

Cutler (1831–1870) was a native of Holliston, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard (1853). In 1863 a volume of his poems was published in Boston. They were mostly o themes suggested by the war, and had the true Tyrtæ ring. He seems to have been unaffected by the influe of Tennyson and Browning, and the school which initiated. His style resembles more that of Mac of whom, however, he was by no means an imitat

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A POEM FOR THE HOUR. (18

From "Liberty and Law."

O Law, fair form of Liberty! God's lig
brow,
O Liberty, the soul of Law! God's
One the clear river's sparkling flood
bank with green,
And one the line of stubborn roc
waters in;
Friends whom we cannot think
other's foe;—
Twin flowers upon a single st
that grow;—
O fair ideas! we write you
ner's fold;
For you the sluggard's br
ard bold.
O daughter of the bl
Prophets saw!
God give us Law in

Full many a heart is
pain
For those who go
come again.
And many a heart
behind,
As a thousand ten
mind.
The old men bless
bearing hig
The women in t
bravely b
One threw her a
bye, my
God help thee
have d
One held up
And said, "I
and t

And one, a rose-bud in her hand, leaned at a soldier's side;—
"Thy country weds thee first," she said; "be I thy second bride!"

O mothers! when around your hearths ye count your cherished ones,
And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all your sons;
O wives! when o'er the cradled child ye bend at evening's fall,
And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call;
O maids! when in the sleepless nights ye ope the little case,
And look till ye can look no more upon the proud young face;—
Not only pray the Lord of life, who measures mortal breath,
To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death,—
Oh! pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws,
That, whosoever lives or dies, he save His holy cause!

So out of shop and farm-house, from shore and inland glen,
Thick as the bees in clover-time are swarming armed men;
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come,
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum.
Ho! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at our head!
Ho! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear emblems spread!
Our fathers' blood has hallowed it; 'tis part of their renown;
And palsied be the caitiff-hand would pluck its glories down!
Hurrah! hurrah! it is our home where'er thy colors fly:
We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die.

O women! drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay;
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray:
Southward the hosts are hurrying with banners wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world;
From where amid his clustered isles Lake Huron's waters gleam;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the Southern air;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines; from Jersey's orchards fair;
From where between his fertile slopes Nebraska's rivers run;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon;
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore.

O mothers, sisters, daughters! spare the tears ye fain would shed:
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead;
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust, and song;
And nature folds them in her heart and keeps them safe from wrong.
Oh! length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for;
There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war,—
Oppression with his iron strength, fed on the souls of men;
And license with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den.
But like bright stars ye fill the eye,—adoring hearts ye draw,
O sacred grace of Liberty! O majesty of Law!

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill;
The thunders of the rising war drown Labor's peaceful hum;
Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come!
The morning of the battle-call, to every soldier dear,—
O joy! the cry is "Forward!" O joy! the foe is near!
For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land;
Hurrah! the ranks of battle close; God takes his cause in hand!

Matthias Barr.

Barr, born in Edinburgh in 1831, was the son of a German watch-maker. Removing to London, he published a volume of "Poems" in 1865, and the following year issued the "Child's Garland," which was well received. A revised and enlarged edition of his "Poems" appeared in 1870. His songs and rhymes for the young have earned him the title of "The Children's Poet-laureate."

GOD'S FLOWERS.

Look up, sweet wife, through happy tears,
And see our tiny buds ablow,
With yearning souls that strive to show,
And burst the tender green of years.

So sweet they hang upon life's stem,
Their beauty stills our very breath,
As, thinking of the spoiler, Death,
We bend in silence over them,—

And shed our dew of praise and prayer
On hearts that turn toward the sun,
And watch the leaflets, one by one,
That scent for us the common air.

And she, our latest blossom given,
That scarce hath lost the dimple-touch
Of God's own fingers, and, as such,
Still pulses to the throb of heaven;

And blind with brightness of his face,
Lies dreaming in a nest of love,
With ears that catch the sounds that move
And swell around the Throne of Grace!—

Ah! how for her our hearts will peer
And look, with faith, through swimming eyes,
For balmy winds and summer skies,
And tremble when a cloud is near.

Dear flowers of God! how much we owe
To what you give us, all unsought—
The grandeur and the glory caught
From hills where truth and wisdom grow.

1866.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropped from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love,
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

AMERICAN.

Hayne was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1831. He published volumes of poems as early as 1855 and 1857; and in 1859 appeared his "Avolio: a Legend of the Island of Cos, with other Poems, Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic." He has since been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. He is the author of an excellent memoir of Henry Timrod, one of the most gifted of American poets; and Hayne himself writes as if he too had been "in Arcadia born."

FROM THE WOODS.

Why should I, with a mournful, morbid spleen,
Lament that here, in this half-desert scene,
My lot is placed?
At least the poet-winds are bold and loud,—
At least the sunset glorifies the cloud,
And forests old and proud
Rustle their verdurous banners o'er the waste.

Perchance 'tis best that I, whose Fate's eclipse
Seems final,—I, whose sluggish life-wave slips
Languid away,—
Should here, within these lowly walks, apart
From the fierce throbbings of the populous mart,
Commune with mine own heart,
While Wisdom blooms from buried Hope's decay.

Nature, though wild her forms, sustains me still;
The founts are musical,—the barren hill
Glows with strange lights;
Through solemn pine-groves the small rivulets fleet,
Sparkling, as if a Naiad's silvery feet,
In quick and coy retreat,
Glanced through the star-gleams on calm summer nights;

And the great sky, the royal heaven above,
Darkens with storms or melts in hues of love;
While far remote,
Just where the sunlight smites the woods with fire,
Wakens the multitudinous sylvan choir;
Their innocent love's desire
Poured in a rill of song from each harmonious throat.

My walls are crumbling, but immortal looks
Smile on me here from faces of rare books:
Shakspeare consoles
My heart with true philosophies; a balm
Of spiritual dews from humbler song or psalm
Fills me with tender calm,
Or through hushed heavens of soul Milton's deep thunder rolls!

And more than all, o'er shattered wrecks of Fate,
The relics of a happier time and state,
My nobler life
Shines on unquenched! O deathless love that lies
In the clear midnight of those passionate eyes!
Joy waneth! Fortune flies!
What then? Thou still art here, soul of my soul, my Wife!

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead:
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires—
"*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

SONNET.

Day follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.
I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy Dryad in a lonely place,
Thrilled with low whispering and strange sylvan sighs:
Weary? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and new
Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Allen, a native of Strong, Franklin County, Me., was born October 9th, 1832, and married in 1860 to Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died in 1861. She subsequently became the wife of Mr. E. M. Allen, of New York. Her early poems appeared under the *nom de plume* of Florence Percy. An edition of her works was published in Boston in 1867. Her popular poem of "Rock Me to Sleep" has had many claimants, whose persistency can be explained only by the theory of kleptomania. There

is a peculiar charm in nearly all her lyrical productions: they are as remarkable for tenderness and pathos as for their artistic construction. Her residence is Greenville, N. J.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

TILL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend—
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay—it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than gilds these earthly morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,
If, after death, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,
Bestow it ere I go.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head,
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and the grasses wave,
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I—but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee, night and day,
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die; the violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; ev'n Nature's self forgets;
But while I live be true.

Edwin Arnold.

Born in London in 1832, Arnold was educated at Oxford, and in 1852 obtained the Newdigate prize for a poem on Belshazzar's feast. A proficient in Sanscrit and Arabic, he is a member of the Order of the Star of India. He has written "Griselda," a drama; "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical;" "Education in India;" "The Poets of Greece" (1869), besides several translations and contributions to the magazines. His longest poem, "The Light of Asia" (1880), is founded on the history of Prince Gautama, who became the Buddha of Oriental worship, and who flourished about 543 B.C. In regard to the doctrine of "Nirvana," Arnold has "a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstraction, or in nothingness as the issue and crown of Being." Still, he leaves the question obscure, for he says:

> "If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
> Say unto such they lie.
> If any teach Nirvana is to live,
> Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
> Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
> Nor lifeless, timeless bliss."

The original American publishers of this noble epic are Roberts Brothers, Boston, who share their profits with the author. It passed through nineteen editions in less than a year. Arnold became connected with the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, London, in 1861. In 1879 he travelled in Egypt, and in 1880 withdrew from his connection with the Press.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.[1]

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow:
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this:—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear,
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

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[1] This remarkable poem has been often recited at funerals in America. An Arabic poet of the twelfth century seems to have suggested it in lines which have been thus translated:

"When I am robed in the habiliments of the grave, my friends will weep for me. Say to them that this insensible corpse is not I. It is my body, but I no longer dwell in it. I am now a life that is inextinguishable. The remains they contemplate have been my temporary abode, my clothing for a day. I am a bird; the corpse was my cage. I have unfolded my wings, and fled my prison. I am the pearl; it was the shell, now of no value. * * * My voyage is terminated. I leave you in exile. Let the shell perish with the illusions of earth. Do not say of the dead, this is death, for it is in reality the veritable life."

We are indebted to the author for a corrected copy of the poem, into which had crept several errors. The word *Azan* refers to the hour of Moslem prayer.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

À MA FUTURE.

Where waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not,
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot—
I looked for thee ere now.

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother;
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams;
O gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I—
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee:
We cannot live apart—must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
For time doth keep for us some happy years,
And God hath portioned us our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet;
And therefore let our searching be the stronger;
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room—
And so, dear wife, good-night!

James K. Lombard.

AMERICAN.

Born January 15th, 1832, in Burlington, N. Y., Lombard moved to Springfield, Mass., with his parents. It had been the home of his ancestors since 1646, and there he was educated. He studied for the ministry, and was settled over a congregation in Fairfield, Conn.

"NOT AS THOUGH I HAD ALREADY ATTAINED."

Not, my soul, what thou hast done,
But what thou art doing;
Not the course which thou hast run,
But which thou'rt pursuing;
Not the prize already won,
But that thou art wooing.

Thy progression, not thy rest,—
Striving, not attaining,—
Is the measure and the test
Of thy hope remaining;
Not in gain thou'rt half so blessed
As in conscious gaining.

If thou to the Past wilt go,
Of Experience learning,
Faults and follies it can show,—
Wisdom dearly earning;
But the path once trodden, know,
Hath no more returning.

Let not thy good hope depart,
Sit not down bewailing;
Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart!
'Neath despair's assailing:
This will give thee fairer start,—
Knowledge of thy failing.

Yet shall every rampant wrong
In the dust be lying,—
Soon thy foes, though proud and strong,
In defeat be flying;
Then shall a triumphant song
Take the place of sighing.

William Wallace Harney.

AMERICAN.

Harney was born in 1832 at Bloomington, Ind., where his father was professor of mathematics in the University. His parents moved to Kentucky when William was

yet a child, and he entered Louisville College. At the close of his educational course he taught school for awhile, then studied law, but in 1859 became connected as editor with the *Louisville Daily Democrat*, since which his labors have left him but brief opportunities for the cultivation of poetry.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

The wind came blowing out of the West,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West:
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around—
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot, so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye—
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown—
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
He watched her soft cheeks' changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down,
Whenever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain;
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and prattled in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
And then I'll swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay—
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

Lewis Morris.

Morris, born at Carmarthen, South Wales, Jan. 23d, 1833, graduated at Oxford with the highest classical honors in 1855; studied law, and practised at Lincoln's Inn till 1872. His "Songs of Two Worlds" appeared in three series in 1872, 1874, and 1875. His "Epic of Hades," which was not published in its completed form till 1878, has passed through ten editions in England, and been republished by Roberts Brothers, Boston. In 1878 appeared "Gwen;" and in 1880 "The Ode of Life." Morris is the representative of an old Welsh family, and is a great-grandson of Lewis Morris (1702–1765), the Welsh antiquary and poet.

IT SHALL BE WELL.

If thou shalt be in heart a child,
Forgiving, tender, meek, and mild,
Though with light stains of earth defiled,
O soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee indeed,
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed,
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed;
It shall be surely well.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;
We may but whisper faint and low,
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, oh, soul,
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
Though sun and moon forget to roll,—
O soul, it shall be well.

DEAR LITTLE HAND.

Dear little hand that clasps my own,
  Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife;
Pink little fingers not yet grown
  To the poor strength of after-life,—
    Dear little hand!

Dear little eyes which smile on mine,
  With the first peep of morning light;
Now April-wet with tears, or fine
  With dews of pity, or laughing bright.
    Dear little eyes!

Dear little voice, whose broken speech
  All eloquent utterance can transcend;
Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach
  A holier deep than love or friend:
    Dear little voice!

Dear little life! my care to keep
  From every spot and stain of sin;
Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,
  To struggle and—which? to fall or win?
    Dread mystical life!

THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

O fair bird, singing in the woods,
  To the rising and the setting sun,
Does ever any throb of pain
  Thrill through thee ere thy song be done:
Because the summer fleets so fast;
  Because the autumn fades so soon;
Because the deadly winter treads
  So closely on the steps of June?

O sweet maid, opening like a rose
  In Love's mysterious, honeyed air,
Dost think sometimes the day will come
  When thou shalt be no longer fair:
When Love will leave thee and pass on
  To younger and to brighter eyes;
And thou shalt live unloved, alone,
  A dull life, only dowered with sighs?

O brave youth, panting for the fight,
  To conquer wrong and win thee fame,
Dost see thyself grown old and spent,
  And thine a still unhonored name:
When all thy hopes have come to naught,
  And all thy fair schemes droop and pine;
And Wrong still lifts her hydra heads
  To fall to stronger arms than thine?

Nay; song and love and lofty aims
  May never be where faith is not;
Strong souls within the present live;
  The future veiled,—the past forgot:
Grasping what is, with hands of steel,
  They bend what shall be, to their will;
And, blind alike to doubt and dread,
  The End, for which they are, fulfil.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

AMERICAN.

Born in Hartford, Conn., in 1833, Stedman was educated at Yale College, but did not graduate. His mother, whose maiden name was Dodge, was first married to Mr. Stedman, of Hartford, but after his death became the wife of William B. Kinney of the *Newark Advertiser*, subsequently United States Minister to Sardinia. Edmund inherited his mother's poetical tastes. He has published "The Diamond Wedding: Poems Lyric and Idyllic" (1860); "The Blameless Prince, and other Poems" (1864); also a poem on Hawthorne; and "The Victorian Poets" (1879), a series of careful critical sketches. Not wishing to trust wholly to literature for a support, he became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and was successful in his operations. The *British Quarterly Review* refers to him as "one of the most versatile, as well as one of the most refined and artistic of American poets." As a critic, too, he has won distinction.

PROVENÇAL LOVERS.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair;—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle;"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in Heaven be
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;—
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To filch the Peter-pence we bring;"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briers,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folks like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To Purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
True men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonair,
The pretty dames, the merry brides
Who with their wedded lords coquette,
And have a friend or two besides,—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs, and crests in vair and gray,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of Heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of might;
There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and boldly fought for freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help and speed 'em!—
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land:
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labored day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seemed charmed,
Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessèd light of Heaven,—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed.
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible frown.

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they loaded him with chains,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains:
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and torn him so;
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town.

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife waxed milder,
Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Bor-

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind him,
Slipped off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born,
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,
Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, and such trifles; [train,
But quietly to his rancho there came, by every
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again.
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys! we've got an army large enough to march and take the town,—

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes, and then arm them;
Carry the County and the State, ay! and all the potent South.
On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them—
These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth!"
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday:
"This good work"—declared the Captain—"shall be on a holy night!"—
It was on a Sunday evening, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—black and white,
Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sentry down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one: [ran on.
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done,
Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d'état*,
"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and bridges!" said he;
Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star;—
This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

There was riding and railroading, and expressing here and thither;
And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters, and the Charlestown Volunteers,
And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened whither
Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.
General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!!
Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old Brown's durance, [out,
And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the marvellous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them straight about;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, encamped around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned, was too risky; [ment Marines,
So they hurried off to Richmond for the Govern-

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whiskey,
Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tally-ho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying! [ily away;
In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lust-
And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late for slaying, [his clay;
Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened on the trial;
How old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charlestown court-house floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;
What the brave old madman told them—these are known the country o'er.
Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown!—
Said the judge—"and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians! don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down.

November, 1859.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

AMERICAN.

Miss Kimball was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1834. Her studies, with the exception of a few years at school, were pursued at home. Her first little book of "Hymns" was published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, in 1867, and gave her at once a reputation; the second, "Swallow Flights of Song," by the same publishers in 1874. The third and last, "The Blessed Company of all Faithful People," appeared in 1879, from the press of A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Miss Kimball's hymns are remarkable not only as devotional productions, but for their lucid poetical quality and artistic finish.

THE GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing heavily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp:
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark I found the lock:—
"Enter! I have turned the key!—
Enter, Stranger!
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name:
In the guest-chair took his place;
But I could not see his face!—
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three—
Lo! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me!

THE CRICKETS.

Pipe, little minstrels of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe!
Pipe the warm noons; the mellow harvest near;
The apples dropping ripe;

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade;
The trill of lonely bird;

The sweet sad hush on Nature's gladness laid;
The sounds through silence heard!

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year;
The Summer's brief reprieve;
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear;
The chill of morn and eve!

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year;
Pipe low the painless pain;
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer;
The year is in the wane.

LONGING FOR RAIN.

Earth swoons, o'erwhelmed with weight of bloom;
The scanty dews seem dropped in vain;
Athirst she lies, while garish skies
Burn with their brassy hints of rain.

Morn after morn the flaming sun
Smites the bare hills with fiery rod;
Night after night with blood-red light
Glares like a slow-avenging god.

Oh for a cloudy curtain drawn
To screen us from the scorching sky!
Oh for the rain to lay again
The smothering dust-clouds passing by!

To wash the hedges, white with dust,
Freshen the grass, and fill the pool;
While in the breeze the odorous trees
Drip softly, swaying dark and cool!

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

George Arnold.

AMERICAN.

Arnold (1834–1865) was a native of New York, and early in life applied himself to literary pursuits. His "Drift, and other Poems," edited by William Winter, appeared in 1866. Dying at an early age, Arnold left evidences of a remarkable gift for lyrical expression. His literary career extended over a period of twelve years; "and in that time," says Winter, "he wrote, with equal fluency and versatility, stories, poems, criticisms — in short, everything for which there is a demand in the literary magazines and in New York journalism."

IN THE DARK.

His last poem; written a few days before his death.

All moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and land
Some light to rest upon.

No large pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll:
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness!—Father, hear my prayer!
Grant me to see the light!

CUI BONO?

A harmless fellow, wasting useless days,
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure:
Let those who wish them toil for gold and praise;
To me this summer-day brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the Past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

There was a time when I had higher aims
Than thus to lie among the flowers and listen
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had thought
To make a name, a home, a bright existence:
But time has shown me that my dreams were naught
Save a mirage that vanished with the distance.

Well, it is gone: I care no longer now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd lie forever here among the daisies.

So you, who wish for fame, good friend, pass by;
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel:
Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I lie,
And spare me both the labor and the laurel!

A SUMMER LONGING.

I must away to wooded hills and vales,
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently,
And idle barges flap their listless sails.
For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;
I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;
And nature's voices say, in mystic words,
"The green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands where the primrose shines,
And waves her yellow lamps above the lea;
Of tangled copses swung with trailing vines;
Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
May lie and listen to the distant sea,
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry,
In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find
The forest's shade, the wild-bird's melody,
While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,
And green fields wait for me.

Richard Realf.

The life of Realf (1834–1878), that "most unhappy man of men," had in it the elements of the most direful tragedy. A native of Uckfield, Sussex, England, his first volume of verses, "Guesses at the Beautiful," was published while he was yet a youth (1852), in Brighton, England, and won high praise from Thackeray and Lytton. The poor lad was of humble parentage, his father being a day-laborer in the fields, and his sister a domestic servant. He came to the United States about the year 1855, and took a conspicuous part in the Kansas and other border troubles. He subsequently served in the brigade of Gen. John F. Miller in the Civil War, and became a colonel. For a time he was associated with John Brown, "Osawatomie Brown," in Kansas. He was twice married, and became the father of twins by his second wife; but was made frantic by the persecutions of his first wife, from whom he had been separated since 1872. She followed him to Oakland, California, where, to escape the misery of her presence, he took laudanum and died.

Realf gives tokens of intense, though unchastened power, as a poet. Had he been as well educated as Shelley, he might have been his peer. Among his early patronesses was Lady Byron. In the "Life and Letters" of Frederick W. Robertson, the famous Brighton preacher, we find this reference to Realf: "One day," writes Mr. A. J. Ross, "as we were speaking together of the rich endowments of a youth in whom we were mutually interested, he (Robertson) said with emphasis, 'How unhappy he will be!'" With what a sad accuracy was the prophesy fulfiled!

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress:
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I, who with whetted knives of worldliness,
Did put my own childheartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace for evermore,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple-bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,

It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
Oh, moaning life, with life irreconciled;
Oh, backward looking thought, O pain, O tears,
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

SYMBOLISMS.

All round us lie the awful sacrednesses
Of babes and cradles, graves and hoary hairs;
Of girlish laughters and of manly cares;
Of moaning sighs and passionate caresses;
Of infinite ascensions of the soul,
And wild hyena-hungers of the flesh;
Of cottage virtues and the solemn roll
Of populous cities' thunder, and the fresh,
Warm faith of childhood, sweet as mignonette
Amid Doubt's bitter herbage, and the dear
Re-glimpses of the early star which set
Down the blue skies of our lost hemisphere,
And all the consecrations and delights
Woven in the texture of the days and nights.

The daily miracle of Life goes on
Within our chambers, at our household hearths,
In sober duties and in jocund mirths;
In all the unquiet hopes and fears that run
Out of our hearts along the edges of
The terrible abysses; in the calms
Of friendship, in the ecstasies of love:
In burial-dirges and in marriage-psalms;
In all the far weird voices that we hear;
In all the mystic visions we behold;
In our souls' summers when the days are clear;
And in our winters when the nights are cold,
And in the subtle secrets of our breath,
And that Annunciation naméd death.

O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music: every weed of thine
Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedge-row flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living Word to every living thing,
Albeit it hold the Message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: a Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

Forever, through the world's material forms,
Heaven shoots its immaterial; night and day
Apocalyptic intimations stray
Across the rifts of matter; viewless arms
Lean lovingly toward us from the air;
There is a breathing marvel in the sea;
The sapphire foreheads of the mountains wear
A light within light which ensymbols the
Unutterable Beauty and Perfection
That, with immeasurable strivings, strives
Through bodied form and sensuous indirection
To hint unto our dull and hardened lives
(Poor lives, that cannot see nor hear aright!)
The bodiless glories which are out of sight.

Sometimes (we know not how, nor why, nor whence)
The twitter of the swallows 'neath the eaves,
The shimmer of the light among the leaves,
Will strike up through the thick roofs of our sense,
And show us things which seers and sages saw
In the gray earth's green dawn: something doth stir
Like organ-hymns within us, and doth awe
Our pulses into listening, and confer
Burdens of Being on us; and we ache
With weights of Revelation, and our ears
Hear voices from the Infinite that take
The hushed soul captive, and the saddening years
Seem built on pillared joys, and overhead
Vast dove-like wings that arch the world are spread.

He, by such raptnesses and intuitions,
Doth pledge His utmost immortality
Unto our mortal insufficiency,
Fettered in grossness, that these sensual prisons,

Against whose bars we beat so tired wings,
Avail not to ward off the clear access
Of His high heralds and interpretings;
Wherefore, albeit we may not fully guess
The meaning of the wonder, let us keep
Clean channels for the instincts which respond
To the Unutterable Sanctities that sweep
Down the far reaches of the strange Beyond,
Whose mystery strikes the spirit into fever,
And haunts, and hurts, and blesses us forever.

Nancy Priest Wakefield.

AMERICAN.

Nancy Amelia Woodbury Priest (1834–1870), a native of Royalston, Mass., was married in 1865 to Lieut. A. C. Wakefield. Her "Over the River" has had a wide circulation, and is still one of the pieces that illustrate the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." In the Rev. A. P. Marvin's History of Winchendon is this note: "Mrs. Wakefield, though born in the edge of Royalston, belongs to Winchendon. Her family have resided here from the beginning through five or six generations. Her father moved into Royalston a little while before her birth, and returned while she was quite young." It illustrates the rare power of genius to find two towns contending for the honor of having given birth to the author of a poem of forty-eight lines. But Mrs. Wakefield did not fail to offer other assurance than this of the poetical gift she has displayed so felicitously.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of Heaven's own blue:
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another,—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark:
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark,
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye!
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us over Life's stormy sea:
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

FROM "HEAVEN."

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal!
O guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into these pastures vernal!

William Morris.

Morris was born in London in 1834, and educated at Oxford. His first publication (1853) was "The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems." In 1867 appeared his "Life and Death of Jason," and in 1868–1871, at intervals, "The Earthly Paradise," in four parts. In his skill as a poetical narrator Morris has been compared by Swinburne to Chaucer. His long poems, if deficient in elements of popularity, because of their remoteness from modern themes, show remarkable ease and fluency of versification, with beauty of narrative diction.

MARCH.

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!

Yea, welcome March! and though I die ere June,
Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,
Striving to swell the burden of the tune
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming days;
Who sing: "O joy! a new year is begun:
What happiness to look upon the sun!"

Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
Even from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us "Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live,
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give."

Celia Thaxter.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Thaxter, daughter of Mr. Laighton, once proprietor of Appledore, Isles of Shoals, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1835. She passed the early part of her life, and much of the later, at Appledore, one of a rocky group of small islands about ten miles from the mainland. She has been no idle observer of the moods and colors of the ocean, the habits of the sea-birds, and all the poetical aspects of the rugged scenes amidst which she was bred. The fidelity of her marine descriptions is remarkable. She has published (1868) an excellent account, historical and descriptive, of the Isles. Her poems are vivid with touches that show the intimacy of her study of external nature.

SONG.

We sail toward evening's lonely star,
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens; leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer.
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Light-houses kindle far and near,
And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea;
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
O realize the moment's charm,
Thou dearest! We are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

THE SAND-PIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts, in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses nigh.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery:

He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
This little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou little sand-piper and I?

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

AMERICAN.

Harriet Elizabeth Prescott, born in Calais, Me., in 1835, was married in 1865 to Richard S. Spofford, Esq., a lawyer, of Newburyport, Mass. She early gave promise of literary ability in a series of remarkable prose tales: "Sir Roland's Ghost" (1860); "The Amber Gods, and other Stories;" "Azarian;" "New England Legends;" "A Thief in the Night," etc. She has been a liberal contributor to the magazines, and there have been several published collections of her prose writings. There is a fine enthusiasm for all that is lovely in nature, flashing out in many of her poems.

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid-afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander,—call the thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

Ellen Louise Moulton.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Moulton, whose maiden name was Chandler, was born in 1835 at Pomfret, Conn., and educated at Mrs. Willard's famed seminary. She began writing for the magazines at an early age, and when eighteen published a volume entitled "This, That, and the Other," of which ten thousand copies were sold. She contributed largely to the principal American magazines, and was a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. She married Mr. Moulton, a well-known newspaper publisher of Boston. A volume of her poems was published in London, and one in Boston (1878).

ALONE BY THE BAY.

He is gone, O my heart, he is gone;
And the sea remains, and the sky;
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.

And the waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the Bay
The breath of the morning blows.

I liked it better last night,
When the dark shut down on the main,
And the phantom fleet lay still,
And I heard the waves complain.

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,
And the rune of their endless woe,
Their longing and void and despair,
Kept time in their ebb and flow.

IN TIME TO COME.

The time will come full soon, I shall be gone,
And you sit silent in the silent place,
With the sad Autumn sunlight on your face:
Remembering the loves that were your own,
Haunted perchance by some familiar tone,—

You will grow weary then for the dead days,
And mindful of their sweet and bitter ways,
Though passion into memory shall have grown.
Then shall I with your other ghosts draw nigh,
And whisper, as I pass, some former word,
Some old endearment known in days gone by,
Some tenderness that once your pulses stirred,—
Which was it spoke to you, the wind or I,
I think you, musing, scarcely will have heard.

Theodore Tilton.

AMERICAN.

Tilton was born in 1835 in the city of New York. He received a good education, and became early in life connected with the *Independent*, a widely circulated weekly paper. The connection lasted fifteen years. In 1871 he started a new weekly, *The Golden Age*, which did not meet the success it deserved. He is the author of "The Sexton's Tale, and other Poems," and has shown much versatility as a spirited writer both of prose and verse.

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I won a noble fame;
  But, with a sudden frown,
  The people snatched my crown,
  And in the mire trod down
My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse,
  And beggars by the way
  Then blessed me day by day;
  But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends;
  But now their love is hate,
  And I have learned too late
  How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,
  As if her heart I knew,
  Or fancied would be true;
  Who proved, alas! she, too,
False like the rest.

I am now all bereft,—
  As when some tower doth fall,
  With battlements and wall,
  And gate and bridge and all,—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
  All pangs of fair hopes crossed—
  All loves and honors lost—
  To gain the heavens at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
  To render ill for ill—
  Henceforth in me instill,
  O God! a sweet good will
To all mankind.

John James Piatt.

AMERICAN.

Piatt, born in Milton, Ind., March 1st, 1835, was educated at Kenyon College. He wrote verses for the *Louisville Journal*, also for the *Atlantic Monthly*, before he was twenty-five. In conjunction with Mr. W. D. Howells, he published, in 1860, "Poems of Two Friends;" in 1864, "Nests, and other Poems," part of which were by his wife, Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt. In 1869 he published "Western Windows, and other Poems," dedicated to George D. Prentice; and in 1871, "Landmarks, and other Poems." His style is well individualized, and formed on no particular model. Mrs. Piatt has written several admirable little poems, generally conveying some pithy moral.

THE FIRST TRYST.

She pulls a rose from her rose-tree,
  Kissing its soul to him,—
Far over years, far over dreams
  And tides of chances dim.

He plucks from his heart a poem,
  A flower-sweet messenger,—
Far over years, far over dreams,
  Flutters its soul to her.

These are the world-old lovers,
  Clasped in one twilight's gleam;
Yet he is but a dream to her,
  And she a poet's dream.

THE MORNING STREET.

From "Western Windows."

Alone I walk the morning street,
Filled with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems as strange, as still, as dead,
As if unnumbered years had fled,

Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky;
The light wind walks with me alone
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat;
The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd
Whose footsteps make the city loud,—
The myriad faces,—hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts,—far in the Past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew,—
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart
Quickening the marble breast of Art,—
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life, upheaved on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charméd solitude:
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
The busy place, in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet;
The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam;
The life shall move, the death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train,
Together, face to face, shall meet,
And pass within the morning street.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

MRS. PIATT.

They were two princes doomed to death,
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
"Leave us our life, and we will bring.
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew
A charméd bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach: ah, well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands.
The other torn and empty hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The king was sad, the king was mute;
At last he slowly said, "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

Frances Laughton Mace.

AMERICAN.

Miss Laughton, who by marriage (1855) became Mrs. Mace, was born in the village of Orono, near Bangor, Me., Jan. 15th, 1836, where her father commenced practice as a physician, but soon removed to Bangor. She has written for *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other well-known periodicals. Her little poem of "Only Waiting" was written when she was eighteen, and first published in the Waterville (Me.) *Mail* of Sept. 7th, 1854. It was introduced by the Rev. James Martineau, of England, into his collection of "Hymns," and he took pains to have the fact of its authorship thoroughly investigated. The poem had passed into several collections, British and American, as anonymous.

EASTER MORNING.

I.

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise! and with hands that are glowing,
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
While He slept, she was still with pain;
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

Oh hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
Oh listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess, Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Encircle the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises,
And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates.

He is here! The long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
"We shall rise!" is the song of to-day,
O Music! no longer lamenting,
On pinions of tremulous flame
Go soaring to meet the Belovéd,
And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The font is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,
And far up the infinite height
Archangels the pæan re-echo,
And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

INDIAN SUMMER.

When the hunter's moon is waning
And hangs like a crimson bow,
And the frosty fields of morning
Are white with a phantom snow,
Who then is the beautiful spirit
That wandering smiles and grieves
Along the desolate hill-sides,
And over the drifted leaves?

She has strayed from the far-off dwelling
Of forgotten Indian braves,
And stolen wistfully earthward
Over the path of graves;
She has left the cloudy gate-way
Of the hunting-grounds ajar,
To follow the trail of the summer
Toward the morning-star!

There's a rustle of soft, slow footsteps,
The toss of a purple plume,
And the glimmer of golden arrows
Athwart the hazy gloom.
'Tis the smoke of the happy wigwams
That reddens our wintry sky,
The scent of unfading forests
That is dreamily floating by.

O shadow-sister of summer!
Astray from the world of dreams,
Thou wraith of the bloom departed,
Thou echo of spring-tide streams,
Thou moonlight and starlight vision
Of a day that will come no more,
Would that our love might win thee
To dwell on this stormy shore!

But the roaming Indian goddess
Stays not for our tender sighs—
She has heard the call of her hunters
Beyond the sunset skies!
By her beaming arrows stricken,
The last leaves fluttering fall,
With a sigh and smile she has vanished—
And darkness is over all.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From this heart once full of day,
Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time hath faded,
And the autumn winds are come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away—
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown—
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
When from out the folded darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing her passage to the skies.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AMERICAN.

Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1836. After trying mercantile pursuits in a New York counting-room, he gave his attention to literature; was connected with the *Home Journal*, and other periodicals, and became a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. He began to publish poems in 1854. His "Baby Bell" (1858) showed that he had not mistaken his vocation. Removing to Boston, he published a series of tales which attracted much attention, and were translated into French. They appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Aldrich has made two visits to Europe with his wife, and given evidence that they were not unprofitable in literary respects. His poetical vein is rich, delicate, and tender; and the cultivated circle he addresses is always enlarging. He published in 1880 "The Stillwater Tragedy," a novel, in which, in spite of its name, wit and humor prevail.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.

Thou singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods and fields of corn
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I, within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast;

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapped in dreamy joy,
Dip and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy.

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,

And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town,
And burn the tapering spires.

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn:

And take this song, which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

AFTER THE RAIN.

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disk, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I've said the enchanted rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

SONNET.

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time:
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all:
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as the gods have given:
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish,—take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

William Winter.

AMERICAN.

A native of Gloucester, Mass., Winter was born July 15th, 1836. He published a volume of poems before he was twenty-one. For several years he has been connected with the *New York Tribune* as dramatic critic. An edition of his poems was republished in London in 1877. In the spring of 1879 he read a poem called "The Pledge and the Deed" before the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Albany, which was received with great enthusiasm. Of his "Orgia" he writes: "It is thoroughly sincere—honestly expressive of my feelings about life at the time it was written, but wild as a white squall. All sorts of names have been signed to it in the newspapers; all sorts of misprints have been perpetrated on its text." A new and complete edition of Winter's poems in one volume was to appear in 1881.

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANCE.

With diamond dew the grass was wet,
'Twas in the spring and gentlest weather,
And all the birds of morning met,
And carolled in her heart together.

The wind blew softly o'er the land,
And softly kissed the joyous ocean;
He walked beside her on the sand,
And gave and won a heart's devotion.

The thistle-down was in the breeze,
With birds of passage homeward flying;
His fortune called him o'er the seas,
And on the shore he left her sighing.

She saw his bark glide down the bay,
Through tears and fears she could not banish;
She saw his white sails melt away;
She saw them fade; she saw them vanish.

And "Go," she said, "for winds are fair,
And love and blessing round you hover;
When you sail backward through the air,
Then I will trust the word of lover."

Still ebbed, still flowed the tide of years,
Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses,
And many smiles were turned to tears,
And sombre morns to radiant closes.

And many ships came gliding by,
With many a golden promise freighted;
But nevermore from sea or sky
Came love to bless her heart that waited.

Yet on, by tender patience led,
Her sacred footsteps walked, unbidden,
Wherever sorrow bows its head,
Or want and care and shame are hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,
And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the chancel air,
And seemed to hear the organ pealing.

Till once, at shut of autumn day,
In marble chill she paused and harkened,
With startled gaze, where far away
The waste of sky and ocean darkened.

There, for a moment, faint and wan,
High up in air, and landward striving,
Stern-fore, a spectral bark came on,
Across the purple sunset driving.

Then something out of night she knew,
Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,
And peacefully as falls the dew
Her long and lonely vigil ended.

The violet and the bramble rose
Make glad the grass that dreams above her:
And freed from time and all its woes,
She trusts again the word of lover.

ORGIA.

THE SONG OF A RUINED MAN.

Who cares for nothing alone is free,—
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me.

With a careless heart and a merry eye,
He will laugh at the world as the world goes by.

He laughs at power and wealth and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear,
And at memory's dead leaves, crisp and sere:

He laughs at the future, cold and dim,—
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

Oh, that is the comrade fit for me:
He cares for nothing, his soul is free;

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine:
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine.

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law;
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,
And over my liquor I riot and laugh.

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave;
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.

And He cares for nothing! a king is He!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of Long Ago;

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose;
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose;

To the splendor, caught from orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes—

Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the south—
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood.

And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin,
Who has conquered that fortress and reigns within.

My sight is fading,—it dies away,—
I cannot tell—is it night or day.

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

I cannot see you. The end is nigh;
But—we'll laugh together before I die.

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall!
Your hand, good fellow! I die,—that's all.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

What though I sing no other song?
What though I speak no other word?—
Is silence shame? Is patience wrong?—
At least, one song of mine was heard:

One echo from the mountain air,
One ocean murmur, glad and free—
One sign that nothing grand or fair
In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;
I will not strain the chords of thought:
The sweetest fruit of all desire
Comes its own way, and comes unsought.

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
And all their music passed away,
What Nature wishes should be said
She'll find the rightful voice to say!

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
The drifting cloud, the lonely sky,
And all we know of bliss or grief
She speaks in forms that cannot die.

The mountain-peaks that shine afar,
The silent star, the pathless sea,
Are living signs of all we are,
And types of all we hope to be.

William Schwenck Gilbert.

Gilbert, born in London, 1836, won celebrity by his participation in the burlesque musical drama of "Pinafore" (1878), the libretto of which was his own conception. The success of the piece at the principal theatres of the United States was something quite unexampled. It was followed by "The Pirates of Penzance" (1879), another profitable hit. He published in 1877 a volume of humorous poetry. Before that he had produced "Original Plays," republished in New York; among

them "The Wicked World, an Original Fairy Comedy," and "Pygmalion and Galatea, an Original Mythological Comedy." He produces his comic effects by a grotesque extravagance, or by humorous nonsense, unmarred by coarseness.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look very blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!
It rolls on.

MORTAL LOVE.

FROM "THE WICKED WORLD."

Selene, a Fairy Queen, is the supposed speaker.

With all their misery, with all their sin,
With all the elements of wretchedness
That teem on that unholy world of theirs,
They have one great and ever-glorious gift,
That compensates for all they have to bear—
The gift of Love! Not as we use the word,
To signify mere tranquil brotherhood;
But in some sense that is unknown to us,
Their love bears like relation to our own
That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun
Bears to the calm of a soft summer's eve.
It nerves the wearied mortals with hot life,
And bathes his soul in hazy happiness.
The richest man is poor who hath it not,
And he who hath it laughs at poverty.
It hath no conqueror. When Death himself
Has worked his very worst, this love of theirs
Lives still upon the loved one's memory.
It is a strange enchantment, which invests
The most unlovely things with loveliness.
The maiden, fascinated by this spell,
Sees everything as she would have it be:
Her squalid cot becomes a princely home;
Its stunted shrubs are groves of stately elms;
The weedy brook that trickles past her door
Is a broad river fringed with drooping trees;
And of all marvels the most marvellous,
The coarse unholy man who rules her love
Is a bright being—pure as we are pure;
Wise in his folly—blameless in his sin;
The incarnation of a perfect soul;
A great and ever-glorious demi-god.

William Dean Howells.

AMERICAN.

Born in Martinsville, Belmont County, O., in 1837, the son of a printer, Howells learned the business, and became editorially connected with several Ohio newspapers. In 1860 he published, in conjunction with Mr. J. J. Piatt, a volume entitled "Poems of Two Friends." In 1861 he was Consul at Venice, where he resided till 1865. He published "Venetian Life" (1866); "Italian Journeys" (1867); "No Love Lost: a Poem" (1868); "Suburban Sketches" (1871); "Their Wedding Journey" (1872); "The Undiscovered Country" (1880). In 1870 he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He has gained a wide reputation for the grace and purity of his prose style; and has shown, in some of his shorter poems, high lyrical capacities and an artist-like care.

THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

THE MYSTERIES.

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life!

John Burroughs.

AMERICAN.

Burroughs was born April 3d, 1837, at Roxbury, N. Y. He has distinguished himself as a genial observer of natural phenomena, and his books about birds, flowers, and out-of-door life have a distinctive value, as coming from one at once a poet and a naturalist. He is the author of "Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" (1867); "Wake Robin" (1871); "Winter Sunshine" (1875); "Birds and Poets" (1877); "Locusts and Wild Honey" (1879).

WAITING.

Serene I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height:
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Swinburne, son of an English admiral, was born at Holmwood, near Henley-on-Thames, in 1837. His early education, begun in France, was continued at Eton. In 1857 he entered a commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree. In his twenty-third year he published two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund." In 1865 appeared his dramatic poem of "Atalanta in Calydon," thoroughly Grecian in form and spirit. The *Edinburgh Review* pronounced it "the produce of an affluent apprehensive genius which, with ordinary care and fair fortune, will take a foremost place in English literature." In 1866 appeared a volume of "Poems and Ballads," which was considered so objectionable in its free and sensuous expressions, that, in obedience to the critical outcry against it, the edition was suppressed by the English publishers. Since then Swinburne has published "A Song of Italy" (1867); "Siena, a Poem" (1868); "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic" (1870); "Songs before Sunrise" (1871); "Bothwell, a Tragedy" (1874); "Songs of the Springtides" (1880). He is a genuine poet, both in temperament and original vivacity of thought and expression. At times there is a marvellous charm, peculiarly his own, in his diction, which is at once mellifluous and vigorous. It will be noticed that he has revived the old fashion of alliteration in many of his lines. Sometimes this is a defect, but not unfrequently it helps to sweeten the versification.

AN INTERLUDE.

In the greenest growth of the May-time,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelled sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the spring-time hedge,

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
With flowery frost of May:
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here;*
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom
You lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is,
That neither is most to blame,
If you've forgotten my kisses
And I've forgotten your name.

LOVE AND DEATH.

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal [breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling,
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

Forceythe Willson.

AMERICAN.

Willson (1837–1867) was a native of Little Genesee, N. Y. "The Old Sergeant, and other Poems," was the title of a volume from his pen, published in Boston in 1867. "The Old Sergeant" has in it more of the narrative and dramatic element than of the poetic, but its pathos is genuine, and Willson fully believed in the possibility of the occurrence he describes. He was himself an intuitionalist, and the spirit-world seemed to him more real than this. In his poem of "The Voice" he describes himself as listening to the words of his deceased wife, and adds:

"They fell and died upon my ear,
As dew dies on the atmosphere;
And then an intense yearning thrilled
My Soul, that all might be fulfilled:
'Where art thou, Blesséd Spirit, where?
Whose Voice is dew upon the air?'
I looked around me and above,
And cried aloud, 'Where art thou, Love?
O let me see thy living eye,
And clasp thy living hand, or die!'
Again, upon the atmosphere,
The self-same words fell: '*I am here!*'

"'Here? Thou art here, Love!' '*I am here:*'
The echo died upon my ear:
I looked around me—everywhere;
But, ah! there was no mortal there!
The moonlight was upon the mart,
And Awe and Wonder in my heart!
I saw no form!—I only felt
Heaven's Peace upon me as I knelt;
And knew a Soul Beatified
Was at that moment by my side!
And there was Silence in my ear,
And Silence in the atmosphere!"

Like Oberlin, he was firm in the belief here poetically expressed, and claimed to have had frequent interviews with the partner so dear to him in life.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"Come a little nearer, Doctor—Thank you! let me take the cup!
Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little sup!
Maybe you may think I'm better, but I'm pretty well used up—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just agoing up.

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to; but it is no use to try."
"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"
"What you say will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
"No, my venerable comrade." "Doctor, will you please to stay?
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and am ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't have been so—
For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there—on the old field of Shiloh!

"You may think it all delusion—all the sickness of the brain—
If you do, you are mistaken, and mistaken to my pain;
For upon my dying honor, as I hope to live again,
I have just been back to Shiloh, and all over it again.

"This is all that I remember; the last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name—
'ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON!'—just that way it called my name.

"Then I thought who could have called me so distinctly and so slow:
It can't be the Lighter, surely, he could not have spoken so;
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go,
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought it all a nightmare—all a humbug and a bore!
It is just another *grape-vine*, and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same words as before,
'ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON!'—more distinctly than before!

"That is all that I remember till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Saturday night
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river seemed perdition, and all hell seemed opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again with all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding as from heaven or a tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'It is—THE ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Dr. Austin!—what day is this?"—"It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes! To-morrow will be New-year's, and a right good time below!
What time is it, Dr. Austin?"—"Nearly twelve;"
—"Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host,
And where Webster semicircled all his guns upon the coast—
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost—
And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the whole field lay before me, all deserted far and wide—
There was where they fell on Prentiss—there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes died—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died!

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the cannie kin—
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in—
There McCook 'sent them to breakfast,' and we all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle, and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead;
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! Death and silence! Starry silence overhead!
And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head!
Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based, it towered—up into the infinite!
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And behold, as I approached it with a rapt and dazzled stare—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of 'Halt! and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are'—'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced—that sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne—
First of all to fall on Monday after we had formed the line!
'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to that scar there under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered—thinking only of the grave—
But he smiled and pointed upward, with a bright and bloodless glave—
'That's the way, sir, to head-quarters'—'What head-quarters?'—'Of the brave!'
'But the great tower?'—'That was builded of the great deeds of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light—
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright;
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night!
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting THERE, and I—
Doctor, it is hard to leave you—Hark! God bless you all! Good-bye!
Doctor! please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before—
And to carry that old musket—Hark! a knock is at the door!
Till the Union—see! it opens!"—"Father! father! speak once more!"
"Bless you!" gasped the old gray Sergeant, and he lay and said no more!

When the Surgeon gave the heir-son the old Sergeant's last advice—
And his musket and his knapsack—how the fire flashed in his eyes!—
He is on the march this morning, and will march on till he dies— [until he dies!
He will save this bleeding country, or will fight

1866.

Lucy Hamilton Hooper.

AMERICAN.

A native of Philadelphia, daughter of B. M. Jones, Esq., a well-known merchant, Lucy gave her attention early to literature. Married to Robert M. Hooper, Esq., she published in 1864 a volume entitled "Poems, with Translations from the German of Geibel and Others;" and for two years assisted in editing *Lippincott's Magazine*. A second volume of her poems, containing some eighty pieces, appeared in 1871.

ON AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Eyes that outsmiled the morn,
Behind your golden lashes,
What are your fires now?
Ashes!

Cheeks that outblushed the rose,
White arms and snowy bust,
What is your beauty now?
Dust!

IN VAIN.

Clasp closer, arms; press closer, lips,
In last and vain caressing;
For nevermore that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing.
For these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester-even:
She waits you now,—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you forever.
She heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild-bee's humming:
The last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, "Is he coming?"

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover;
Safe, never to be wrung again
By you, a fickle lover!
Your wrong to her knew never end
Till earth's last bonds were riven;
Your memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,
Vain your remorseful weeping;

For she, whom only you deceived,
  Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
Go: not beside that peaceful form,
  Should lying words be spoken!
Go, pray to God, "Be merciful,
  As she whose heart I've broken."

THE KING'S RIDE.

Above the city of Berlin
  Shines soft the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout
  The school-boys at their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates
  Unclasp their portals wide,
And forth into the sunshine see
  A single horseman ride.

A bent old man in plain attire;
  No glittering courtiers wait,
No armèd guard attend the steps
  Of Frederick the Great!

The boys have spied him, and with shouts
  The summer breezes ring:
The merry urchins haste to greet
  Their well-belovéd king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread,
  Presses the joyous train;
And Prussia's despot frowns his best,
  And shakes his stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone
  Are feigned, full well they know;
They do not fear his stick—that hand
  Ne'er struck a coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries.
  "Ho! ho!" the laughers say,
"A pretty king you not to know
  We've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day,
  These children at his side,
The symbol of his nation's love,
  Did royal Frederick ride.

O Kings! your thrones are tottering now!
  Dark frowns the brow of Fate!
When did you ride as rode that day
  King Frederick the Great?

Bret Harte.

AMERICAN.

Francis Bret Harte, born in Albany, N. Y., in 1837, was the son of a school-master, and partly of Dutch origin. When seventeen years old, he went with his widowed mother to California. Here he opened a school at the mines of Sonora, but, not prospering in it, qualified himself as a setter of types. In San Francisco he got a place on the *Golden Era;* then engaged in *The Californian*, which was not a success. In it appeared his "Condensed Novels." He made his first decided hit in the *Overland Monthly*, in his "Plain Language from Truthful James," a delectable bit of original humor. Returning to the Atlantic States, he published his "Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Tales," in 1869; his "Poems" and "Condensed Novels," in 1870; his "East and West Poems," in 1872. He has since written a novel for *Scribner's Magazine*, and several articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1879 he was appointed to the important Consulate at Glasgow. His various writings have won for him quite a reputation in England and Germany as well as in his own country.

DOW'S FLAT.

Dow's Flat. That's its name.
  And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same.
  Well, I thought it was true,
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the
    place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
  Which the same was an ass;
And as to the how
  Thet the thing came to pass,—
Jest tie up your horse to that buckeye, and sit ye
    down here in the grass.

You see this yer Dow
  Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
  On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a-straddled that fence-rail, the derned
    thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
  Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car,
  When he tunnelled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife
    and five kids from the States.

It was rough, mighty rough;
  But the Boys they stood by,

And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman,—she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean,
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green:
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a-pegging in his usual ridikilous way.

One day,—it was June,—
And a year ago jest,
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a Derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think;
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heerd the folks say.

And—that's a peart hoss
Thet you've got—ain't it, now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried;
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—beg your parding, young man, there you lied!

It was gold,—in the quartz,—
And it run all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrariness;
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

That's so. Thar's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say,
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow,—and that's *me!*

1856.

JIM.

Say there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blessed if you are!

Money?—Not much:
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:
Eh?
The h— you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star,—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
D— much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
—Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well, thar—Good-bye,—
No more, sir,—I—
Eh?
What's that you say?—
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise,
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre—the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Samuel Stillman Conant.

AMERICAN.

Mr. Conant was born in Waterville, Me., in 1831. After receiving a college education in this country, he spent several years abroad, principally at the universities of Berlin, Heidelberg, and Munich. On his return to this country Mr. Conant became connected with the press of New York, and devoted himself to the profession of a journalist. In 1870 he published a translation of "The Circassian Boy," a metrical romance by the Russian poet Lermontoff. He has contributed frequently to the periodical literature of the day.

RELEASE.

As one who leaves a prison cell,
And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,
Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of Nature thrill through every vein,
I leave my former self behind,
And, free once more in heart and mind,
Shake off the old, corroding chain.

Free from my Past—a jailer dread—
And with the Present clasping hands,
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

A VIGIL.

The hands of my watch point to midnight,
My fire burns low;
But my pulse runs like the morning,
My heart all aglow.

My darling, my maiden, is nested
And wrapped from the chill,
And slumber lies down on her eyelids,
Pure, light, and still;
She needs not the watch-care of angels
To keep off fear and ill.

The throbbing of her heart is ever
A sweet, virgin prayer;
The thoughts of her heart, like incense,
Fill the chaste and silent air;
And how can evil, or fear of it,
Enter in there?

THE SAUCY ROGUE.

From the German.

There is a saucy rogue, well known
To youth and gray-beard, maid and crone—
A boy, with eyes that mirth bespeak,
With curly locks and dimpled cheek;
He has a sly, demurish air.
But, maiden fair,
Take care, take care!
His dart may wound you, unaware!

With bow and arrows in his hand
He wanders up and down the land;
'Tis jolly sport to aim a dart
At some poor maiden's fluttering heart:
She wonders what has hurt her there.
Ah, maiden fair,
Take care, take care!
His dart may wound you, unaware!

Her nimble hands the distaff ply;
A gallant soldier-lad rides by;
He gives her such a loving glance
Her heart stands still, as in a trance,
And death-pale sinks the maiden fair.
Quick, mother, there,
Give heed, take care,
Else you may lose her, unaware!

Who stands there laughing at the door?
That rogue, who triumphs thus once more!
Both lad and maiden he has hit,
And laughs as though his sides would split.
And so he sports him everywhere;
Now here, now there;
He mocks your care;
You fall his victim, unaware.

Now who so masterful and brave
To catch and hold this saucy knave?
Whoever binds him strong and fast,
His name and deed shall always last.
But, if this dangerous feat you dare,
Beware! take care
Lest ill you fare!
The rogue may catch *you* unaware!

Henry M. Alden.

AMERICAN.

Born on Mount Tabor, near Danby, Vt., in 1836. In 1863–'64 he delivered an interesting course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, on "The Structure of Paganism." Mr. Alden has written but few poems, but those few are of a very high order. They evince the possession of thoughtful insight and unusual power of philosophic contemplation.

THE ANCIENT "LADY OF SORROW."

The worship of the Madonna, or *Mater Dolorosa*—"Our Lady of Sorrow"—is not confined to the Roman Catholic faith; it was an important feature in all the ancient Pagan systems of religion, even the most primitive. In the Sacred Mysteries of Egypt and of Greece *her* worship was the distinctive and prominent element. In the latter her name was *Achtheia*, or Sorrow. Under the name of Demeter, by which she was generally known among the Greeks, she, like the Egyptian Isis, typifying the Earth, was represented as sympathizing with the sorrowing children of Earth, both as a bountiful mother, bestowing upon them her fruits and golden harvests, and in her more gloomy aspects—as in autumnal decay, in tempests, and wintry desolation—as sighing over human frailty, and over the wintry deserts of the human heart. The worship connected with this tradition was vague and symbolical, having no well-defined body of *doctrine* as to sin, salvation, or a future life. Day and Night, Summer and Winter, Birth and Death, as shown in Nature, were seized upon as symbols of vaguely understood truths.

Her closing eyelids mock the light;
Her cold, pale lips are sealéd quite;
Before her face of spotless white
A mystic veil is drawn.
Our Lady hides herself in night;
In shadows hath she her delight;
She will not see the dawn!

The morning leaps across the plain—
It glories in a promise vain;
At noon the day begins to wane,
With its sad prophecy;
At eve the shadows come again:
Our Lady finds no rest from pain,
No answer to her cry.

In Spring she doth her Winter wait;
The Autumn shadoweth forth her fate;
Thus, one by one, years iterate
Her solemn tragedy.
Before her pass in solemn state
All shapes that come, or soon or late,
Of this world's misery.

What is, or shall be, or hath been,
This Lady is; and she hath seen,
Like frailest leaves, the tribes of men
Come forth, and quickly die.
Therefore our Lady hath no rest;
For, close beneath her snow-white breast,
Her weary children lie.

She taketh on her all our grief;
Her Passion passeth all relief;
In vain she holds the poppy leaf—
In vain her lotus crown.
Even fabled Lethe hath no rest,
No solace for her troubled breast,
And no oblivion.

"Childhood and youth are vain," she saith,
"Since all things ripen unto death;
The flower is blasted by the breath
That calls it from the earth.
And yet," she saith, "this thing is sure—
There is no life but shall endure,
And death is only birth.

"From death or birth no powers defend,
And thus from grade to grade we tend,
By resurrections without end,
Unto some final peace.
But distant is that peace," she saith;
Yet eagerly awaiteth Death,
Expecting her release.

"O Rest," she saith, "that will not come,
Not even when our lips are dumb,
Not even when our limbs are numb,
And graves are growing green!
O Death, that, coming on apace,
Dost look so kindly in the face,
Thou wear'st a treach'rous mien!"

But still she gives the shadow place—
Our Lady, with the saddest grace,
Doth yield her to his feigned embrace,
And to his treachery!
Ye must not draw aside her veil;
Ye must not hear her dying wail;
Ye must not see her die!

But, hark! from out the stillness rise
Low-murmured myths and prophecies,
And chants that tremble to the skies—
Miserere Domine!
They, trembling, lose themselves in rest,
Soothing the anguish of her breast—
Miserere Domine!

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

A native of Glenosheen, Limerick County, Ireland, Joyce was born in 1837. He was educated chiefly in Dublin, and, entering Queen's University, became first scholar in mathematics. He got his degree of doctor in medicine in 1862, and of master in surgery in 1865. Removing to Boston, U. S. A., in 1866, he established himself there as a physician. He published, in 1868, "Legends of the Wars in Ireland;" in 1871, "Irish Fireside Tales;" in 1872, "Ballads of Irish Chivalry, Songs, and Poems;" in 1876, "Deirdrè," a charming specimen of narrative verse; in 1879, "Blanid," another poetical success, showing remarkable facility in the use of poetical diction. Notwithstanding his fruitful literary labors, accomplished mostly in moments of relaxation and leisure, Dr. Joyce has attained high success in his profession.

FAIR GWENDOLINE AND HER DOVE.

I.

"Come hither, come hither, thou snowy dove,
Spread out thy white wings fast and free;
And fly over moorland, and hill, and grove,
Till thou reach the castle of gay Tralee.
Sir Gerald bides in the northern tower,
While heather is purple and leaves are green;
Go, bid him come to thy lady's bower,
For the love of his own dear Gwendoline!

II.

"Come hither, come hither, thou lily-white dove,
Spread out thy white wings fast and free;
When thou'st given Sir Gerald my troth and love,
In the northern turret of gay Tralee—
Then speed thy flight to Dunkerron gate,
While heather is purple and leaves are green;
And tell its lord of thy lady's hate,
That he'll ne'er look more on young Gwendoline."

III.

Away, away went the faithless dove,
Away over castle and mount and tree,
Till he lighted Dunkerron's gate above,
Not the northern turret of gay Tralee:
"Sir Donald, my lady hath lands and power,
While heather is purple and leaves are green,
And she bids thee come to her far-off bower
For the love of thine own dear Gwendoline!"

IV.

Away, away went the false, false dove,
Nor rested by castle, or mount, or tree,
Till he lighted a corbeil stone above,
On the northern turret of gay Tralee:
"Sir Gerald, my lady hates thee sore,
While heather is purple and leaves are green,
While the streams dance down the hills; no more
Shalt thou look on the face of fair Gwendoline!"

V.

"Thou liest, thou liest, O faithless dove!
I'll take my good steed speedily,
And hie to the bower of my lady-love,
And ask at its door if she's false to me;
I'll ne'er believe but her heart is true,
While heather is purple and leaves are green!"
And never a bridle-rein he drew
Till he rode to the bower of his Gwendoline.

VI.

Dunkerron's lord came by the gate—
A stout and a deadly foe was he—
And with lance in rest and with frown of hate
He rode at Sir Gerald of fair Tralee.
Sir Gerald bent o'er his saddle-bow,
While heather is purple and leaves are green,
Struck his lance through the heart of his bravest foe,
For the love of his own dear Gwendoline.

VII.

"Fair Gwendoline, 'twas a faithless dove,
Yet I knew thou wert ever true to me;
'Twas his words were lies, and thy troth to prove
I rode o'er the mountains from fair Tralee!"
He's clasped his arms round that lady gay,
While heather is purple and leaves are green,
And the summer-tide saw their wedding-day—
That trusting knight and fair Gwendoline.

THE BANKS OF ANNER.

In purple robes old Sliavnamon
Towers monarch of the mountains,
The first to catch the smiles of dawn,
With all his woods and fountains;—
His streams dance down by tower and town,
But none since Time began her,
Met mortal sight so pure and bright
As winding, wandering Anner.

In hill-side's gleam or woodland's gloom,
O'er fairy height and hollow,
Upon her banks gay flowerets bloom,
Where'er her course I follow.
And halls of pride tower o'er her tide,
And gleaming bridges span her,

As, laughing gay, she winds away,
The gentle, murmuring Anner.

There gallant men, for freedom born,
With friendly grasp will meet you;
There lovely maids, as bright as morn,
With sunny smiles will greet you;
And there they strove to raise, above
The Red, Green Ireland's banner,—
There yet its fold they'll see unrolled
Upon the banks of Anner.

'Tis there we'll stand, with bosoms proud,
True soldiers of our sire-land,
When freedom's wind blows strong and loud,
And floats the flag of Ireland.
Let tyrants quake, and doubly shake
Each traitor and trepanner,
When once we raise our camp-fire's blaze
Upon the banks of Anner.

O God! be with the good old days,
The days so light and airy,
When to blithe friends I sang my lays
In gallant, gay Tipperary;
When fair maids' sighs and witching eyes
Made my young heart the planner
Of castles rare, built in the air,
Upon the banks of Anner!

The morning sun may fail to show
His light the earth illuming;
Old Sliavnamon to blush and glow
In autumn's purple blooming;
And shamrock's green no more be seen,
And breezes cease to fan her,
Ere I forget the friends I met
Upon the banks of Anner!

GLENARA.

Oh, fair shines the sun on Glenara,
And calm rest his beams on Glenara;
But, oh, there's a light
Far dearer, more bright,
Illumines my soul in Glenara,
The light of thine eyes in Glenara.

And sweet sings the stream of Glenara,
Glancing down through the woods like an arrow;
But a sound far more sweet
Glads my heart when we meet
In the green summer woods of Glenara,—
Thy voice by the wave of Glenara.

And oh, ever thus in Glenara,
Till we sleep in our graves by Glenara,
May thy voice sound as free
And as kindly to me,
And thine eyes beam as fond in Glenara,
In the green summer woods of Glenara.

Fitz-Hugh Ludlow.

AMERICAN.

Ludlow (1837–1870) was a native of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He wrote articles in prose and verse for the magazines, in which he showed fine natural abilities, if not original genius. Unfortunately, he was addicted to the use of opiates. He wrote a remarkable work, entitled "The Hasheesh Eater," portraying vividly the pleasures and pains attending the use of that drug. In his "Heart of the Continent" he gives a graphic description of a journey across the great Western plains. His short stories are among the best of their kind.

TOO LATE.

"Ah! si la jeunesse savait—si la vieillesse pouvait!"

There sat an old man on a rock,
And unceasing bewailed him of Fate,—
That concern where we all must take stock,
Though our vote has no hearing or weight;
And the old man sang him an old, old song,—
Never sang voice so clear and strong
That it could drown the old man's long,
For he sang the song, "Too late! too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains
The promise that if we but wait
Till the want has burnt out of our brains,
Every means shall be present to sate;
While we send for the napkin, the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming, the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons, the pattern is sold,
And everything comes too late—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,
Terrapin stew a wild dream,
When my brain was at sixes and sevens,
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger:—
But oh, how I wished I were younger [stream!
When the goodies all came in a stream—in a

"I've a splendid blood-horse, and—a liver
That it jars into torture to trot;
My row-boat's the gem of the river,—
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
But no palate for *menus*, no eyes for a dome—
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got.

"How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,
Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
For ground to sow two pecks of carrots,
Two pigs of my own in a sty,
A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—
Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage!—
Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—
With a woman's chair empty close by—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
I have shared one seat with the great;
I have sat—knowing naught of the clock—
On love's high throne of state;
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
Had they only not come too late—too late!"

Arthur Munby.

Munby, a native of England, was born about the year 1837. He published in 1865 a volume of poems entitled "Verses, Old and New." His "Doris: a Pastoral," is remarkable for the melodious flow of the versification and the ingenious arrangement of the rhymes: the third line of the first stanza being rhythmically related to the third line of the next, etc. He has been a contributor to some of the best London magazines, and has shown in his productions that he is a literary artist as well as a poet.

AUTUMN.

Come, then, with all thy grave beatitudes,
Thou soother of the heart and of the brain,
Autumn! whose ample loveliness includes
The pleasure and the pain

Of all that is majestic in despair
Or beautiful in failure. Hast *thou* failed?
The winds of heaven among thy branches bare
Have wrestled and prevailed.

Yet, the fallen bough shall warm a winter hearth;
The lost leaves kiss each other as they fall;
The ripened fruits are garnered off the earth;
Thou hast not failed at all!

Nay—thou hast neither failure nor success:
Thou wearest still thy lustrous languid wreath
With such sweet temper, that its hues express
No thought to thee of death.

Serene in loss, in glory, too, serene,
All things to thee seem most indifferent;
Thou art as one who knows not what they mean,
Or knows and is content.

So yon fair tree, pure crimson to the core,
Burns like a sunset 'mid its company
Of golden limes; and cares for death no more
Than if it could not die.

DORIS: A PASTORAL.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathéd flowers:
I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer-roses of sweet perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened,
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger:
She said, "We linger, we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling,
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered, meekly,
"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;

But if they love me, it's none so fervent:
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Ah! do but prove me; and none shall bind you,
Nor fray nor find you, until I die!"

She blushed and started: I stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them; I told her plainly
She doubted vainly,—she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;
And homeward drave them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling,
With love excelling, and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

Abraham Perry Miller.

AMERICAN.

A native of Fairfield County, Ohio, Miller was born Oct. 15th, 1837. Educated at the University of Virginia, he chose the occupation of a journalist; and in 1880 was a resident of Worthington, Minn., where he edited *The Advance*, the county newspaper. One of his poems, extending to five hundred lines, entitled "Consolation, a Poetic Epistle to a Young Poet," though in the old heroic measure, which modern poets seem to avoid, is rich in passages indicating true poetic feeling and power of expression.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

From "Consolation."

All through the afternoon the dreamy day
Swam listless o'er the earth, and far away
The lazy clouds went loitering round the sky,
Or sat far up and dozed on mountains high;
The green trees drooped, the panting cattle lay
In the warm shade and fought the flies away.
Along the world's far rim and down the sky,
Cloud-panoramas loomed and glided by;
Rocks, icebergs, mountains, capped with luminous snow,
And hundred-towered cities, moving slow!
And then, with banners round the West unfurled,
The great red Sun went down behind the world.

THE DIVINE REFUGE.

From "Consolation."

O loving God of Nature! who through all
Hast never yet betrayed me to a fall,—
While, following creeds of men, I went astray,
And in distressing mazes lost my way;
But turning back to Thee, I found Thee true,
And sweet as woman's love, and fresh as dew,—
Henceforth on Thee, and Thee alone, I rest,
Nor warring sects shall tear me from Thy breast.
While others doubt and wrangle o'er their creeds,
I rest in Thee, and satisfy my needs.

TURN TO THE HELPER.

From "Consolation."

As when a little child, returned from play,
Finds the door closed and latched across its way,
Against the door, with infant push and strain,
It gathers all its strength and strives in vain;—
Unseen, within a loving father stands
And lifts the iron latch with easy hands;
Then, as he lightly draws the door aside,
He hides behind it, while, with baby pride,—
And face aglow, in struts the little one,
Flushed and rejoiced to think what it has done,—
So, when men find, across life's rugged way,
Strong doors of trouble barred from day to day,
And strive with all their power of knees and hands,—
Unseen within their heavenly Father stands
And lifts each iron latch, while men pass through,
Flushed and rejoiced to think what they can do!

Turn to the Helper, unto whom thou art
More near and dear than to thy mother's heart,—
Who is more near to thee than is the blood
That warms thy bosom with its purple flood—
Who by a word can change the mental state,
And make a burden light, however great!

O loving Power! that, dwelling deep within,
Consoles our spirits in their woe and sin:—
When days were dark and all the world went wrong,
Nor any heart was left for prayer or song—

When bitter memory, o'er and o'er again,
Revolved the wrongs endured from fellow-men;
And showed how hopes decayed and bore no fruit,
And He who placed us here was deaf and mute:—
If then we turned on God in angry wise,
And scanned His dealings with reproachful eyes,
Questioned His goodness, and, in foolish wrath,
Called Hope a lie and ridiculed our Faith,—
Did we not find, in such an evil hour,
That far within us dwelt this Loving Power?
No wrathful God without to smite us down,
Or turn his face away with angry frown;
But in the bitter heart a smile began,
Grew, all at once, within and upward ran,
Broke out upon the face—and, for awhile,
Despite all bitterness, we had to smile!
Because God's spirit that within us lay,
Simply rose up and smiled our wrath away!
This love endures through all things, without end,
And every soul has one Almighty Friend,
Whose angels watch and tend it from its birth,
And heaven becomes the servant of the earth!
Whate'er befall, our spirits live and move
In one vast ocean of Eternal Love!

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

From "Consolation."

How many men have passed the flames to prove
That there are better things than woman's love!
And yet when Love is scorned and made our grief,
Where shall we fly for comfort and relief?
Now that thine own is spurned and undertrod,
Fly thou to Nature, Poetry, and God;—
Nay, fly to Love itself, and Love shall be
Its own strong healer, and shall set thee free.

KEEP FAITH IN LOVE.

From "Consolation."

Keep faith in Love, the cure of every curse—
The strange, sweet wonder of the universe!
God loves a Lover, and while time shall roll,
This wonder, Love, shall save the human Soul!
Love is the heart's condition: youth and age,
Alike are subject to the tender rage;
Age crowns the head with venerable snow,
But Life and Love forever mated go;
Along life's far frontier the agéd move,
One foot beyond, and nothing left but Love!
And when the Soul its mortal part resigns,
The perfect world of Love around it shines!

Charles Dimitry.

AMERICAN.

Dimitry, a son of Professor Alexander Dimitry, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1838. A graduate of Georgetown College, he has been connected with the periodical press, both in New York and at the South, and has published the following novels: "Guilty or Not Guilty" (1864); "Angela's Christmas" (1865); "The Alderly Tragedy" (1866); "The House in Balfour Street" (1869). His "Viva Italia" is well adapted to dramatic effect in the recitation.

VIVA ITALIA.

ON THE AUSTRIAN DEPARTURE FROM ITALY.

Haste! open the lattice, Giulia,
And wheel me my chair where the sun
May fall on my face while I welcome
The sound of the life-giving gun!
The Austrian leaves with the morning,
And Venice hath freedom to-day—
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Would God that I only were younger,
To stand with the rest on the street,
To fling up my cap on the mola,
And the tricolor banner to greet!
The gondolas, girl—they are passing!
And what do the gondoliers say?—
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Oh cursed be these years and this weakness
That shackle me here in my chair,
When the people's loud clamor is rending
The chains that once made their despair!
So young when the Corsican sold us!
So old when the Furies repay!
"Viva! Evviva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Not these were the cries when our fathers
The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
When Doges sate solemn in council,
And Dandolo harried the seas!
But the years of the future are ours,
To humble the pride of the gray—
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Bring, girl, from the dust of yon closet
The sword that your ancestor bore

When Genoa's prowess was humbled,
Her galleys beat back from our shore!
O great Contareno! your ashes
To Freedom are given to-day!
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

What! tears in your eyes, my Giulia?
You weep when your country is free?
You mourn for your Austrian lover,
Whose face never more you shall see?
Kneel, girl, kneel beside me and whisper,
While to Heaven for vengeance you pray,
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
And shame on the heart that was won!
No blood of the gonfaloniere
Shall mingle with blood of the Hun!
Swear hate to the name of the spoiler,
Swear lealty to Venice, and say,
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Hark! heard you the gun from the mola!
And hear you the welcoming cheer!
Our army is coming, Giulia,
The friends of our Venice are near!
Ring out from your old Campanile,
Freed bells from San Marco, to-day,
"Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Emily R. Page.

AMERICAN.

Miss Page (1838–1860) was a native of Bradford, Vt. She was a toll-gatherer's daughter, and her poem of "The Old Canoe," written when she was eighteen years of age, is a pen-picture of an actual scene near the old bridge just back of her home. She wrote some fugitive pieces for M. M. Ballou's Boston publications, but died young. "The Old Canoe" was extensively copied, and at one time credited to Eliza Cook. The image of the "useless paddles" crossed over the railing "like the folded hands when the work is done," is a true stroke of genius.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Abba Goold Woolson.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Woolson, a native of Windham, Me., was born in 1838, and educated at the Portland High School. She is the wife of Mr. M. Woolson, a teacher in the English High School, Boston. Her "Carpe Diem" is one of the few realistic love-poems as true to nature in the sentiment as to art in the construction.

CARPE DIEM.

Ah, Jennie dear, 'tis half a year
  Since we sang late and long, my love;
As home o'er dusky fields we came,
While Venus lit her tender flame
  In silent plains above.

I scarcely knew if rain or dew
  Had made the grass so fresh and sweet;
I only felt the misty gloom
Was filled with scent of hidden bloom
  That bent beneath our feet.

In songs we tried our hearts to hide,
  And each to crush a voiceless pain;
With bitter force my love returned,
But dared not hope that passion burned
  Where once it met disdain.

Thus singing still we reached the hill,
  And on it faced a breeze of June;
White rolled the mist along the lea;
But eastward flashed a throbbing sea
  Beneath the rising moon.

Your lips apart, as if your heart
  Had something it would say to mine,
I saw you with your dreamy glance
Far sent, in some delicious trance,
  Beyond the silver shine.

The hour supreme, that in my dream
  Should bring me bliss for aye, was come;
But though my heart was fit to break,
The scornful words that once you spake
  Smote all its pleadings dumb.

No note or word the silence stirred,
  As we resumed our homeward tread;
Below we heard the cattle browse,
And wakeful birds within the boughs
  Move softly overhead.

The hour was late when at the gate
  We lingered ere we spake adieu;
Your white hand plucked from near the door
A lily's queenly cup, and tore
  Each waxen leaf in two.

My hope grew bold, and I had told
  Anew my love, my fate had known;
But then a quick Good-night I heard,
A sudden whirring like a bird,
  And there I stood alone.

Thus love-bereft my heart was left,
  At swinging of that cruel door;
So shut the gates of Paradise
On timid fools who dare not twice
  Ask bliss denied before.

Yes, Jennie, dear, 'tis half a year,
  But all my doubts, my tears are flown;
For did I not on yesternight
Read once again your love aright,
  And dare proclaim my own?

David Gray.

In 1862 appeared a small volume, "The Luggie, and other Poems," by David Gray (1838–1861), son of a hand-loom weaver at Merkland, Scotland. The Luggie is a mere unpretending rivulet, flowing into one of the tributaries of the Clyde; but Gray was born on its banks, and loved its every aspect. He died early of consumption. James Hedderwick, Lord Houghton, and Robert Buchanan have written tributes to his memory. In the near view of death he continued to find his solace in giving expression to his poetic fancies.

WINTRY WEATHER.

O Winter, wilt thou never, never go?
O Summer, but I weary for thy coming,
Longing once more to hear the Luggie flow,
And frugal bees, laboriously humming.
Now the east wind diseases the infirm,
And I must crouch in corners from rough weather;
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm—
When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,
And the large sun dips red behind the hills.
I, from my window, can behold this pleasure;
And the eternal moon, what time she fills
Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,
Through the white spaces of infinitude.

DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY.

Die down, O dismal day, and let me live;
And come, blue deeps, magnificently strewn
With colored clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
Now it is death in life—a vapor dense
Creeps round my window, till I cannot see
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens
Shagging the mountain-tops. O God! make free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold—
Breathe gently forth thy Spring, till Winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her customed charities.
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare—
O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air!

IF IT MUST BE.

If it must be—if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That, underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon;—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.—
O peevish and uncertain Soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the Day.

AN OCTOBER MUSING.

Ere the last stack is housed, and woods are bare,
And the vermilion fruitage of the brier
Is soaked in mist, or shrivelled up with frost,—
Ere warm spring nests are coldly to be seen
Tenantless but for rain and the cold snow,
While yet there is a loveliness abroad—
The frail and indescribable loveliness
Of a fair form, life with reluctance leaves,
Being then only powerful,—while the earth
Wears sackcloth in her great prophetic grief:—
Then the reflective, melancholy soul
Aimlessly wandering with slow-falling feet
The heathery solitude, in hope to assuage
The cunning humor of his malady,
Loses his painful bitterness, and feels
His own specific sorrows one by one
Taken up in the huge dolor of all things,—
Oh, the sweet melancholy of the time,
When gently, ere the heart appeals, the year
Shines in the fatal beauty of decay!
When the sun sinks enlarged on Carronben,
Nakedly visible, without a cloud,
And faintly from the faint eternal blue
(That dim sweet harebell color!) comes the star
Which evening wears, when Luggie flows in mist,
And in the cottage windows one by one,
With sudden twinkle, household lamps are lit—
What noiseless falling of the faded leaf!

Mary Clemmer.

AMERICAN.

Mary Clemmer, the daughter of Abram Clemmer, was born in Utica, N. Y., and educated at the Academy in Westfield, Mass. Her ancestors on both sides for centuries were "unworldly, bookish, deeply religious persons;" and she seems to have inherited their best traits. She began her literary career as a newspaper correspondent, and became one of the most accomplished of the Washington letter-writers. She is the author of "Ten Years in Washington" (1872); "A Memorial of Alice and Phebe Cary;" and "His Two Wives," a novel. Her style is at once facile, fluent, and brilliant. Her emotional nature is plainly that of the born poet. She has contributed largely to the *Independent* and other well-known journals.

WAITING.

I wait,
Till from my veiléd brows shall fall
This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Until my spirit sight shall see
Into all Being's mystery,
See what it really is to be!

I wait,
While robbing days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my spring,
And life flags on with broken wing;
Believing that a kindlier fate
The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait!
For surely every scanty seed
I plant in weakness and in need
Will blossom in perfected deed!
Mine eyes shall see its affluent crown,
Its fragrant fruitage, dropping down
Care's lowly levels bare and brown!

I wait,
Till in white Death's tranquillity
Shall softly fall away from me
This weary flesh's infirmity,
That I in larger light may learn
The larger truth I would discern,
The larger love for which I yearn.

I wait!
The summer of the soul is long,
Its harvests yet shall round me throng
In perfect pomp of sun and song.
In stormless mornings yet to be
I'll pluck from life's full-fruited tree
The joy to-day denied to me.

A PERFECT DAY.

Go, glorious day!
Here while you pass I make this sign;
Earth swinging on her silent way
Will bear me back unto this hour divine,
And I will softly say: "Once thou wert mine.

"Wert mine, O perfect day!
The light unknown soaring from sea and shore,
The forest's eager blaze,
The flaming torches that the autumn bore,
The fusing sunset seas, when storms were o'er.

"Were mine the brooding airs,
The pulsing music of the weedy brooks,
The jewelled fishes and the mossy lairs,
Wherein shy creatures, with their free, bright looks,
Taught blesséd lessons never found in books.

"All mine the peace of God,
When it was joy enough to breathe and be,
The peace of Nature oozing from her sod,
When face to face with her the soul was free,
And far the false, wild strife it fain would flee."

Stay, beauteous day!
Yet why pray I? Thy lot, like mine, to fade;
Thy light, like yonder mountain's golden haze,
Must merge into the morrow's misty shade.
And I, an exile in the alien street,
Still gazing back, yearn toward the vision fleet.

"Once thou wert mine!" I'll say,
And comfort so my heart as with old wine.
Poor pilgrims! oft we walk the self-same way,
To weep its change, to kneel before the shrine
The heart once builded to a happy day,
When dear it died. I'll say: "O day divine,
Life presses sore; but once, *once* thou wert mine."

NANTASKET.

Fair is thy face, Nantasket,
And fair thy curving shores,—
The peering spires of villages,
The boatman's dipping oars;—
The lonely ledge of Minot,
Where the watchman tends his light,
And sets its perilous beacon
A star in the stormiest night.

Along thy vast sea highways
The great ships slide from sight,
And flocks of wingéd phantoms
Flit by like birds in flight.
Over the toppling sea-wall
The home-bound dories float;—
I see the patient fisherman
Bend in his anchored boat.

I am alone with nature,
With the rare September day;
The lifting hills above me
With golden-rod are gay.
Across the fields of ether
Flit butterflies at play;
And cones of garnet sumach
Glow down the country way.

The autumn dandelion
Beside the roadside burns;
Above the lichened bowlders
Quiver the pluméd ferns:
The cream-white silk of the milk-weed
Floats from its sea-green pod;
From out the mossy rock-seams
Flashes the golden-rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners
Flaunt from their towers of stone;
The wan, wild morning-glory
Dies by the road alone:
By the hill-path to the sea-side
Wave myriad azure bells;
Over the grassy ramparts
Bend milky immortelles.

Within the sea-washed meadow
The wild grape climbs the wall;
From off the o'er-ripe chestnuts
The brown burrs softly fall;—
I hear in the woods of Hingham
The mellow caw of the crow,
Till I seem in the woods of Wachuset
In August's sumptuous glow.

The lingering marguerites lean
Along the way-side bars;
The tangled green of the thicket
Glows with the asters' stars;
Beside the brook the gentian
Closes its fringéd eyes,
And waits the enticing glory
Of October's yellow skies.

The tiny boom of the beetle
Smites the shining rocks below;
The gauzy oar of the dragon-fly
Is beating to and fro.
The lovely ghost of the thistle
Goes sailing softly by:
Glad in its second summer
Hums the awakened fly.

I see the tall reeds shiver
Beside the salt-sea marge;
I see the sea-bird glimmer
Far out on airy barge.
The cumulate cry of the cricket
Pierces the amber noon;
Over and through it Ocean
Chants his pervasive rune.

Fair is the earth behind me,
Vast is the sea before;
Afar in the misty mirage
Glistens another shore:
Is it a realm enchanted?
It cannot be more fair
Than this nook of Nature's kingdom
With its spell of space and air.

Lo! Over the sapphire ocean
Trembles a bridge of flame—
To the burning core of the sunset—
To the city too fair to name,
Till a ray of its inner glory
Streams to this lower sea,
And we see with human vision
What Heaven itself may be.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God! day's craven cares
Have crowded onward unawares;
The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God! I bare my breast,
Come in, come in, O holy guest,
Give rest, thy rest, of rest the best!

Alone with God! how deep a calm
Steals o'er me, sweet as music's balm,
When seraphs sing a seraph's psalm.

Alone with God! no human eye
Is here, with eager look to pry
Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God! no jealous glare
Now stings me with its torturing stare;
No human malice says beware!

Alone with God! from earth's rude crowd,
With jostling steps and laughter loud,
My better soul I need not shroud.

Alone with God! He only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God! He mercy lends;
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,
Life's dwarfing pain he comprehends.

Alone with God! He feeleth well
The soul's pent life that will o'erswell;
The life-long want no words may tell;

Alone with God! still nearer bend;
Oh, tender Father, condescend
In this my need, to be my friend.

Alone with God! with suppliant mien
Upon thy pitying breast I lean,
No less because thou art unseen.

Alone with God! safe in thy arms
Oh shield me from life's wild alarms,
Oh save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God! Oh sweet to me
This cover to whose shades I flee,
To breathe repose in thee—in thee.

Mrs. Emma Tuttle.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Tuttle, whose maiden name was Reed, was born in Braceville, Trumbull County, O., in 1839. Well educated at a Methodist seminary, she early developed a taste for literature, and published two volumes of poems. She is the author of several popular songs, which have been set to music by James G. Clark and other well-known composers. As an elocutionist and public reader, she has won a high reputation at the West. She is the wife of Hudson Tuttle (born 1836), who to the pursuits of a farmer, resident at his ancestral home, Berlin Heights, Ohio, unites the studies of a philosopher. He is the author of several works, partly intuitional, and partly scientific, some of which have been republished in England and Germany, and have had a wide circulation in America. Mrs. Tuttle's little poem, "The First Fledgling," is not one of her best or most elaborate poems, but it will carry its delicate pathos to many a true mother's heart.

THE FIRST FLEDGLING.

It seems so lonely in the nest,
  Since one dear bird is flown,
To fashion, with its chosen mate,
  A home-nest of its own.
We miss the twitter and the stir,
  The eager stretching wings,
The flashing eyes, the ready song,
  And—oh, so many things!

We find it hard to understand
  The changes wrought by years;
How our own sprightly little girl
  A stately wife appears.
It seems to us she still should be
  Among her dolls and toys,
Making the farm-house sound again
  With "Little Tomboy's" noise.

When berries ripen in the sun,
  We miss her fingers light,
Who used to heap them up for tea,
  Dusted with sugar white.
They never more will taste as fresh
  As when she brought them in,
Her face ablush with rosiness
  From sunny brow to chin.

The autumn peaches always turned
  Their reddest cheek to her;
She knew the ferneries of the woods
  And where the wild-flowers were,
And somehow since she left the nest,
  We miss her busy hand
As gatherer and garnisher,
  Whoever else has planned.

If little Gold-locks asks of me,
  "When will my sister come?
Will it be very, *very* long?"
  I seem as one struck dumb.
But when her brother bites his lip
  And turns to hide a tear,
I answer, with a flashing smile,
  "Not long, I hope, my dear."

She flutters back more bright with joy
  Than when she flew away,
And we are happy—only this—
  She never more will stay.
A bird of transit, tarrying
  Not long in the old nest,
We scarce could bear it, save we know
  God's holy laws are best.

James Ryder Randall.

AMERICAN.

Randall is the author of one of the most spirited lyrics of the Civil War. It bears date Pointe Coupée, La., April 26th, 1861. He is a native of Baltimore, born in 1839, and was educated at the Catholic college in Georgetown, D. C. He edited a newspaper in Louisiana, but at the close of the war settled in Georgia. Fortunately for the interests of human liberty throughout the world, "My Maryland" did not answer the poet's appeal; but the "Northern scum" can now join in hearty recognition of the lyrical fervor he has displayed.

MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
  Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
  Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
  Maryland! my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
  Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
  Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,

Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new key[1] to thy song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
"*Sic semper*," 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns!—she'll come, she'll come!
Maryland! my Maryland!

[1] A punning allusion to "The Star-spangled Banner," written by Key of Baltimore.

John Hay.

AMERICAN.

Colonel John Hay, author of "Pike County Ballads, and other Poems" (1871), also of "Castilian Days," was born in Salem, Indiana, in 1839. He received in 1879 the appointment of Under-secretary of State, and became a resident of Washington, D. C. Some of his humorous verses have been widely copied.

A TRIUMPH OF ORDER.

A squad of regular infantry,
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Père-la-chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,
And said, "What dost thou here?"
"*Sapristi*, Citizen captain!
I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well! Then you die with the others!"
"Very well! That's my affair!
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it,
A gay old thing, is it not?

It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I'll come back here, and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill,
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed gorged like a greedy snake
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child's shrill voice was heard!
"*Houp-là!* the old girl made such a row,
I feared I should break my word."

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest,
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft, white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children!
With your little one—two—three!"
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved Society!

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There was never a castle seen
So fair as mine in Spain:
It stands embowered in green,
Crowning the gentle slope
Of a hill by the Xenil's shore,
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er
The storied Vega plain,
And its towers are hid in the mists of Hope;
And I toil through years of pain
Its glimmering gates to gain.

In visions wild and sweet
Sometimes its courts I greet;
Sometimes in joy its shining halls
I tread with favored feet;
But never my eyes in the light of day
Were blessed with its ivied walls,
Where the marble white and the granite gray
Turn gold alike when the sunbeams play,
When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms
Are treasures rich and rare;
The spoil of Eastern looms,
And whatever of bright and fair
Painters divine have won
From the vault of Italy's air;
White gods in Phidian stone
People the haunted glooms;
And the song of immortal singers
Like a fragrant memory lingers,
I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul!
Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,
Nor the waves of the river that roll,
With a cadence faint and sweet,
In peace by its marble feet—
Nothing of these is the goal
For which my whole heart sighs.
'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—
The pearl I would die to gain;
For there does my Lady dwell,
My love that I love so well—
The Queen whose gracious reign
Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair
Sheds light in the shaded places,
And the spell of her maiden graces
Holds charmed the happy air.
A breath of purity
Forever before her flies,
And ill things cease to be
In the glance of her honest eyes.
Around her pathway flutter,
Where her dear feet wander free
In youth's pure majesty,
The wings of the vague desires;
But the thought that love would utter
In reverence expires.

Not yet! not yet shall I see
That face, which shines like a star
O'er my storm-swept life afar,
Transfigured with love for me.
Toiling, forgetting, and learning,
With labor and vigils and prayers,
Pure heart and resolute will,
At last I shall climb the Hill,
And breathe the enchanted airs
Where the light of my life is burning,
Most lovely and fair and free;
Where alone in her youth and beauty,
And bound by her fate's sweet duty,
Unconscious she waits for me.

Helen S. Conant.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Conant was born in Methuen, Mass., in 1839. Her first book, "The Butterfly-hunters," was published in 1866. She has since written "The Primer of German Literature" and "The Primer of Spanish Literature," each enriched with many original translations. Mrs. Conant is a frequent contributor to American periodical literature.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

An ancient sage, once on a time, they say,
Who lived remote, away from mortal sight,
Sustained his feeble life as best he might
With herbs and berries gathered by the way.
"Can any other one," said he, one day,
"So poor, so destitute, as I be found?"
And when he turned his head to look around
He saw the answer: creeping slowly there
Came an old man who gathered up with care
The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.

ALAS!

From the Spanish of Heredia.

How many wait alone,
  Sighing for that sweet hour
  When love with subtle power
Shall claim its own.

And if the maiden fair
  Her faithlessness discover,
  Then shall the hapless lover
Cry in despair.

Love, thou hast flying feet!
  Thy hands are hot and burning,
  And few, unto thee turning,
Shall find thee sweet!

Yet though thy pleasures pass,
  The heart in sad seclusion
  Still guards its fond illusion.
Alas! alas!

SPANISH SONG.

On lips of blooming youth
  There trembles many a sigh,
Which lives to breathe a truth,
  Then silently to die.
Thou, who art my desire,
  Thy languishing sweet love
In sighs upon thy lips shall oft expire.

I love the sapphire glory
  Of those starry depths above,
Where I read the old, old story
  Of human hope and love;
I love the shining star,
  But when I gaze on thee,
The fire of thine eyes is brighter far.

The fleeting, fleeting hours,
  Which ne'er return again,
Leave only faded flowers
  And weary days of pain;
Delight recedes from view,
  And never more may pass
Sweet words of tenderness between us two.

The gentle breeze which plays
  On the water murmuringly,
And the silvery, trembling rays
  Of the moon on the midnight sea—
Ay! all have passed away,
  Have faded far from me,
Like the love which lasted only one sweet day.

MEETING.

From the Spanish of Emilio Bello.

Many years have floated by
Since we parted, she and I.
Now together here we stand,
Eye to eye and hand to hand.

I can hear her trembling sighs,
See the sweetness in her eyes.
Silently I hold and press
Her soft hand with tenderness.

Silence, who shall fathom thee?
Who reveal the mystery
Hidden between loving eyes,
Burning hands, and answering sighs?

GERMAN LOVE SONG.

Thou art the rest, the languor sweet!
Thou my desire! thou my retreat!
I consecrate my heart to thee,
Thy home through all eternity!

Come in to me, and shut the door
So fast that none shall enter more;
Fill all my soul with dear delight;
Oh, tarry with me day and night!

Austin Dobson.

Born in England in 1840, Dobson has written "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société," which reached a third edition in 1877. That same year he published "Proverbs in Porcelain, and other Verses." An edition of his poems, edited by Edmund C. Stedman, was published (1880) in New York, and well deserves the editor's discriminating praise. Mr. Dobson is one of a recent class of English poets who have reproduced the old French forms of verse in the *rondeau*, *virelai*, *villanelle*, *ballade*, etc. Mark the ingenious multiplication of the rhymes in the first three poems we quote.

"MORE POETS YET!"

"More Poets yet!"—I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay;—
"Despite my skill and 'swashing blow,'
They seem to sprout where'er I go;—
I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may:
Your task's at best a Hydra-fray;
And though you cut, not less will grow
More Poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May?
Who shall out-blot the morning glow?—
Or stem the full heart's overflow?
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,
More Poets yet!

THE PRODIGALS.

"Princes!—and you, most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,—
Prodigals driven of destinies!
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray;
Lo,—for the surcote's hem we seize;—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Beggars are we that pray thee thus,—
Beggars outworn of miseries!
Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and old, and gray;
Lo,—for we clutch and we clasp your knees,—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Damosels—Dames, be piteous!"
(But the dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
"Hear us, O Knights magnanimous!"
(But the knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:—
"Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

ENVOY.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
Many there be by the dusty way,—
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
"Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

YOU BID ME TRY.

After Voiture.

You bid me try, Blue-eyes, to write
A Rondeau. What!—forthwith?—to-night?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;
But thirteen lines,—and rhymed on two,—
"Refrain," as well. Ah, hapless plight!

Still, there are five lines,—ranged aright.
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did till you—
You bid me try!

That makes them nine. The port's in sight;—
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!
Now just a pair to end with "oo,"—
When maids command, what can't we do!
Behold!—the Rondeau, tasteful, light,
You bid me try!

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking, and daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,—

Sing flutes of harvest, where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.

CHANSONETTE.

Once at the angelus (ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious came to my bed—
Angels in blue and white, crowned on the head.

One was the friend I left stark in the snow;
One was the wife that died long, long ago;
One was the love I lost,—how could she know?

One had my mother's eyes, wistful and mild;
One had my father's face; one was a child;
All of them bent to me—bent down and smiled.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

The *Boston Advertiser* of January 14th, 1874, mentions the case of a boy called "the baby violinist" who died "the other day at the age of six." At a time when he should have been in bed he was made to play before large audiences music which excited and thrilled him. He looked exhausted one day, and the manager told him to stay at home. That night as the lad lay in bed with his father the latter heard him say: "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow!"—and with this strange and touching prayer the baby violinist died! The incident doubtless suggested Dobson's poem.

He had played for his lordship's levée,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in bed—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

Henry Ames Blood.

AMERICAN.

A native of Temple, N. H., born about 1840, Mr. Blood graduated at Dartmouth College, and, after a few years spent in keeping school, accepted a situation in the State Department at Washington. A volume of his poems has been stereotyped, and the specimens we have seen show that our literature will gain by the publication.

PRO MORTUIS.

For the dead and for the dying;
For the dead that once were living,
And the living that are dying,
Pray I to the All-forgiving.

For the dead who yester journeyed;
For the living who to-morrow,
Through the valley of the Shadow,
Must all bear the world's great sorrow;

For the immortal, who, in silence,
Have already crossed the portal;
For the mortal who, in sadness,
Soon shall follow the immortal;—

Keep thine arms round all, O Father!—
Round lamenting and lamented;
Round the living and repenting,
Round the dead who have repented.

Keep thine arms round all, O Father!
That are left or that are taken;
For they all are needy, whether
The forsaking or forsaken.

THE LAST VISITOR.

"Who is it knocks this stormy night?
Be very careful of the light!"
The good-man said to his wife,
And the good-wife went to the door;
But never again in all his life
Will the good-man see her more.

For he who knocked that night was Death,
And the light went out with a little breath;
And the good-man will miss his wife,
Till he, too, goes to the door,
When Death will carry him up to Life,
To behold her face once more.

Robert Kelly Weeks.

AMERICAN.

A native of New York city (born in 1840), Weeks graduated from Yale College in 1863, and from the Law School of Columbia College in 1864. He has published "Poems" (1866); "Episodes and Lyric Pieces" (1870)—works full of high promise.

WINTER SUNRISE.

When I consider, as I'm forced to do,
The many causes of my discontent,
And count my failures, and remember too
How many hopes the failures represent:
The hope of seeing what I have not seen,
The hope of winning what I have not won,
The hope of being what I have not been,
The hope of doing what I have not done;
When I remember and consider these—
Against my Past, my Present seems to lie
As bare and black as yonder barren trees
Against the brightness of the morning sky,
Whose golden expectation puts to shame
The lurking hopes to which they still lay claim.

AD FINEM.

I would not have believed it then,
  If any one had told me so,—
"Ere you shall see his face again,
  A year and more shall go:"—
And let them come again to-day
  To pity me and prophesy,
And I will face them all, and say
  To all of them, You lie;

False prophets all, you lie, you lie!
  I will believe no word but his;
Will say December is July,
  That autumn April is,—
Rather than say he has forgot,
  Or will not come who bade me wait,
Who wait him, and accuse him not
  Of being very late.

He said that he would come in Spring,
  And I believed—believe him now,
Though all the birds have ceased to sing,
  And bare is every bough!
For spring is not till he appear,
  Winter is not when he is nigh—
The only Lord of all my year,
  For whom I live—and die!

William Channing Gannett.

AMERICAN.

Gannett, the son of a clergyman, was born in Boston in 1840. He graduated at Harvard in 1860, and from the Theological School in 1868, having meanwhile taught school a year at Newport, R. I. For two years he was pastor of a church in Milwaukee, Wis.; since which he has resided chiefly in Boston. He has contributed sermons, lectures, and addresses to the magazines, and has written hymns and poems, showing an original vein.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I hear it often in the dark,
  I hear it in the light.—
Where is the voice that calls to me
  With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
  And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
  And yet the planet jars.

Oh, may it be that far within
  My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
  Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
  That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
  The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me
  That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
  And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
  Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
  With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
  And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
  They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say, "My child,
  Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
  And listen by the way."

George McKnight.

AMERICAN.

McKnight, a native of Sterling, Cayuga County, N. Y., was born in 1840, and has always resided in his native town, where he is a practising physician. In 1877 he published on his own account a volume of 131 pages, entitled "Firm Ground: Thoughts on Life and Faith." In 1878 a revised edition, under the title of "Life and Faith," was issued, with the imprint of Henry Holt & Co., New York. It consists chiefly of a series of sonnets, lofty in tone and sentiment, and artistic in structure according to the Petrarchan model. Each one is the embodiment of some richly suggestive thought, showing that the author's range of meditation is in the higher ethical and devotional region. With all its earnest gravity, the tone of these productions is always healthful, hopeful, and cheerful.

"THOUGH NAUGHT THEY MAY TO OTHERS BE."

If in these thoughts of mine that now assuage
The tedium of the toilsome life I live,
The few who chance to notice should perceive
Nothing their lasting interest to engage,
And quickly cease to turn the farther page,—
It were a shameful thing if I should grieve.
For if kind Destiny has chosen to give
To other minds, in many a clime and age,
Days brighter than my hours, should I repine?
And what if by an over-hasty glance
Some import be not heeded, or, perchance,
Too dim a light upon the pages shine?
Would I be wronged, even though the wealth I own,
And not the less enjoy, were all unknown?

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

"And ever beautiful and young remains
Whom the divine ambrosia sustains."

The days of youth! The days of glad life-gain!
How bright in retrospection they appear!
Yet standing in my manhood's stature here,
I ask not Time his fleet hours to refrain.
The joyance of those days may yet remain.
Fly on, swift seasons! Not with grief or fear
I see your speed increase from year to year;—
The soul may still its buoyant youth retain!
May, if supplied with its celestial food,
Forever keep so young it will not cease
To grow in strength, in stature to increase
Through all its days, whate'er their multitude.
And lo! ambrosia plentifully grows [goes.
On many a field through which thought, culling,

SCORN.

"Which Wisdom holds unlawful ever."

If on a child of Nature thou bestow
A scornful thought, a grievous punishment
Is thine; for now no longer evident
Are loving looks Nature was wont to show:
Yet alters not her favor toward thee so;—
Not really does she thy scorn resent;
Her heart is too full of divine content
To feel the troubling passions mortals know.
'Tis thou, by harboring unjust disdain
Within thy selfish bosom, who hast marred
The beaming tenderness of her regard.
Thy sympathy with her is less, in vain
Is now each kindly look of hers, each smile
Of favor thou didst oft enjoy erewhile.

OPPORTUNITY.

Has thy pursuit of knowledge been confined
Within a narrow range by penury,
And by the hands' hard toil required of thee?
Oh, sorely tried! But if God had designed
A strong, divinely gifted human mind
Should in the world appear, and grow to be
A grand exemplar of humanity,
Perhaps His wisdom, provident and kind,
Seeking a time and place upon the earth,
Wherein such noble life might grow and bear
Its perfect fruitage, beautiful and rare,
Would choose and foreordain, tried soul, a birth
Like that assigned to thee! Oh, squander not
The opportunity given in thy lot!

TRIUMPH.

Though hard surroundings, like unsparing foes,
Against thee have prevailed, a victory
May yet be thine, and noble life may be
The trophy which thy triumph will disclose.
The world's great prizes thou must yield to those
Of better fortune! Yield them willingly:
By so much more thy virtue shall be free
From trammels selfish cares on it impose.
Famed, far-off landscapes thou shalt never view:—
Submit: the bliss denied thee do not crave;
And thy attentive soul a sight may have
Of the omnipresent Beautiful and True,
So clear, 'twill bring thee nearer to thy God,
Than if thou sought'st His wonders far abroad.

IN UNISON.

May nevermore a selfish wish of mine
Grow to a deed, unless a greater care
For others' welfare in the incitement share.
O Nature, let my purposes combine,
Henceforth, in conscious unison with thine,—
To spread abroad God's gladness, and declare
In living form what is forever fair.
Meekly to labor in thy great design,
Oh, let my little life be given whole!
If so, by action or by suffering,
Joy to my fellow-creatures I may bring,
Or, in the lowly likeness of my soul,
To beautiful creation's countless store
One form of beauty may be added more.

"THE GLORY OF THE LORD SHALL ENDURE FOREVER."

The forces that prevail eternally,
And those that seem to quickly vanish hence,
Are emanations from Omnipotence
Of self-conserving, ceaseless energy:
And whatso in the changeless entity
Of God originates, partaketh thence
Of the divine, essential permanence:—
Whatever is because He is, shall be.
Oh, then to strengthen trust, thyself assure,
In every fearful, every doubting mood,
From God came forth the Beautiful and Good;
And as the Eternal Glory shall endure,
They in His changelessness shall still abide
Unwasted, 'mid destruction far and wide.

THE TEST OF TRUTH.

If ye have precious truths that yet remain
Unknown to me, oh teach me them! Each way
Into my soul I open wide, that they
May enter straightway, and belief constrain.
But urge not fear of loss nor hope of gain
To rouse my will, and move it to essay
To shape my soul's belief, or tinge one ray
Of Nature's light! All wilful faith must pain
The Genius of true Faith, who asks assent,
Not even to dearest truths, until the hour
Arrives of their belief-compelling power;
In order that the force they will have spent
In wrestling with our unbelief, at length
May be transformed into believing strength.

EUTHANASIA.

Seeing our lives by Nature now are led
In an appointed way so tenderly;
So often lured by Hope's expectancy;
So seldom driven by scourging pain and dread;
And though by destiny still limited
Insuperably, our pleasant paths seem free:—
May we not trust it ever thus shall be?
That when we come the lonely vale to tread,
Leading away into the unknown night,
Our Mother then, kindly persuasive still,
Shall gently temper the reluctant will?
So, haply, we shall feel a strange delight,
Even that dreary way to travel o'er,
And the mysterious realm beyond explore.

CONSUMMATION.

"The grand results of Time."

'Twas needful that with life of low degree,
But slowly rising, long the earth should teem
Ere man was born; and still the guiding scheme
Seemed not to rest in full maturity:
For Nature since has so assiduously
Cherished his growth in spirit, it would seem
That lofty human souls, in her esteem,
Are the best trophies of her husbandry.
And now, as if she neared her final aim,
She sheds upon them with conspicuous care
Each fruitful influence, that they may bear
Great and pure thoughts and deeds of noble fame;—
As if her crowning joy were to transmute
The sum of Time's results into soul-fruit.

CLEAR ASSURANCE.

Not as it looks will be thy coming state:
It falsely looms to both thy hopes and fears.
Unwise is he, with prying eye who peers
'Neath the unturned pages of the book of fate.
Yet whether good or evil hours await
Thy coming in the far successive years,
Thou may'st foreknow, by that which now appears,—
It well may daunt thee, or with joy elate.
For in thy heart's affections thou can'st see
What thou becomest as the days go by:
Think not by skilled device to modify
The strict fulfilment of the high decree,
That more and more like the sublime or low
Ideals thou dost cherish, thou shalt grow.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

A view of present life is all thou hast!
Oblivion's cloud, like a high-reaching wall,
Conceals thy former being, and a pall
Hangs o'er the gate through which thou'lt soon have passed.
Dost chafe, in these close bounds imprisoned fast?
Perhaps thy spirit's memory needs, withal,
Such limits, lest vague dimness should befall
Its records of a life-duration vast;
And artfully thy sight may be confined
While thou art dwelling on this earthly isle,
That its exceeding beauty may, the while,
Infuse itself within thy growing mind,
And fit thee, in some future state sublime,
Haply, to grasp a wider range of time.[1]

MEMENTO MORI.

Look, soul, how swiftly all things onward tend!
Such universal haste betokens need
In Destiny's design of pressing speed:
Speed thou, stay not until thou reach the end!
Upon the haste of Time there may depend
Some far-off good. Thou child of Time, give heed,
That with a willing heart and ready deed,
To Time's great haste thy dole of speed thou lend!
Though beauteous scenes thy onward steps would stay,
Press forward toward the Goal that beckons thee—
The unimagined possibility
Of all the mighty future to assay!
And when thou drawest near thy hour to die,
Rejoice that one accomplishment is nigh.

GIFTS.

"Who maketh thee to differ?"

Brother, my arm is weaker far than thine;
And thou, my brother, in each common view
Of Nature canst discern some beauteous hue
Too delicate to thrill such brain as mine.
And yet, O brothers both, by many a sign
God shows for me as warm love as for you:
With equal care His light and rain and dew
Cherish the sturdy tree and clinging vine.
Be thou not proud of thy more massive brawn!
Nor thou, because within thy brain each thread,
Through which the thought-pulsations pass and spread
From cell to cell, has been more tensely drawn!
God's forces made you what you are, why then
Should you expect the reverence of men?

KINSHIP.

"So light, yet sure, the bond that binds the world."

I found beside a meadow brooklet bright,
Spring flowers whose tranquil beauty seemed to give
Glad answers as to whence and why we live.
With pleased delay I lingered while I might,
Because I thought when they were out of sight,
No more of joy from them I should receive.
But now I know absence cannot bereave
Their loveliness of power to give delight,
For still my soul with theirs sweet converse holds,
Through sense more intimate and blessed than seeing;
A bond of kindred that includes all being,
Our lives in conscious union now infolds.
And oh, to me it is enough of bliss
To know I am, and that such beauty is.

John White Chadwick.

AMERICAN.

Chadwick was born in 1840 in Marblehead, Mass. He studied at the Exeter, N. H., Academy, and graduated from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1864. He has contributed various papers to *Harper's* and other magazines, and is the author of a volume of poems, published 1874. He is settled over a Unitarian congregation in Brooklyn, N. Y. As a controversial writer of radical tendencies he is well known.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;

[1] We are reminded by this sonnet of a remark which the Chevalier Bunsen made at a party where there had been some astonishing experiments in clairvoyance. "But what, then, were our eyes given us for?" asked Bloomfield. "To limit our vision, my lord," Bunsen instantly replied.—E. S.

They brightened all the joy of life,
  They softened every frown;
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
  When we are tempted sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
  Although they are no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
  Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
  Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
  On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
  Our God, for evermore.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

The curvéd strand
  Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
  The tide is low,
  But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

  The beach-birds fleet,
  With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
  And sip, and chat
  Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

  The rnulets gay
  That haste away
To meet each snowy-bosomed crest,
  Enrich the shore
  With fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

  Each higher wave
  Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
  Straightway they grow
  A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

  High up the beach,
  Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
  The drift-wood's heap
  Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

  Nor storms alone:
  I hear the moan
Of voices choked by dashing brine,
  When sunken rock
  Or tempest shock
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine.

  Where ends the beach,
  The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
  And here I rest
  While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

  Far out at sea
  The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line,
  Their sails unfold
  Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

  A calm more deep,
  As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
  So low it sighs,
  Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

  O peace and rest!
  Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean:
  No break, no bar
  Of sun or star:
Just God and I, with naught between.

  Oh, when some day
  In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
  I shall rejoice
  With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

CARPE DIEM.

O soul of mine, how few and short the years
Ere thou shalt go the way of all thy kind,
And here no more thy joy or sorrow find
At any fount of happiness or tears!
Yea, and how soon shall all that thee endears
To any heart that beats with love for thee
Be everywhere forgotten utterly,
With all thy loves and joys, and hopes and fears!

But, O my soul, because these things are so,
Be thou not cheated of to-day's delight,
When the night cometh, it may well be night;
Now it is day. See that no minute's glow
Of all the shining hours unheeded goes,
No fount of rightful joy by thee untasted flows.

George Wentz.

AMERICAN.

A native and resident of Baltimore, Wentz studied medicine, and became a practising physician. He is the author of "The Lady of the Sea," a poem of some length, founded on an Orkney legend, and originally published in *The Southern Magazine* for 1872. His shorter lyrical pieces are suggestive of a profound poetical sensibility, with the gift of giving utterance to it at times in condensed and beautiful forms.

"SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER."

Of all the human-helping songs to God
That swell upon the dim cathedral's air,
Most helpful seems to me this song of all:
"Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!"

There is a supplication in the sound;
And on a flight of Music's solemn sigh,
My weary soul, earth-sick and full of care,
Mounts upward to the sky.

A clear soprano, like a mounting bird,
Soars o'er the organ's deep vibrating tone,
To bear to her the lovingness I feel,
But may not plead alone.

For she, a spirit, from her lofty place
Doth oft her sympathetic ear incline,
To hear a mortal's word, and stills her heart
To hear the beat of mine.

The tender pleading of the song remains,
While priest and altar fade upon the air,
And all the dome is worshipful with her
Whose spirit hears my prayer.

NO DEATH.

There is no death; the common end
Of life and growth we comprehend,
Is not of forms that cease, but mend:
It is not death, but change.

When wastes the seed the sower sows
Beneath the clog of winter snows,
The autumn harvest plainly shows
It was not death, but change.

When Science weighs and counts the strands
In economic Nature's bands,
She re-collects them in her hands
To show no loss from change.

They do not die, our darling ones;
From falling leaves to burning suns,
Through worlds on worlds the legend runs,—
It is not death, but change.

When stills the heart, and dims the eye,
And round our couch friends wonder why
The signs have ceased they know us by,
It is not death, but change.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Dodge, a daughter of the late Professor Mapes, has published various successful works for the young; also a volume of poems, entitled "Along the Way, and other Poems," from the press of Scribner & Co. (1879). She is widely known as editress of *The St. Nicholas Magazine* for young persons, and resides in the city of New York.

IN THE CAÑON.

Intent the conscious mountains stood,
The friendly blossoms nodded,
As through the cañon's lonely wood
We two in silence plodded.
A something owned our presence good;
The very breeze that stirred our hair
Whispered a gentle greeting;
A grand, free courtesy was there,
A welcome, from the summit bare
Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark
Shot through the leafy passes,
While the long note of meadow-lark
Rose from the neighboring grasses;
The yellow lupines, spark on spark,
From the more open woodland way,
Flashed through the sunlight faintly;
A wind-blown little flower, once gay,
Looked up between its petals gray
And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,
The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted;
The mottled light that round us streamed,
The brooklet, vexed and petted;
The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,
The flitting, gauzy things of June;
The plain, far-off, like misty ocean,
Or, cloud-land bound, a fair lagoon,—
They sang within us like a tune,
They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hours went loitering to the West,
The shadows lengthened slowly;
The radiant snow on mountain-crest
Made all the distance holy.
Near by, the earth lay full of rest,
The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,
Dimpled their way to twilight;
And ere the perfect day was done
There came long gleams of tinted sun,
Through heaven's crimson skylight.

Slowly crept on the listening night,
The sinking moon shone pale and slender;
We hailed the cotton-woods, in sight,
The home-roof gleaming near and tender,
Guiding our quickened steps aright.
Soon darkened all the mighty hills,
The gods were sitting there in shadow;
Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,
Silent the silvery woodland trills,—
'Twas starlight over Colorado!

SHADOW EVIDENCE.

Swift o'er the sunny grass.
I saw a shadow pass
With subtle charm;
So quick, so full of life,
With thrilling joy so rife,
I started, lest unknown,
My step—ere it was flown,—
Had done it harm.

Why look up to the blue?
The bird was gone, I knew,
Far out of sight.
Steady and keen of wing,
The slight, impassioned thing,
Intent on a goal unknown,
Had held its course alone
In silent flight.

Dear little bird, and fleet,
Flinging down at my feet
Shadow for song:
More sure am I of thee—
Unseen, unheard by me—
Than of some things felt and known,
And guarded as my own,
All my life long.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

"In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't either.'"

We know not what it is, dear,
This sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way,
And walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still,
Nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead,
If they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
Not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep
As ever death can be;
Yet oh! how dear it is to us,—
This life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—
And blesséd is the thought!—
"So death is sweet to us, beloved,
Though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal
The mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,
The mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not
With knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go
As little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe
That God is overhead;
And as life is to the living,
So death is to the dead.

NOW THE NOISY WINDS ARE STILL.

Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!—
First the blue, and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide,—
All things ready with a will,—
April's coming up the hill!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

AMERICAN.

Born at Fryeburg, Me., in 1840, Miss Osgood has contributed to the magazines a number of poems worthy of being collected into a volume. Her little ballad of "Driving Home the Cows" has a homely pathos that goes straight to its mark.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late.
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

Zadel Barnes Gustafson.

AMERICAN.

The author of "Meg: a Pastoral, and other Poems" (Boston: Lee & Shephard, 1879), is one of the youngest of our American poets (born March 9th, 1841). The reader of her poems is impressed, in some of them by

their idyllic charm, in others by their dramatic force, and in all by their generous sympathy and nobility of sentiment. Simultaneously with her own volume above mentioned, there was issued by the same house, and edited by her, the collected poems of Maria Brooks ("Maria del Occidente").

ZLOBANE.[1]

As swayeth in the summer wind
The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields
That day on wild Zlobane;

The white shield of the husband,
Who hath twice need of life,
The black shield of the young chief,
Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
The live black crescent crept;

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
Upon the British ears,
With whir of bullets, glare of shields,
And flash of Zulu spears.

They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled,
'Twixt sun and summer scene,
They thickened down as the locusts
That leave no living green.

Uprose the British; in the shock
Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn
In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life,—

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed
And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life,
That way, my darling, ride!"

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
Leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank,
That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
Clanged o'er the stony way.

So, shod with fear, fled like the wind,
From where in ancient fray
Rome grappled Tusculum, the slain
Mamilius' charger gray.

"Father, I'll die with you!" The sire,
As this he saw and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
And pang that knows no word.

Once each, as do long knitted friends,
Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
Bright with unflickering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,

[1] Zlobane is the name of the mountain which was taken by storm from the Zulus by the British forces on the morning of the 28th of March, 1879. On the top of this mountain the victorious English troops, who had unsaddled their horses and cast themselves down to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus. Of the British corps only one captain and six men escaped. This ballad relates an incident of the day.

And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.
* * * * *
Thus England, for thy lust of power!
The blood of striving men,—
Once more outpoured—cries unto God
From Zlobane's height and glen!

THE FACTORY-BOY.[1]

"Come, poor child!" say the Flowers;
"We have made you a little bed;
Come, lie with us in the showers
The summer clouds will shed.
Don't work for so many hours:
Come hither and play instead!"
"Come!" whispers the waving Grass:
"I will cool your feet as you pass;
The Daisies will cool your head."

And "Come, come, come!" is sighing
The River against the wall;
But "Stay!" in grim replying,
The wheels roar over all.
By hill and field and river,
That hold the child in thrall,
He sees the long light quiver,
And hears faint voices call.

Bright shapes flit near in numbers;
They lead his soul away:
"Oh, hush, hush, hush! he slumbers!"
He dreams he hears them say.

And, just for one strained instant,
He dreams he hears the wheels,
But smiles to feel the flowers,
And down among them kneels.
Over his weary ankles
A rippling runlet steals,
And all about his shoulders
The daisies dance in reels.

Up to his cheeks and temples
Sweet blossoms blush and press,
And softest summer zephyrs
Lean o'er in light caress.
Sleep in her mantle folds him,
As shadows fold the hill,
Deep in her trance she holds him,
And the great wheels are still!

[1] From "Where is the Child?" in *Harper's Magazine.*

Robert Buchanan.

A native of Scotland, Buchanan was born in 1841, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow. He published a volume of poems called "Undertones" in 1860; "Idyls of Inverburn" (1865); "London Poems" (1866); "The Drama of Kings" (1871); "Celtic Mystics" (1877), etc. Fluent, versatile, and facile in his style, he has made his mark as a poet of no ordinary power. As he has youth on his side, he may live to surpass all that he has yet done. His poems are published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

DYING.

"O bairn, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand will gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?"
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, by night or day
I hear nae sounds ava',
But voices of winds that blaw,
And the voices of ghaists that say,
Come awa'! come awa'!
The Lord that made the wind and made the sea,
Is hard on my bairn and me,
And I melt in his breath like snaw."
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down never to rise again.
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen,—
There is nae pain!
I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why;
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep, but for the sake o' thee."
"O mither, dinna dee!"

HERMIONE; OR, DIFFERENCES ADJUSTED.

Wherever I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek;
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has published a book with a dreary name;
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek.

And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
Haunts me and makes me appear so small.
The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione
(That is her fine wise name), but she
Stooped in her wisdom and married *me*.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity;
The Latin they thrashed into me at school
The world and its fights have thrashed away;
At figures alone I am no fool,
And in city circles I say my say,
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the *Times*,
When I lounge, after work, in my easy chair;
Punch for humor, and Praed for rhymes,
And the butterfly *mots* blown here and there
By the idle breath of the social air.

A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,
Guessing at meanings to flutter over
A filagree tale in a paper cover.

Hermione, my Hermione!
What could your wisdom perceive in me?
And Hermione, my Hermione!
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly?
Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue, about
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!
And my lady-wife, with serious eyes,
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I!
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learnéd lips that the learnéd praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days;
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men;
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,
For she laughs, and blushes, and kisses again,
And, presto! fly goes her wisdom then!
For boy claps hands and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (oh, the jest!)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth!

And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me;
Does not seem to see I'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all!
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out—
That Hermione, my Hermione,
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy and me,
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
And the silly pride in her learnéd face!

That is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt;
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why;
For whenever I think of it, night or morn,
I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born!

LANGLEY LANE.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,

And I am older by summers three—
  Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
  The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly—
  Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
  The bees and the blueflies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
  With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
  Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see—
  And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
  When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
  Hath not my soul an eye to see?—
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
  That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
  And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
  I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
  Round the pensive light of a brow of snow:
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
  And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
  And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
  (I know the fancy is only vain,)
I should pray,—just once, when the weather is fair,—
  To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
  The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
  To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
  There is always something sweet to hear,
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
  And Fanny, my little one, always near!
And though I am weakly, and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
  And though we can never married be—
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
  And the pleasure that only one can see?

TO TRIFLERS.

From "Faces on the Wall."

Go, triflers with God's secret. Far, oh far
Be your thin monotone, your brows flower-crowned,
Your backward-looking faces; for ye mar
The pregnant time with silly sooth of sound,
With flowers around the feverish temples bound,
And withering in the close air of the feast.
Take all the summer pleasures ye have found,
While Circe-charmed ye turn to bird and beast.
Meantime I sit apart, a lonely wight
On this bare rock amid this fitful Sea,
And in the wind and rain I try to light
A little lamp that may a Beacon be,
Whereby poor ship-folk, driving through the night,
May gain the Ocean-course, and think of me!

Minot Judson Savage.

AMERICAN.

A native of Norridgewock, Me., Savage was born June 10th, 1841, and graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864. Trained in the Orthodox Church, he began to preach in October of that year in a school-house in San Mateo, Cal. In 1873 he left orthodoxy, and was pastor over the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago, where he remained one year, when he was called to the pulpit in Boston, where he has presided (1880) six years. He is the author of "Christianity the Science of Manhood" (1873); "The Religion of Evolution" (1876); "Light on the Cloud" (1879); "Bluffton: a Story of To-day," "Life Questions," "The Morals of Evolution," "Talks about Jesus" (1880), etc. There has been also for several years a weekly issue of his sermons.

LIFE FROM DEATH.

Had one ne'er seen the miracle
  Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
  That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
And moanings through the tree-tops go;
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
On hard-fought fields the summer died;
Its banners now are stripped and bare
Of even autumn's fading pride.

Yet, on the gust that surges by,
I read a pictured promise; soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky
Will melt into luxuriant June.

LIFE IN DEATH.

New being is from being ceased;
No life is but by death;
Something's expiring everywhere
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the spring
But blooms upon the grave
Of its dead parent seed, o'er which
Its forms of beauty wave.

The oak, that like an ancient tower
Stands massive on the heath,
Looks out upon a living world,
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Clip the sweet herbs that grow
Rank from the soil enriched by herds
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built
Upon dead yesterday;
And Progress hews her temple-stones
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death: 'tis but a stair
Built with divinest art,
Up which the deathless footsteps climb
Of loved ones who depart.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.

John Addington Symonds.

One of the new Victorian poets, Symonds has written verses that show unquestionable power in dealing with the great problems of life and death. He is the author of "Studies of the Greek Poetry, in Two Series," which appeared in 1876, and was republished by Harper & Brothers; "Sketches in Italy and Greece" (1879); "Sketches and Studies in Italy" (1879); "Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Tomaso Campanella" (1878); "Many Moods, a Volume of Verse" (1878); "New and Old, a Volume of Verse" (1880). The poems have been republished by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. In the Preface to "Many Moods," Symonds speaks of himself as "condemned by ill-health to long exile, and deprived of the resources of serious study." The themes of the volume are Love, Friendship, Death, and Sleep; and the fresh thoughtfulness with which they are treated distinguishes the book as one of the rare productions of the day. His poems on Greek themes in "New and Old" show high scholarly culture.

IN THE MENTONE GRAVEYARD.

Between the circling mountains and the sea
Rest thou.—Pure spirit, spirit whose work is done.
Here to the earth whate'er was left of thee

Mortal, we render. But beyond the sun
And utmost stars, who knows what life begun
Even now, nor ever to be ended, bright
With clearest effluence of unclouded light,

Greets thee undazzled?—Lo! this place of tombs
With rose-wreaths and with clematis and vine,
And violets that smile in winter, blooms:
Sun, moon, and stars in sweet procession shine
Above thy shadeless grave: the waves divine
Gleam like a silver shield beneath; the bare
Broad hills o'erhead, defining the free air,

Enclose a temple of the sheltering skies
To roof thee. Noon and eve and lustrous night,
The sunset thou didst love, the strong sunrise
That filled thy soul erewhile with strange delight,
Still on thy sleeping clay shed kisses bright;
But thou—oh, not for thee these waning powers
Of morn and evening, these poor paling flowers,

These narrowing limits of sea, sky, and earth!
For in thy tombless city of the dead
Sunrising and sunsetting, and the mirth
Of spring-time and of summer, and our red
Rose-wreaths are swallowed in the streams that spread
Supreme of Light ineffable from Him,
Matched with whose least of rays our sun is dim.

Oh, blessed! It is for us, not thee, we grieve!
Yet even so, ye voices, and you tide
Of souls innumerous that panting heave
To rhythmic pulses of God's heart, and hide
Beneath your myriad booming breakers wide
The universal Life invisible,
Give praise! Behold, the void that was so still

Breaks into singing, and the desert cries—
Praise, praise to Thee! praise for Thy servant Death,
The healer and deliverer! from his eyes
Flows life that cannot die; yea, with his breath
The dross of weary earth he winnoweth,
Leaving all pure and perfect things to be
Merged in the soul of Thine immensity!

Praise, Lord, yea, praise for this our brother Death!
Though also for the fair mysterious veil
Of life that from Thy radiance severeth
Our mortal sight, for these faint blossoms frail
Of joy on earth we cherish, for the pale
Light of the circling years, we praise Thee too:—
Since thus as in a web Thy spirit through
The phantom world is woven:—Yet thrice praise
For him who frees us! Surely we shall gain,
As guerdon for the exile of these days,
Oneness with Thee; and as the drops of rain,
Cast from the sobbing cloud in summer's pain,
Resume their rest in ocean, even so we,
Lost for awhile, shall find ourselves in Thee.

FROM "SONNETS ON THE THOUGHT OF DEATH."

III.

Deep calleth unto deep: the Infinite
Within us to the Infinite without
Cries with an inextinguishable shout,
In spite of all we do to stifle it.
Therefore Death in the coming gloom hath lit
A torch for Love to fly to. Dread and Doubt
Vanish like broken armies in the rout
When the swords splinter and the hauberks split.
But in the interval of crossing spears
There is a stagnant dark, where all things seem
By frauds encompassed and confused with fears:
Herein we live our common lives, and dream;
Yet even here, remembering Love, we may
Look with calm eyes for Death to summon day.

IV.

Can dissolution build? Shall death amend
Chaos on chaos hurled of human hope,
Co-ordinate our efforts with our scope,
And in white light the hues of conflict blend?—
Alas! we know not where our footsteps tend;
High overhead the unascended cope
Is lost in ether, while we blindly grope
'Mid mist-wreaths that the warring thunders rend.—
Somehow, we know not how; somewhere, but where
We know not; by some hand, we know not whose,
Joy must absorb the whole wide world's despair.
This we call Faith: but if we dare impose
Form on this faith, we shall but beat the air,
Or build foundations on the baseless ooze.

IX.

Onward forever flows the tide of Life,
Still broadening, gathering to itself the rills
That made dim music in the primal hills,
And tossing crested waves of joy and strife.
We watch it rising where no seeds are rife,
But fire the elemental vortex fills;
Through plant and beast it streams, till human wills
Unfold the sanctities of human life.

Further we see not. But here faith joins hands
With reason: life that onward came to us
From simple to more complex, still must flow
Forward and forward through far wider lands:—
If thought begins with man, the luminous
Kingdom of mind beyond him still must grow.

X.

Is there then hope that thou and I shall be
Saved from the ruin of the ravenous years,
And placed, though late, at last among our peers,
On the firm heights of immortality?
Nay, not so. Thought may burn eternally,
And beacon through ten thousand broadening spheres,
Using our lives like wood that disappears
In the fierce flame it feeds continually.
Thus we may serve to build the cosmic soul
As moments in its being: but to deem
That we shall therefore grow to grasp the whole,
Or last as separate atoms in the stream
Of Life transcendent, were a beauteous dream,
Too frail to bear stern reason's strong control.

XI.

Yet Hope, cast back on Feeling, argues thus:—
If thought be highest in the scale we see,
That thought is also personality,
Conscious of self, aspiring, emulous.
Growth furthermore means goodness: naught in us
Abides and flourishes, unless it be
Tempered for life by love's vitality.
Evil is everywhere deciduous.
Shall then the universal Thought, pure mind,
Pure growth, pure good, be found impersonal?
And if a Person, dare we think or call
Him cruel, to his members so unkind
As to permit our agony, nor bind
Each flower Death plucks into Life's coronal?

XIX.

One saith, "The world's a stage: I took my seat;
I saw the show; and now 'tis time to rise."
Another saith, "I came with eager eyes
Into life's banquet-hall to drink and eat;
The hour hath struck when I must shoe my feet,
And gird me for the way that deathward lies."
Another saith, "Life is a bird that flies
From dark through light to darkness, arrowy-fleet."
One show; one feast; one flight;—must that be all?
Could we unlearn this longing, could we cry,
"Thanks for our part in life's fair festival!
We know not whence we came, we know not why
We go, nor where; but God is over all!"
It would not then be terrible to die.

XXI.

Hush, heart of mine! Nor jest, nor blasphemy
Beseems the strengthless creature of an hour!
Wed resignation rather; dread the power,
Whate'er it be, that rules thy destiny.
Nay, learn to love; love irresistibly!
With obstinate reiteration shower
Praises and prayers, thy spirit's dearest dower,
On the mute altar of that deity!
They work no wrong who worship: they are pure
Who seek God even in the sightless blue:
And they have hope of victory who endure.
This mortal life, like a dark avenue,
Is leading thee perchance to light secure,
And limitless horizons clear to view.

THE WILL.

Blame not the times in which we live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
But blame thyself, O man!

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mould thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action, will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency:
In spite of science, spite of fate,
The judge within thee soon or late
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not—He
Should bear the blame, who fashioned me—
Call you mere change of motive choice?"
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"

BEATI ILLI.

Blessed is the man whose heart and hands are pure!
He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,
No sorrow that he may not well endure:
His feet are steadfast and his hope is sure.

Oh, blessed is he who ne'er hath sold his soul,
Whose will is perfect, and whose word is whole,
Who hath not paid to common-sense the toll
Of self-disgrace, nor owned the world's control!

Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night
He will not lose a glimmering of the light,
Nor, though the sun of day be shrouded quite,
Swerve from the narrow path to left or right.

Edmund Armstrong.

Armstrong (1841–1865) was a native of Ireland, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was President of the Undergraduates' Philosophical Society. At one time an avowed holder of sceptical views in regard to immortality and the divine purpose of life, he lived to recant and disavow his former opinions, but died at the early age of twenty-four. A volume of his poems was published by Edward Moxon & Co., London, in 1866. They show that the poetical element in his nature was too strong for the sceptical.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Friend of my soul, for us no more
The sea of dark negation booms
Upon a strange and shadowy shore—
An ocean vexed with glooms;
Whereon, in trembling barks forlorn,
We tossed upon the waves of doubt,
Our compass gone, our starlight out,
Our shrouds and cordage torn.

Our course is on another sea;
Beneath a radiant arch of day;
While bursts of noble harmony
Inspire us on our way;
Subduing to a trustful calm
Our spirits amid surge and wind,
And flowing on the anxious mind
Like gusts of healing balm.

Mrs. Augusta Webster.

Mrs. Webster, born in England about 1841, published in 1866 "A Woman Sold, and other Poems," also "Dramatic Studies" and "The Auspicious Day" (1872). There are several other works from her pen. One of her critics says: "She has a dramatic faculty unusual with women, a versatile range, much penetration of thought, and is remarkably free from the dangerous mannerisms of modern verse."

TO BLOOM IS THEN TO WANE.

Too soon so fair, fair lilies;
To bloom is then to wane;
The folded bud has still
To-morrows at its will,
Blown flowers can never blow again.

Too soon so bright, bright noontide;
The sun that now is high
Will henceforth only sink
Toward the western brink;
Day that's at prime begins to die.

Too soon so rich, ripe summer,
For autumn tracks thee fast;
Lo, death-marks on the leaf!
Sweet summer, and my grief;
For summer come is summer past.

Too soon, too soon, lost summer;
Some hours and thou art o'er.
Ah! death is part of birth:
Summer leaves not the earth,
But last year's summer lives no more.

THE GIFT.

O happy glow! O sun-bathed tree!
O golden-lighted river!
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept
And laughs through all my being;
New joy into my life has leapt,
A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow! O sun-bathed tree!
O golden-lighted river!
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

Joaquin Miller.

AMERICAN.

Miller was born in 1841 in Indiana. When he was thirteen, his parents emigrated to Oregon overland, and settled in the Willamette Valley. After some rough adventures in the mining districts of California, he studied law, was admitted to practice, and in 1866 was elected county judge. Having published a small volume of poems, one of which bore the title of "Joaquin," he adopted that name instead of his original one of Cincinnatus Heine Miller. In 1870 he went to Europe, and in London found a publisher for his "Songs of the Sierras," which quickly gave him a reputation abroad and at home. He has since published "The Ship in the Desert, a Poem," and "Songs of Italy" (1878).

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

Could I but return to my woods once more,
And dwell in their depths as I have dwelt,
Kneel in their mosses as I have knelt,
Sit where the cool white rivers run,
Away from the world and half hid from the sun.
Hear wind in the woods of my storm-torn shore,
Glad to the heart with listening,—
It seems to me that I then could sing,
And sing as I never have sung before.

I miss, how wholly I miss my wood,
My matchless, magnificent, dark-leaved firs,
That climb up the terrible heights of Hood,
Where only the breath of white heaven stirs!
These Alps they are barren; wrapped in storms,
Formless masses of Titan forms,
They loom like ruins of a grandeur gone,
And lonesome as death to look upon.

O God! once more in my life to hear
The voice of a wood that is loud and alive,
That stirs with its being like a vast bee-hive!
And oh, once more in my life to see
The great bright eyes of the antlered deer;
To sing with the birds that sing for me,
To tread where only the red man trod,
To say no word, but listen to God!

PALATINE HILL.

A wolf-like stream without a sound
  Steals by and hides beneath the shore,
  Its awful secrets evermore
Within its sullen bosom bound.

And this was Rome, that shrieked for room
  To stretch her limbs! A hill of caves
  For half-wild beasts and hairy slaves;
And gypsies tent within her tomb!

Two lone palms on the Palatine,
  Two rows of cypress black and tall,
  With white roots set in Cæsar's Hall,—
A garden, convent, and sweet shrine.

Tall cedars on a broken wall,
  That look away toward Lebanon,
  And seem to mourn for grandeur gone:
A wolf, an owl,—and that is all.

LOVE ME, LOVE.

Love me, love, but breathe it low,
  Soft as summer weather;
If you love me, tell me so,
  As we sit together,
Sweet and still as roses blow—
Love me, love, but breathe it low.

Tell me only with your eyes,
  Words are cheap as water,
If you love me, looks and sighs
  Tell my mother's daughter
More than all the world may know—
Love me, love, but breathe it low.

Words for others, storm and snow,
  Wind and changeful weather—
Let the shallow waters flow
  Foaming on together;
But love is still and deep, and oh!
Love me, love, but breathe it low.

Marie R. Lacoste.

Miss Lacoste, born about the year 1842, was a resident of Savannah, Ga. (1863), at the time she wrote the charming little poem of "Somebody's Darling." Without her consent, it was first published, with her name attached, in the *Southern Churchman*. It has since been copied into American and English collections, school-books, and newspapers, with her name; so that her wish to remain anonymous seems to be now impracticable. Her residence (1880) was Baltimore, and her occupation that of a teacher. In a letter to us (1880), she writes: "I am thoroughly French, and desire always to be identified with France; to be known and considered ever as a Frenchwoman. * * * I cannot be considered an authoress

at all, and resign all claim to the title." The patriotism of Miss Lacoste is worthy of all praise; but if she did not wish to be regarded as an authoress, and a much esteemed one, she ought never to have written "Somebody's Darling." The marvel is that the vein from which came this felicitous little poem has not been more productively worked.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know:
Somebody's hand had rested there,—
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

May Riley Smith.

AMERICAN.

May Louise Riley was born in Brighton, a suburb of Rochester, N. Y., in 1842, and became by marriage Mrs. Albert Smith, and a resident of Chicago. She has been a writer from her youth, and a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines. She excels in homely and pathetic themes, and some of her poems have been widely copied.

IF.

If, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt Heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say—
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with him, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say—
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Had been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

Philip Bourke Marston.

Marston, one of the young English poets of the latter half of the nineteenth century, is the son of John Westland Marston (born 1820), author of "The Patrician's Daughter," and other plays; whose dramatic and poetical works were published in a collected form in 1876. Philip is said to be blind, though not from birth. He has published "Song-tide, and other Poems" (1871), and "All in All: Poems and Sonnets" (1874). He has also contributed to *Lippincott's* and other American magazines. His poems, artistic in construction, tender and emotional in sentiment, have found an enlarging circle of admirers.

FROM FAR.

O Love, come back, across the weary way
Thou didst go yesterday—
Dear Love, come back!

"I am too far upon my way to turn:
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

O Love! Love! Love! sweet Love! we are undone
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are.

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste light and noise,
As from Ghostland, thy voice
Is borne afar."

O Love, what was our sin that we should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set—
My lips of fire—and yet
Ye knew me not."

Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses:
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

O Love! stern Love! be not implacable:
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us!

"To whom, and where, and by what weary way
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?"

Oh weep, weep, weep! for Love, who tarried long,
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like fire:
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing.

Sidney Lanier.

AMERICAN.

Born in Macon, Ga., in 1842, Lanier took up his residence in Baltimore, where he became lecturer on English Literature in the Johns Hopkins University. In 1876 he published a small collection of poems from the press of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; and a new volume was to appear in 1881. His prose works are "Florida" (1875), and "The Science of English Verse" (1880)—a volume of much original merit, in which he seems to have been unindebted to any predecessor. He is also the author of some approved books for boys. Lanier is a proficient in music, and a member of the Peabody Orchestra, an organization for the cultivation of classic music, maintained in connection with the Peabody Institute.

A ROSE-MORAL.

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tuberose; hide thee there,
There breathe the meditations of thine art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light,
How fervent fragrances uprise
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
Reach, Soul! yon rose's white estate:
Give off thine art as she doth issue breath,
And wait,—and wait.

EVENING SONG.

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea;
How long they kiss, in sight of all the lands!
Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done!
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort Heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else-unlighted sands;
O Night, divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands.

THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS.

Swift through some trap mine eyes have never found,
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of sleep,
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then sight and sound,
Then space and time, then language, mete and bound,
And all familiar forms that firmly keep
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
Betwixt the legs, and mock the daily round.
Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears
At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign
Thou hast a heart; and oft thy little leaven
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
I think thou'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!

FROM THE FLATS.

What heartache—ne'er a hill!
Inexorable, vapid, vague, and chill
The drear sand-levels drain my spirit low.
With one poor word they tell me all they know;
Whereat their stupid tongues, to tease my pain,
Do drawl it o'er again and o'er again.
They hurt my heart with griefs I cannot name:
Always the same, the same.

Nature hath no surprise,
No ambuscade of beauty, 'gainst mine eyes
From brake or lurking dell or deep defile;
No humors, frolic forms—this mile, that mile;
No rich reserves or happy-valley hopes
Beyond the bends of roads, the distant slopes.
Her fancy fails, her wild is all run tame:
Ever the same, the same.

Oh, might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,
Where white the quartz and pink the pebbles shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the muscadine
Swings o'er the slope, the oak's far-falling shade
Darkens the dog-wood in the bottom glade,
And down the hollow from a ferny nook
Bright leaps a living brook!

Thomas Stephens Collier.

AMERICAN.

A native of New York city, born in 1842, Collier was left an orphan at six years of age. He took to the sea, and before he was sixteen had visited Africa, China, and Japan. He was in the United States Naval Service during the Rebellion, and visited China and the East a second time. On his return he became a resident of New London, Conn. His poems are marked by a progressive improvement, indicative of reserved power, yet undeveloped.

A WINDY EVENING.

The sun sank low; beyond the harbor bar
The waves ran white and high;
The reefed sails of a vessel showed afar
Against the gray-blue sky.

Sharp called the gulls, as 'mid the tossing spray
They circled swift; and loud
The north wind roared, as it rushed down the bay,
And rent the seaward cloud.

Past the old light-house, rising white and tall,
Like birds the wind deceives,
Swept from the forest by the surging squall,
Sail the sear autumn leaves.

Fast o'er the dark and foam-capped waves they fly,
Brown ghosts of May and June,
Seeking the ship tossed up along the sky
Beneath a thin, white moon.

Then as they sped on to the shadows gray,
The sun sank lower down,
Sending a golden light across the bay,
And through the dark old town.

It made the church spires glow with shifting light,
That slow grew faint and pale,
As it was borne into the coming night
By the swift rushing gale.

The shadows darkened, and along the sea
The swaying ship had flown;
The sun was gone; one bright star, glisteningly,
Near to the moon outshone.

Through crimson, flame, amber, and paling gold,
Faded the day's sweet light;
And on the sea and land gathered the cold
Gray shadows of the night.

A SEA ECHO.

The waves came moaning up the shore,
  Came white with foam close to her feet,
And sang, "Your love will come no more
  To give you kisses sweet."
The low wind sighed among the trees,
  "Your love is sailing far away,
Where over bright, sun-lighted seas
  Soft summer breezes play."

"O sighing wind! O moaning sea!
  You have no knowledge of my love;
Where'er his ship doth sail, still he
  To me will faithful prove:
While skies are blue, while stars are bright,
  And waves come singing up the shore,
I know my lover will delight
  In me, and love me more."

"And if your lover silent lies,
  Where coral flowers around him grow,
The love-light faded from his eyes,
  That once they used to know—
If he no more can come to you,
  Where will your soul find joy and rest?
What is your gain, if he is true
  And loves you still the best?"

"Ah, sea and wind, if he no more
  Can come to me, I still shall hold
His love more precious than before;
  No death can make love cold.
Why moan or cry? what use of tears?
  Though long days make my eyes grow dim,
There comes an end to all the years—
  And I can go to him."

John Payne.

Payne, born in England in 1843, has won some distinction by his graceful and musical but highly elaborate imitations of French forms of verse. He has published "The Masque of Shadows, and other Poems" (1870); "Intaglios: Sonnets" (1871); "Songs of Life and Death" (1872); "The Poems of Francis Villon done into English Verse in the Original Forms" (printed for private circulation); "Lautrec, a Poem;" "New Poems" (1880). The *Westminster Review* says of Payne: "He has succeeded in wedding thought to new music. He may not be popular with the 'blind multitude,' but he is sure to be so with all lovers of poetry both to-day and to-morrow." Some of the best of his imitations of French forms appeared in the London *Athenæum*.

RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ.

My day and night are in my lady's hand;
  I have no other sunrise than her sight:
For me her favor glorifies the land;
  Her anger darkens all the cheerful light;
Her face is fairer than the hawthorn white,
  When all a-flower in May the hedge-rows stand:
Whilst she is kind I know of none affright;
  My day and night are in my lady's hand.

All heaven in her glorious eyes is spanned:
  Her smile is softer than the Summer night,
Gladder than daybreak on the Faery strand:
  I have no other sunrise than her sight.
  Her silver speech is like the singing flight
Of runnels rippling o'er the jewelled sand,
  Her kiss a dream of delicate delight;
For me her favor glorifies the land.

What if the Winter slay the Summer bland!
  The gold sun in her hair burns ever bright:
If she be sad, straightway all joy is banned;
  Her anger darkens all the cheerful light.

Come weal or woe, I am my lady's knight,
  And in her surface every ill withstand;
Love is my lord, in all the world's despite,
  And holdeth in the hollow of his hand
    My day and night.

VILLANELLE.

The air is white with snow-flakes clinging;
  Between the gusts that come and go
Methinks I hear the woodlark singing.

Methinks I see the primrose springing
  On many a bank and hedge, although
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

Surely the hands of Spring are flinging
  Wood-scents to all the winds that blow:
Methinks I hear the woodlark singing.

Methinks I see the swallow winging
  Across the woodlands sad with snow;
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

Was that the cuckoo's wood-chime swinging?
  Was that the linnet fluting low?
Methinks I hear the woodlark singing.

Or can it be the breeze is bringing
The breath of violets? Ah no!
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

It is my lady's voice that's stringing
Its beads of gold to song; and so
Methinks I hear the woodlark singing.

The violets I see upspringing
Are in my lady's eyes, I trow:
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

Dear, whilst thy tender notes are ringing,
Even whilst amidst the winter's woe
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging,
Methinks I hear the woodlark singing.

Harriet W. Preston.

AMERICAN.

Miss Preston is a native of Danvers, Mass. She has won distinction by her excellent translations of Provençal poetry, and is the author of "Aspendale," "Love in the Nineteenth Century," and several attractive magazine papers. She is also the translator of Frederick Mistral's "Mirèio" (1872); and in 1876 published a volume entitled "Troubadours and Trouvères, New and Old," from which we extract "Thirteen," after Theodore Aubanel, a modern Provençal poet—the poem being founded on the old superstition that in a dinner-party of thirteen one will die before a year is ended. In her original verses she has been equally successful.

THIRTEEN.

"Touch, for your life, no single viand costly!
Taste not a drop of liquor where it shines!
Be here but as the cat who lingers ghostly
About the flesh upon the spit and whines;
Ay, let the banquet freeze or perish wholly
Or ever a morsel pass your lips between!
For I have counted you, my comrades jolly,
Ye are thirteen, all told,—I say *thirteen!*"

"Well, what of that?" the messmates answered, lightly;
"So be it then! We are as well content!
The longer table means, if we guess rightly,
Space for more jesters, broader merriment."
"'Tis I will wake the wit and spice the folly!
The haughtiest answer when I speak, I ween.
And I have counted you, my comrades jolly!
Ye are thirteen, all told,—I say *thirteen!*"

"So ho! thou thinkest then to quench our laughter?
Thou art a gloomy presence, verily!
We wager that we know what thou art after!
Come, then, a drink! and bid thy vapors fly!
Thou shalt not taint us with thy melancholy"—
"Nay, 'tis not thirst gives me this haggard mien.
Laugh to your hearts' content, my comrades jolly;
Still I have counted, and ye are *thirteen!*"

"Who art thou then, thou kill-joy? What's thy nature,
And what thy name, and what thy business here?"
"My name is Death! Observe my every feature!
I waken longing and I carry fear.
Sovereign am I of mourners and of jesters;
Behind the living still I walk unseen,
And evermore make one among the feasters
When all their tale is told, and they *thirteen.*"

"Ha! art thou Death? I am well pleased to know thee,"
A gallant cried, and held his glass aloft;
"Their scarecrow tales, O Death, small justice do thee;
Where are the terrors thou hast vaunted oft?
Come, feast with me as often as they bid thee!
Our friendly plates be laid with none between."
"Silence," cried Death, "and follow where I lead thee,
For thou art he who makest us *thirteen.*"

Sudden, as a grape-cluster, when dissevered
By the sharp knife, drops from the parent bough,
The crimson wine-glass of the gallant wavered
And fell; chill moisture started to his brow.
Death, crying, "Thou canst not walk, but I can carry,"
Shouldered his burden with a ghastly grin,
And to the stricken feasters said, "Be wary!
I make my count oft as ye make *thirteen.*"

Nora Perry.

AMERICAN.

A native and resident of Providence, R. I., Miss Perry has published two volumes of poems: "After the Ball, and other Poems" (1876), and "Her Lover's Friend, and other Poems." David A. Wasson, a good critical judge, says of the last-named volume: "I recognize in some of these pieces a quality of literary production which is very uncommon, if it be not quite unique, in this country." Harriet Prescott Spofford, herself a poet, writes: "There is little art in Nora Perry's songs; they are as natural as a bird's. There are very few figures,

metaphors, startling phrases, and no affectations of philosophic thought, in the lines; but they lilt along in a perpetual sweet cantabile, and one realizes that there is no knack or effort about it, but that it is the voice and breath of simple genius. With its music there is to be felt in all her verse the spirit of purity, of innocence, and youth."

IN THE DARK.

This is my little sweetheart dead.
Blue were her eyes, and her cheek was red
And warm at my touch when I saw her last,
When she smiled on me and held me fast

With the light, soft clasp of her slender hand;
And now beside her I may stand and stand
Hour after hour, and no blush would rise
On her dead white cheek; and her shut blue eyes

Will never unclose at my kiss or call.—
If this is the end; if this be all
That I am to know of this woman dear;
If the beautiful spirit I knew, lies here,

With the beautiful body cold and still;
If, while I stand here now, and thrill
With my yearning memories sore at heart
For a token or sign to rend apart

The pitiless veil,—there is *nothing* beyond;
If this woman, so fair, so fine, so fond
A week ago—fond, fine, and fair
With the life, the soul that shone out there,

In her eyes, her voice, which made her in truth
The woman I loved; if this woman forsooth
Is dead as this dead clay that lies
Under my gaze with close-shut eyes,

Then what is the meaning of life, when death
Can break it all, as breaks at a breath
The child's blown bubble afloat in the sun?
What is the meaning, if all is done

When this breath goes out into empty air,
Like this childish plaything flimsy and fair?
What is the meaning of love's long pain,
The yearning memories that love and strain

The living heart or the living soul,
If this is the end, if this is the whole
Of life and death,—this little span
That drops in the dark before the span

Which the brain conceives is half complete,
Making life but the empty bubble's cheat?
When, a year ago, through all the maze
Of speculation's far-hung haze,

I followed on with careless tread,
I had not looked then on my dead—
My dead so infinitely dear,
My dead that coldly lying here

Mocks my fond heart with semblance fair,
Chills me with measureless despair.
Then I could calmly measure fate
With Nature's laws, and speculate

On all the doubts that science brings;
Now, standing here, what is it springs
Within my soul, that makes despair
Not quite despair? O fond, O fair,

O little sweetheart, dead to me,
Somewhere or other thou must wait for me;
Somewhere, somewhere, I shall not look in vain
To find thy living face, thy living love again!

IN JUNE.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
  So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird agoing
  From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
  The calling, cooing, wooing everywhere;
So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,
  The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover
  The west wind blowing, blowing up the hill;
So sweet, so sweet with news of some one's lover,
  Fleet footsteps, ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes;
  Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear;
And water, hush your song through reeds and rushes,
  That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,
  Plover or blackbird never heeding me;
So loud the mill-stream too kept fretting, falling,
  O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud; yet blackbird, thrush, nor plover,
Nor noisy mill-stream in its fret and fall,
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down!" he called, and straight the thrushes
From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come down!"
And while the water laughed through reeds and rushes,
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped, "Come down!"

Then down and off, and through the fields of clover,
I followed, followed, at my lover's call,
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.

RIDING DOWN.

Oh, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered rags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there, and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see.

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

1871.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

O'Reilly was born in 1844 in Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland. He was educated by his father, and became a journalist. In 1863 he engaged in the revolutionary movement for a republic. Entering the English army in a cavalry regiment, he made no secret of his republican sentiments among his fellow-soldiers. In 1866 he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, which was commuted to imprisonment for twenty years. He was sent in chains to the penal colony of West Australia in 1867, and escaped thence in 1869, through the devoted aid of an American whaling captain, David R. Gifford, of New Bedford, to whom he dedicated his first book. O'Reilly fixed his residence in Boston, where he became editor of *The Pilot*. In 1878 he published "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," by which he placed himself in the front rank of the Irish poets of the day. His poem of "The Patriot's Grave," read at the Robert Emmet Centennial in Boston, March 4th, 1878, seems to pulsate at times with the intense emotion made to throb in words by the "faculty divine."

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air
  That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy valleys fair
  And wooded hills, like aureole of gold!

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
  Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
  Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land, God made thee wondrous to the eye,
  But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by-and-by,
  And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,
  But left them scentless: ah, their woful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers,—
  To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood;
  But 'mid them all bloomed not one tree of fruit:
He looked, but said not that His work was good,
  When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey: every bell
  Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist;
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
  Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
  Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
  Where last I saw thee; but the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
  Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
  The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
  Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
  Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
  The anchor of a love is death.

The blessèd sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
  She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
  Through twenty years of death.

AT REST.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
  From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
  Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
  On thought and will the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
  Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
  At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
  Still sails the convex sea.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

AMERICAN.

Miss Bates was born in the city of New York, but has spent most of her life in Cambridge, Mass., where she has long been engaged in teaching. Her first poems appeared in *Our Young Folks*, a juvenile magazine, which was incorporated in the *St. Nicholas*. Her first volume appeared in 1879, under the title of "Risk, and other Poems." It includes more than two-thirds of what she has written for various periodicals during the last fifteen years. It is a book of genuine poetical utterances, as the few extracts we give will show.

SATISFIED.

Life is unutterably dear,
  God makes to-day so fair;
Though Heaven is better,—being here
  I long not to be there.

The weights of life are pressing still,
  Not one of them may fall;
Yet such strong joys my spirit fill,
  That I can bear them all.

Though Care and Grief are at my side,
  There would I let them stay,
And still be ever satisfied
  With beautiful To-day!

AFTER READING LONGFELLOW'S "MORITURI SALUTAMUS."

"Ye against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set."

Be that sad year, O poet! very far
That proves thee mortal by the little star.
Yet since thy thoughts live daily in our own,
And leave no heart to weep or smile alone;
Since they are rooted in our souls, and so
Will live forever whither those shall go,
Though some late asterisk may mark thy name,
It never will be set against thy fame!
For the world's fervent love and praise of thee
Have starred it first with immortality.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood the streaming vines appear,
  While long and low the wind about them grieves,—
The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
  And poured its treasure out upon the leaves.

EVIL THOUGHT.

A form not always dark but ever dread,
  That sometimes haunts the holiest of all,—
God's audience-room, the chamber of the dead,
  He ventures here, to woo or to appall!

When the soul sits with every portal wide,
  Joyful to drink the air and light of God,
This Dark One rushes through with rapid stride,
  Leaving the print of evil where he trod.

Sometimes he enters like a thief at night;
  And breaking in upon the stillest hour
Startles the soul to tremble with affright
  Lest she be pinioned by so foul a power.

Again we see his shadow, feel his tread,
  And just escape that strange and captive touch;
Perhaps by some transfixing wonder led,
  We look till drawn within his very clutch.

O valorous souls! so strong to meet the foe,
  O timid souls! yet brave in flight of wing,
Secure and happy ones who seldom know
  The agony this visitant can bring,—

Have mercy on your brothers housed so ill,
  Too weak or blinded any force to wield;
Judging their deeds, this fiend remember still:
  Christ pity those who cannot use His shield!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How high those tones are beating, and how strong
  Against these frail and tottering walls of clay!
Can they withstand those mighty dashings long?
  Do I not feel them even now give way?

What if they should? That soon or late must be:
  The broken wall lets forth the soul to light:—
O Heaven! what fitter passage into thee
  Than on the waves of music's conquering night!

SONNET: TO C. F.

O friend! whose name is closely bound with mine,
How often when thy soul its body wore,
We spake of those who spake with us no more,
And eager sought their nearness to divine.
To-day I stand with just this grave of thine

And the remembrance of the days before,
Which time and place so vividly restore
That sense of death and dust I can resign.
Once it was here thy fancy used to seek,
In Nature's simple play midst flower and tree,
In sudden tremor of a dear grave's grass,
Some subtile recognition:—thus then speak,
O soul that knowest all, and now art free,
To her who still can only guess and pass.

THE TELEPHONE.

Oh! what a marvel of electric might,
That makes the ear the conqueror of space,
And gives us all of presence but the sight,
When miles of dark and distance hide the face.

Soul! is not this thy very analogue?
Do not strange thoughts come sounding through thee thus?
Ay, clear sometimes, as if there were no clog
To shut remotest being out from us!

Low notes are said through this strange instrument
To reach the listener with distinctest tone:
So inmost thoughts, from man or angel sent,
Strike through the soul's aërial telephone!

HOPES AND MEMORIES.

As little children running on before,
To those who follow, backward glances throw,
And ever as they near the household door,
With ever watchful smile, more eager grow,—

So do young hopes before fond memories run,
Looking behind their parent smiles to meet;
Bounding with bolder step at every one,
But oft returning for assurance sweet.

Richard Watson Gilder.

AMERICAN.

Born in Bordentown, N. J., Feb. 8th, 1844, Gilder has become well known as a journalist and man of letters. He has published "The New Day, a Poem in Songs and Sonnets" (1876); "The Poet and his Master" (1878). A new and revised edition of "The New Day" appeared in 1880. The author is associated in the editorship of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*. His poems partake largely of the modern spirit and style.

THE RIVER.

I know thou art not that brown mountain-side,
Nor the pale mist that lies along the hills,
And with white joy the deepening valley fills;
Nor yet the solemn river moving wide
Into that valley, where the hills abide,
But whence those morning clouds on noiseless wheels
Shall lingering lift, and, as the moonlight steals
From out the heavens, so into the heavens shall glide.
I know thou art not that gray rock that looms
Above the water, fringed with scarlet vine;
Nor flame of burning meadow; nor the sedge
That sways and trembles at the river's edge.
But through all these, dear heart, to me there comes
Some melancholy absent look of thine.

A THOUGHT.

Once, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun:
A land of broad, green meadows, through which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea,—
Thus, as I looked, I know not how or whence,
Was borne into my unexpectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

SONG.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea,
Through love to light! Through light, O God! to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

O SWEET WILD ROSES THAT BUD AND BLOW.

O sweet wild roses that bud and blow
Along the way that my Love may go;
O moss-green rocks that touch her dress,
And grass that her dear feet may press;

O maple-tree, whose brooding shade
For her a summer tent has made;

O golden-rod and brave sunflower
That flame before my maiden's bower;

O butterfly, on whose light wings
The golden summer sunshine clings;
O birds that flit o'er wheat and wall,
And from cool hollows pipe and call;

O falling water, whose distant roar
Sounds like the waves upon the shore;
O winds that down the valley sweep,
And lightnings from the clouds that leap;

O skies that bend above the hills,
O gentle rains and babbling rills,
O moon and sun that beam and burn—
Keep safe my Love till I return!

CALL ME NOT DEAD.

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won
Release and rest, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces:
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say) Shakspeare may pass,—
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,—
Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

MY SONGS ARE ALL OF THEE.

My songs are all of thee; what though I sing
Of morning when the stars are yet in sight,
Of evening, or the melancholy night,
Of birds that o'er the reddening waters wing;
Of song, of fire, of winds, or mists that cling
To mountain-tops, of winter all in white,
Of rivers that toward ocean take their flight,
Of summer when the rose is blossoming.
I think no thought that is not thine, no breath
Of life I breathe beyond thy sanctity;
Thou art the voice that silence uttereth,
And of all sound thou art the sense. From thee
The music of my song and what it saith
Is but the beat of thy heart, throbbed through me.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

AMERICAN.

The daughter of Professor Austin Phelps, Elizabeth was born in Boston, Mass., Aug. 31st, 1844, and educated at Andover. In 1868 she published "The Gates Ajar," which had a great sale; in 1869, "Men, Women, and Ghosts," a collection of her stories from *Harper's* and other magazines; in 1871, "The Silent Partner." She has also published a volume of poems.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

I sit beneath the apple-tree,
I see nor sky nor sun;
I only know the apple-buds
Are opening one by one.

You asked me once a little thing—
A lecture or a song
To hear with you; and yet I thought
To find my whole life long

Too short to bear the happiness
That bounded through the day,
That made the look of apple blooms,
And you and me and May!

For long between us there had hung
The mist of love's young doubt;
Sweet, shy, uncertain, all the world
Of trust and May burst out.

I wore the flower in my hair,
Their color on my dress;
Dear love! whenever apples bloom
In heaven do they bless

Your heart with memories so small,
So strong, so cruel glad?
If ever apples bloom in heaven,
I wonder are you sad?

Heart! yield up thy fruitless quest,
Beneath the apple-tree;
Youth comes but once, love only once,
And May but once to thee!

ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

It chanceth once to every soul,
Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,

Upon Life's Bridge of Sighs to stand—
A palace and a prison on each hand.

O palace of the rose-heart's hue!
How like a flower the warm light falls from you!

O prison with the hollow eyes!
Beneath your stony stare no flowers arise.

O palace of the rose-sweet sin!
How safe the heart that does not enter in!

O blesséd prison walls! how true
The freedom of the soul that chooseth you!

Emily Pfeiffer.

Born in England, Miss Pfeiffer has written sonnets and poems, which have attracted the attention of some of the best critics. We find nothing more noteworthy in the list, however, than the following graceful little effusion constructed in imitation of the old French form of verse, called the "Villanelle;" which, we are told, was in truth a "Shepherd's Song;" and, according to rule, "the thoughts should be full of sweetness and simplicity." The recurrence of the rhymes is worthy of note.

SUMMER-TIME.

VILLANELLE.

O Summer-time, so passing sweet,
  But heavy with the breath of flowers,
But languid with the fervent heat,

They chide amiss who call thee fleet,—
  Thee with thy weight of daylight hours,
O Summer-time, so passing sweet!

Young Summer, thou art too replete,
  Too rich in choice of joys and powers,
But languid with the fervent heat.

Adieu! my face is set to meet
  Bleak Winter, with his pallid showers—
O Summer-time, so passing sweet!

Old Winter steps with swifter feet,
  He lingers not in wayside bowers,
He is not languid with the heat;

His rounded day, a pearl complete,
  Gleams on the unknown night that lowers;
O Summer-time, so passing sweet,
But languid with the fervent heat!

Theophile Marzials.

One of the "Victorian poets," Marzials is noted for his imitations of French forms of verse. Some of his poems are the result of his studies in Provençal literature. He is the author of "The Gallery of Pigeons, and other Poems," a work laughed at by some of his critics and praised by others. Poetic license can hardly justify a metaphor like this:

"I'd like to be the lavender
  That makes her linen sweet."

CARPE DIEM.

RONDEAU.

To-day, what is there in the air
  That makes December seem sweet May?
There are no swallows anywhere,
Nor crocuses to crown your hair,
  And hail you down my garden way.

Last night the full-moon's frozen stare
  Struck me, perhaps; or did you say,
Really, you'd come, sweet friend and fair,
  To-day?

To-day is here;—come, crown to-day
  With Spring's delight or Spring's despair!
Love cannot bide old Time's delay—
Down my glad gardens light winds play,
  And my whole life shall bloom and bear
  To-day.

Edmund W. Gosse.

One of the younger tribe of Victorian poets, Gosse has published "On Viol and Flute," "King Eric," and other works. He is one of the revivers of the old French forms of rhyming verses, and we give specimens of his skill in these beautiful but somewhat artificial productions. The "Chant Royal" has been defined as a ballad of five stanzas of eleven lines with an "Envoi" of five. Gosse has given the first example in English, and with brilliant success. Here, too, the rhymes, running through all the divisions, play an important part. It originally appeared in his article on the peculiarities of French verse in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

VILLANELLE.

Wouldst thou not be content to die
  When low-hung fruit is hardly clinging,
And golden Autumn passes by?

If we could vanish, thou and I,
While the last woodland bird is singing,
Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Deep drifts of leaves in the forest lie,
Red vintage that the frost is flinging,
And golden Autumn passes by.

Beneath this delicate, rose-gray sky,
While sunset bells are faintly ringing,
Wouldst thou not be content to die?

For wintry webs of mist on high
Out of the muffled earth is springing,
And golden Autumn passes by.

Oh now, when pleasures fade and fly,
And Hope her southward flight is winging,
Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Lest Winter come, with wailing cry,
His cruel icy bondage bringing,
When golden Autumn hath passed by,

And thou with many a tear and sigh,
While Life her wasted hands is wringing,
Shalt pray in vain for leave to die
When golden Autumn hath passed by.

THE GOD OF WINE.

CHANT ROYAL.

I.

Behold, above the mountains there is light,
A streak of gold, a line of gathering fire,
And the dim east hath suddenly grown bright
With pale aërial flame, that drives up higher
The lurid airs that all the long night were
Breasting the dark ravines and coverts bare;
Behold, behold! the granite gates unclose,
And down the vales a lyric people flows,
Who dance to music, and in dancing fling
Their frantic robes to every wind that blows,
And deathless praises to the Vine-god sing.

II.

Nearer they press, and nearer still in sight,
Still dancing blithely in a seemly choir;
Tossing on high the symbol of their rite,
The cone-tipped thyrsus of a god's desire;
Nearer they come, tall damsels flushed and fair,
With ivy circling their abundant hair,
Onward, with even pace, in stately rows,
With eye that flashes, and with cheek that glows,
And all the while their tribute-songs they bring,
And newer glories of the past disclose,
And deathless praises to the Vine-god sing.

III.

The pure luxuriance of their limbs is white,
And flashes clearer as they draw the nigher,
Bathed in an air of infinite delight,
Smooth without wound of thorn or fleck of mire,
Borne up by song as by a trumpet's blare,
Leading the van to conquest, on they fare,
Fearless and bold, whoever comes and goes
These shining cohorts of Bacchantes close,
Shouting and shouting till the mountains ring,
And forests grim forget their ancient woes,
And deathless praises to the Vine-god sing.

IV.

And youths are there for whom full many a night
Brought dreams of bliss, vague dreams that haunt and tire,
Who rose in their own ecstasy bedight,
And wandered forth through many a scourging brier,
And waited shivering in the icy air,
And wrapped the leopard-skin about them there,
Knowing for all the bitter air that froze,
The time must come that every poet knows,
When he shall rise and feel himself a king,
And follow, follow where the ivy grows,
And deathless praises to the Vine-god sing.

V.

But oh! within the heart of this great flight,
Whose ivory arms hold up the golden lyre,
What form is this of more than mortal height?
What matchless beauty, what inspired ire?
The brindled panthers know the prize they bear,
And harmonize their steps with stately care;
Bent to the morning, like a living rose,
The immortal splendor of his face he shows.
And, where he glances, leaf, and flower, and wing
Tremble with rapture, stirred in their repose,
And deathless praises to the Vine-god sing.

ENVOI.

Prince of the flute and ivy, all thy foes
Record the bounty that thy grace bestows,
But we, thy servants, to thy glory cling,
And with no frigid lips our songs compose,
And deathless praises to the Vine-god sing.

Will Carleton.

AMERICAN.

Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads," etc., was born in Hudson, Lenawee County, Mich., in 1845. His father was a pioneer settler from New Hampshire. For four years of his youth he divided his time between attending school, teaching, and assisting his father on the farm. He was graduated from Hillsdale College, Mich., in 1869. Since then he has been engaged in literary and journalistic work, and in lecturing. In 1872 appeared his ballad of "Betsy and I Are Out," which was reprinted with illustrations in *Harper's Weekly*, and gave the author an extended reputation. His "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends," published by Harper & Brothers, attained great popularity.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over-free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart;
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part; [strong,
For life was all before me, an' I was young an'
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay, [way;
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean and neat, [eat.
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn; [them.
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley; for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;

But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'rn three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

Julian Hawthorne.

AMERICAN.

Hawthorne, a son of the eminent American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has distinguished himself more in prose than verse. He is the author of several novels, showing that he has inherited much of his father's peculiar genius. He was born June 22d, 1846, in Salem, Mass.; studied at Harvard College, and at the Scientific School; also studied engineering in Germany. He took up literature as a profession in 1871, since which time he has resided in Germany and England. The subjoined poem, which appeared originally in the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, is a vigorous exposition of one of the leading doctrines of Swedenborg's theosophy.

FREE-WILL.

Strength of the beautiful day, green and blue and white!
Voice of leaf and of bird; [shore;
Low voice of mellow surf far down the curving
Strong white clouds and gray, slow and calm in your flight,
Aimless, majestic, unheard,—
You walk in air and dissolve and vanish for evermore!
Lying here 'midst poppies and maize, tired of the loss and the gain,
Dreaming of rest, ah! fain
Would I, like ye, transmute the terror of fate into praise.

Yet thou, O earth, art a slave, orderly without care,
Perfect thou know'st not why,
For He whose Word is thy life has spared thee the gift of Will!
We men are not so brave, our lives are not so fair,
Our law is an eye for an eye;
And the light that shines for our good we use to our ill.

Fails boyhood's hope ere long, for the deed still mocks the plan,
And the knave is the honest man,
And thus we grow weak in a world created to make us strong.

But woe to the man who quails before that which makes him man!
Though heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet—freedom to side with hell!
In man succeeds or fails this great creative plan;
Man's liberty to sin
Makes worth God's winning the love even God may not compel.
Shall I then murmur and be wroth at Nature's peace?
Though I be ill at ease,
I hold one link of the chain of his happiness in my hand.

Edgar Fawcett.

AMERICAN.

Fawcett, a native of the city of New York, was born in 1847, and graduated at Columbia College in 1867. He has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, and a volume of his poems appeared in Boston in 1878. In 1880 he made a dramatic venture in his play of "A False Friend," which was effectively produced at some of the principal theatres. Since then he has produced a comic drama, also successful.

CRITICISM.

"Crude, pompous, turgid," the reviewers said;
"Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick!"

But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
The poet quivered at their little stings,
White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!

And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore.
And it befell that after many years,
Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said;
"A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read,
The power and passion of his younger days!"

Henry Augustin Beers.

AMERICAN.

Beers was born in Buffalo, N. Y., July 2d, 1847. His family were residents of Litchfield, Conn. He was graduated at Yale College in 1869, and after spending two years in New York in the study of the law, was appointed tutor in English at Yale, and in 1875 chosen Assistant-professor of English. In 1878 he published "Odds and Ends," a volume of poems; and the same year, "A Century of American Literature." His "Carçamon" has been translated into the Czech language, and printed in a Prague newspaper. Of his poetical volume, including some comic pieces, he remarks: "It may be right to add, that at least half the pieces can lay claim to whatever indulgence, if any, is usually given to *juvenilia*, or the work of writers under age."

PSYCHE.

At evening in the port she lay,
A lifeless block with canvas furled;
But silently at peep of day
Spread her white wings and skimmed away,
And, rosy in the dawn's first ray,
Sank down behind the rounding world.

So hast thou vanished from our side,
Dear bark, that from some far, bright strand,
Anchored awhile on life's dull tide;
Then, lifting spirit pinions wide,
In heaven's own orient glorified,
Steered outward seeking Holy Land.

CARÇAMON.

His steed was old, his armor worn,
And he was old and worn and gray;
The light that lit his patient eyes
It shone from very far away.

Through gay Provence he journeyed on,
To one high quest his life was true.
And so they called him Carçamon—
The knight who seeketh the world through.

A pansy blossomed on his shield;
"A token 'tis," the people say,
"That still across the world's wide field
He seeks *la dame de ses pensées*."

For somewhere on a painted wall,
Or in the city's shifting crowd,

Or looking from a casement tall,
Or shaped of dream or evening cloud—

Forgotten when, forgotten where—
Her face had filled his careless eye
A moment ere he turned and passed,
Nor knew it was his destiny.

But ever in his dreams it came
Divine and passionless and strong,
A smile upon the imperial lips
No lover's kiss had dared to wrong.

He took his armor from the wall—
Ah! gone since then was many a day—
He led his steed from out the stall
And sought *la dame de ses pensées.*

The ladies of the Troubadours
Came riding through the chestnut grove:
"Sir Minstrel, string that lute of yours,
And sing us a gay song of love."

"O ladies of the Troubadours,
My lute has but a single string;
Sirventes fit for paramours,
My heart is not in tune to sing.

"The flower that blooms upon my shield
It has another soil and spring
Than that wherein the gaudy rose
Of light Provence is blossoming.

"The lady of my dreams doth hold
Such royal state within my mind,
No thought that comes unclad in gold
To that high court may entrance find."

So through the chestnut groves he passed,
And through the land and far away;
Nor know I whether in the world
He found *la dame de ses pensées.*

Only I know that in the South,
Long to the harp his tale was told;
Sweet as new wine within the mouth
The small, choice words and music old.

To scorn the promise of the Real;
To seek and seek and not to find;
Yet cherish still the fair Ideal—
It is thy fate, O restless Mind!

Edward Dowden.

One of the younger tribe of English poets, Dowden was born about 1848. He has published "Shakspeare's Mind and Art" (1875); and "Poems" (1876), a second edition of which appeared in 1877. He shows the influence of Tennyson, Clough, and Heine; but his poems do not lack a saving original grace. They show a profoundly meditative affection for Nature, with occasional suggestions of the new Pantheism. At times they are somewhat obscure, as if their meaning were that of a momentary mood, which the poet himself might not always be able to explain. Dowden has produced some sixty sonnets, several of them of rare beauty.

ABOARD THE "SEA-SWALLOW."

The gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
Lay on the water, violet-dark,
The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day; the summer dreamed
In heaven and on the whispering sea,
Within our hearts the summer dreamed,
The hours had ceased to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
And shining tresses lightly blown,
Alice and Adela, and sang
A song of Mendelssohn.

Oh sweet, and sad, and wildly clear,
Through summer air it sinks and swells,
Wild with a measureless desire,
And sad with all farewells.

OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glittering wave of life
Once more,—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
Faint, oh so faint, some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since,—I know not when.

WISE PASSIVENESS.

Think you I choose or that or this to sing?
I lie as patient as yon wealthy stream
Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will bring
Into its quiet bosom; not a thing
Too common, since perhaps you see it there
Who else had never seen it, though as fair
As on the world's first morn; a fluttering
Of idle butterflies; or the deft seeds
Blown from a thistle-head; a silver dove
As faultlessly; or the large, yearning eyes
Of pale Narcissus; or beside the reeds
A shepherd seeking lilies for his love,
And evermore the all-encircling skies.

THE INNER LIFE.

Master, they argued fast concerning Thee,
Proved what Thou art, denied what Thou art not
Till brows were on the fret, and eyes grew hot,
And lip and chin were thrust out eagerly;
Then through the temple-door I slipped to free
My soul from secret ache in solitude,
And sought this brook; and by the brookside stood
The world's Light, and the Light and Life of me.
It is enough, O Master, speak no word!
The stream speaks, and the endurance of the sky
Outpasses speech: I seek not to discern
Even what smiles for me Thy lips have stirred;
Only in Thy hand still let my hand lie,
And let the musing soul within me burn.

TWO INFINITIES.

A lonely way, and as I went my eyes
Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things:
Lush-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
In loose, deep hedges, where the primrose lies
In her own fairness,—buried blooms surprise
The plunderer bee and stop his murmurings,—
And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
Outstartles small blue-speckled butterflies.
Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower,
Kneeling. I looked up suddenly—Dear God!
There stretched the shining plain for many a mile,
The mountains rose with what invincible power!
And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

Samuel Miller Hageman.

AMERICAN.

Hageman, a grandson of Dr. Samuel Miller, Professor in the Princeton, N. J., Theological Seminary, and son of John Frelinghuysen Hageman, a well-known lawyer, and author of "Princeton and its Institutions," was born in that city in 1848. He began to write verses before he was fifteen years old; and his poem of "Silence" was originally published in the *Princetonian* when he was eighteen. It was issued in a volume in 1876. He was pastor of the Union Tabernacle, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1880), with a large congregation. In reference to "Silence," Miss Jean Ingelow writes: "I have read the poem more than once with interest and admiration. I congratulate the author on the beauty of his work." Hageman is the author of "Veiled," a novel; also of a volume entitled "Protestant Paganism; or, The Capital Errors of Christianity."

STANZAS FROM "SILENCE."

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God,
Like a dew-drop in a crystal throbbing in the senseless clod:
Silence is the heart of all things, sound the fluttering of its pulse, [vulse.
Which the fever and the spasm of the universe con-

* * * * * *

Every sound that breaks the silence only makes it more profound,
Like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet blue stillness drowned;
Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in heaven unshod,
For to be alone with silence is to be alone with God.

* * * * * *

Thus it was that as I wandered, often, on the yellow beach,
Day to day was uttering knowledge, night to night was showing speech:
Till the stillness grew oppressive, so that when I left the spot, [heard it not.
On the sounding shore the ocean thundered; but I

* * * * * *

Somewhere on this moving planet, in the mist of years to be,
In the silence, in the shadow, waits a loving heart for thee;
Somewhere in the beckoning heavens, where they know as they are known,
Are the empty arms above thee that shall clasp thee for their own.

* * * * * *

Somewhere in the far-off silence I shall feel a vanished hand,
Somewhere I shall know a voice that now I cannot understand;
Somewhere! Where art thou, O spectre of illimitable space?
Silent scene without a shadow! silent sphere without a place!

* * * * * *

Comes there back no sound beyond us where the trackless sunbeam calls?
Comes there back no wraith of music, melting through the crystal walls?
Comes there back no bird to lisp us of the great for evermore,
With a leaf of Life, unwithered, plucked upon the farther shore?

* * * * * *

Go to Silence: win her secret, she shall teach thee how to speak,
Shape to which all else is shadow grows within thee clear and bleak;
Go to Silence: she shall teach thee; ripe fruit hangs within thy reach;
He alone hath clearly spoken, who hath learned this: Thought is Speech.

* * * * * *

O thou strong and sacred Silence, self-contained in self-control,
O thou palliating Silence, Sabbath art thou of the soul:
Lie like snow upon my virtues, lie like dust upon my faults,
Silent when the world dethrones me, silent when the world exalts!

* * * * * *

Wisdom ripens unto Silence as she grows more truly wise,
And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart and in her eyes: [teach,
Wisdom ripens unto Silence, and the lesson she doth
Is that life is more than language, and that thought is more than speech.

Charles de Kay.

AMERICAN.

Charles de Kay was born in Washington, D. C., in the year 1848. He graduated from Yale College in 1868. He published a short novel entitled "The Bohemian: a Tragedy of Modern Life," in 1878; and "Hesperus, and other Poems," in 1880.

THE BLUSH.

If fragrances were colors, I would liken
A blush that deepens in her thoughtful face
To that aroma which pervades the place
Where woodmen cedars to the heart have stricken;
If tastes were hues, the blissful dye I'd trace
In upland strawberries, or winter-green;
If sound, why then, to shy and mellow bass
Of mountain thrushes, heard, yet seldom seen.
Or say that hues are felt: then would it seem
Most like to cobwebs borne on Southern gales
Against a spray of jasmine. But the glow
Itself is found where sweetbrier petals gleam
Through tenderest hoar-frost, or upon the snow
Of steadfast hills when shadows brim the vales.

FINGERS.

Who will tell me the secret, the cause
For the life in her swift-flying hands?
How weaves she the shuttle with never a pause,
With keys of the octave for strands?
Have they eyes, those soft fingers of her
That they kiss in the darkness the keys,
As in darkness the poets aver
Lover's lips will find lips by degrees?

Ay, marvels they are in their shadowy dance,
But who is the god that has given them soul?
Where learned they the spell other souls to entrance,
Where the heart other hearts to control?

'Twas the noise of the wave at the prow,
The musical lapse on the beaches,
'Twas the surf in the night when the land-breezes blow,
The song of the tide in the reaches:

She has drawn their sweet influence home
To a soul not yet clear but profound,
Where it blows like the Persian sea-foam
Into pearls—
Into pearls of melodious sound.

ON REVISITING STATEN ISLAND.

Again ye fields, again ye woods and farms,
Slowly approach and fold me in your arms!
The scent of June buds wraps me once again,
The breath of grasses sighs along the plain.

Ye elms and oaks that comforted of yore,
I hear your welcome as I heard before;
The night-blue sky is etched with dusky boughs,
And at your feet the white and huddled cows
Are breathing deeply still. Is all a dream,
Or does the hill-side with a welcome gleam?
Ye lofty trees, know ye your worshipper?
Know ye a wanderer, ready to aver
Yon branch leans downward to his eager face,
Yon bush seems following on his happy trace?
The cedars gossip softly, one by one,
Leaning their heads in secret; on and on
The whisper spreads from new-born larch to fir,
Thence to the chestnut tender yet of burr,
And now the fragrant blackberry on the moor
Says the same word the white beech mutters o'er.
A spice-birch on the fringes of the wood
Has lain in wait, has heard and understood;
The piny phalanx nods, and up, away,
Tree-tops have sped the name to Prince's Bay!

Charles H. Noyes.

AMERICAN.

In the summer of 1878 a little volume of poetry was published in Philadelphia, entitled "Studies in Verse, by Charles Quiet." This was the pseudonyme of Charles H. Noyes, a young lawyer of Warren, Pa., and a native of Marshall, Calhoun County, Mich., where he was born in 1849. While some of his verses bear the marks of immaturity, others are fervid with the true afflatus, and full of promise.

THE PRODIGAL SON TO THE EARTH.

O mother, wait until my work is done!
  Loose thy strong arms that draw me to thy breast
  Till I am ready to lie down and rest;
Grudge not to me the kisses of the sun.
  Fear not, fond earth, thy strong love holds me fast;
  Thou art mine heir—I shall be thine at last.

O cousin roses! thirst not for my blood
  To dye your paling cheeks. O rank, wild grass,
  Clutch not with greedy fingers as I pass.
And you, great hungry giants of the wood!
  Let not your roots for my rich juices yearn.
  Mine shall be yours, but you must wait your turn.

O roses, grasses, trees! I am your kin—
  Your prodigal blood-cousin, now grown strange
  With many wanderings through the lands of change;
You lent me of your substance, and I've been
  A wasteful steward; yet I shall bring back
  My whole inheritance—you shall not lack.

Divide my all among you! 'twas but lent
  To me a while to use. Part heart and brain,
  Matter and force, until there shall remain
Of me no shadow; I am well content.
  Order and chaos wage eternal strife;
  The end of living is to bring forth life.

Guardian of thoughts, immortal memory!
  Keep thou immortal some good thought of mine,
  Which, in oblivion's dark, may softly shine
Like the pale fox-fire of a rotting tree.
  If thou do keep but one song-child alive,
  In its sweet body shall my soul survive.

MY SOLDIER.

The day still lingers, though the sun is down,
  Kissing the earth, and loath to say good-bye;
While night, impatient, shows her starry crown
  Just glinting through the curtains of the sky.

I sit within the door and try to knit;
  Some sadness of the sky provokes my tears;
And memory finds some subtle charm in it
  To lead me back through melancholy years,

Until she brings me to that summer's day,
  When a tall shadow fell across the floor,
Lingered a moment, and then stole away,
  Following my soldier through the open door.

My soldier! He was all the war to me;
  His safety all the victory I craved;
Morn, noon, and night I prayed that I might see
  My soldier—I forgot my country—saved.

When came a letter full of love and cheer,
  Telling of victory with proud delight,
The mother's pride o'ercame the mother's fear,
  And I was happy in my dreams that night.

But when none came, and news of battles fell
  Around me like hot flakes of fire instead—
O God! if I have loved my boy too well,
  Put against that those days of awful dread.

My soldier! and it seems but yesterday
  His baby gums were mumbling at my breast.
I'm half persuaded now he's out at play,
  And I have slept within and dreamed the rest;

For it does seem so strange to me that he,
My baby, rosy-cheeked and azure-eyed—
The cherub boy I dandled on my knee—
Should have become a hero and have died.

My chubby baby, prattling to his toys!
My stalwart soldier kissing me good-bye!
My heart will have it she hath lost two boys,
And lends to grief a twofold agony.

And day by day, as the dear form I miss,
Fierce longing burns within me like a flame,
Till all the world I'd barter for a kiss,
And walk through fire to hear him call my name.

'Twere not so sad could I have watched his face,
Soothed his last hours, and closed his dear, dead eyes;
And it would comfort me to mark the place
With a wild rose-bush where my darling lies.

But, knowing nothing, save that he is dead,
I long 'neath yonder daisy-dotted knoll
To rest in peace my old, grief-whitened head;
Earth hath no crumb of comfort for my soul.

Mrs. Rosa H. Thorpe.

AMERICAN.

Rosa Hartwick, by marriage Thorpe, was born July 18th, 1850, in Mishawaka, Ind. After her marriage in 1871 she went to reside in Fremont, Ind., but subsequently removed to Litchfield, Mich. She wrote her popular ballad of "Curfew must not Ring To-night" when she was sixteen years old, but it was not till 1870 that it was published: then it first appeared in the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser*. It has since repeatedly undergone revision. Mrs. Thorpe has much of the spirit and simplicity of the old ballad-writers, and excels in realistic narrative illumined with poetical flashes. It may be that her best work is to come.

DOWN THE TRACK.

AN ACTUAL INCIDENT.

In the deepening shades of twilight
Stood a maiden young and fair;
Rain-drops gleamed on cheek and forehead,
Rain-drops glistened in her hair.
Where the bridge had stood at morning
Yawned a chasm deep and black;
Faintly came the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

Paler grew each marble feature,
Faster came her frightened breath,—
Charlie kissed her lips at morning,—
Now was rushing down to death!
Must she stand and see him perish?
Angry waters answer back:
Louder comes the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

At death's door faint hearts grow fearless:
Miracles are sometimes wrought,
Springing from the heart's devotion
In the forming of a thought.
From her waist she tears her apron,
Flings her tangled tresses back,
Working fast, and praying ever
For the train far down the track.

See! a lurid spark is kindled,
Right and left she flings the flame,
Turns and glides with airy fleetness
Downward toward the coming train;
Sees afar the red eye gleaming
Through the shadows still and black:
Hark! a shriek prolonged and deafening,—
They have seen her down the track!

Onward comes the train—now slower,
But the maiden, where is she?
Flaming torch and flying footsteps
Fond eyes gaze in vain to see.
With a white face turned to Heaven,
All the sunny hair thrown back,
There they found her, one hand lying
Crushed and bleeding on the track.

Eager faces bent above her,
Wet eyes pitied, kind lips blessed;
But she saw no face save Charlie's—
'Twas for him she saved the rest.
Gold they gave her from their bounty;
But her sweet eyes wandered back
To the face whose love will scatter
Roses all along life's track!

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting
O'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty
At the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead
Of a man and maiden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary,
She with sunny, floating hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful,
She with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur,
"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered,
Pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy,
With its walls, dark, damp, and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison,
Doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew,
And no earthly help is nigh:
Cromwell will not come till sunset,"
And her face grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper:
"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—
And his accents pierced her heart
Like the piercing of an arrow,
Like a deadly poisoned dart,—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew
From that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset,
It has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever,
Tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old, I still must do it:
Curfew, girl, must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features,
Stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom
Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges
Read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew,
Basil Underwood must die!"
And her breath came fast and faster,
And her eyes grew large and bright—
As in undertone she murmured:
"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

With quick step she bounded forward,
Sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly
Paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden,
But with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower,
Where the bell swung to and fro;
As she climbed the dusty ladder,
On which fell no ray of light,
Up and up, her white lips saying,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder,
O'er her hangs the great dark bell,
Awful is the gloom beneath her,
Like the pathway down to hell;
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging,
'Tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom,
Stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never!
Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly:
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city
Seemed a speck of light below;
She, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended,
As the bell swung to and fro!
And the sexton at the bell-rope,
Old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing
Fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly,
And with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er: the bell ceased swaying,
And the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder,
Where, for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted;
But the brave deed she had done
Should be told long ages after:—
Often as the setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty,—
Aged sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell;
Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness,
Has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story,
Shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading,
Yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity,—
Lit his eye with misty light:—
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell:
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

F. Wyville Home.

"Songs of a Wayfarer," is the title of a volume by Home, published by Pickering & Co., London, in 1879. The following is the Dedication: "To my father, in acknowledgment that the best work I can do is owed to him." Home belongs to the modern school of poetry, to the shaping of whose strains Tennyson has contributed so much.

A CHOICE.

QUESTION.

Answer me: Peace or Love?
Which do you take for your part?
Choose one or the other hereof,
You cannot have both, O heart!

For Peace is passion's decease,
Her blood is pallid and ashen;
But Love is a breaker of Peace,
His pulse is the heart-beat of passion.

REPLY.

Let Love and Passion be rife,
So long as I draw my breath;
For Love is the leaven of life,
But Peace the endearer of death.

FROM "ODE TO THE VINE."

Again, O Vine, I turn to thee and take
Assurance from thy deathless loveliness,
That Love and Beauty ever are awake
At Life's veiled fountain-head: and who would press [twain:
Tow'rd Truth must go with guidance of these
To whom with faith made whole
I dedicate my soul,
Trusting to them to lay a silver skein
Between my hands to guide me to the goal
Where dawn shall break, and from mine eyes the darkness roll.

George Parsons Lathrop.

AMERICAN.

The son of a physician and citizen of the United States, Lathrop was born Aug. 25th, 1851, at Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands. He received his education in New York and Germany. In 1875–'77 he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His first volume of poems, "Rose and Roof-tree," appeared in 1875; "A Study of Hawthorne" (1876). He is the author of two published novels. His occupation is that of a journalist. In 1878 he assumed the editorship of the *Boston Courier*. As a lecturer, and a contributor to our best magazines, he is also favorably known. His wife is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864).

MUSIC OF GROWTH.

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.

If poet from the vibrant strings
Of his poor heart a measure flings,
Laugh not, that he no trumpet blows:
It may be that Heaven hears and knows
His language of low listenings.

SONNET: THE LOVER'S YEAR.

Thou art my morning, twilight, noon, and eve,
My Summer and my Winter, Spring and Fall;
For Nature left on thee a touch of all
The moods that come to gladden or to grieve
The heart of Time, with purpose to relieve
From lagging sameness. So do these forestall
In thee such o'erheaped sweetnesses as pall
Too swiftly, and the taster tasteless leave.
Scenes that I love, to me always remain
Beautiful, whether under summer's sun
Beheld, or, storm-dark, stricken across with rain.
So, through all humors thou'rt the same, sweet one:
Doubt not I love thee well in each, who see
Thy constant change is changeful constancy.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
(O still, celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
Oh, let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee!

Francis W. Bourdillon.

Bourdillon, one of the younger English poets, was born in 1852. While yet an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford, he won reputation as a poet by two graceful stanzas, eight lines in all, entitled "Light." They were speedily translated into the principal languages of Europe. Rarely has a poet won his spurs on so small a venture in verse. Bourdillon is the author of "Among the Flowers, and other Poems," a volume of 176 pages, published in London, in 1878, by Marcus Ward & Co. A native of Woolbedding, in Sussex, he dedicates his poems to it as embracing "the influences, memories, and affections that for all men haunt the name of home."

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.

CÆLI.

If stars were really watching eyes
Of angel armies in the skies,
I should forget all watchers there,
And only for your glances care.

And if your eyes were really stars,
With leagues, that none can mete, for bars
To keep me from their longed-for day,
I could not feel more far away.

THE HOME OF MY HEART.

Not here, in the populous town,
In the playhouse or mart,
Not here, in the ways gray and brown,
But afar, on the green swelling down,
Is the home of my heart.

There the hill-side slopes down to a dell,
Whence a streamlet has start,
There are woods and sweet grass on the swell,
And the south winds and west know it well;
There's the home of my heart.

There's a cottage o'ershadowed by leaves,
Growing fairer than art,
Where, under the low sloping eaves
No false hand the swallow bereaves;
'Tis the home of my heart.

And there, on the slant of the lea,
Where the trees stand apart,
Over grassland and woodland, maybe
You will catch the faint gleam of the sea
From the home of my heart.

And there in the rapturous spring,
When the morning rays dart
O'er the plain, and the morning birds sing,
You may see the most beautiful thing
In the home of my heart;

For there at the casement above,
Where the rose-bushes part,
Will blush the fair face of my love:—
Ah, yes! it is this that will prove
'Tis the home of my heart.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Sweeter than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children gleaning ears that stray,
Or Christmas songs that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of rain-drops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is Spring that comes, but brings us love no more.

LET US LOVE.

Love, let us love! What have we else to do?
Who cannot count one hour of life to come;
Who only know the present to be true,
The voice that now we hear to be not dumb;
To whom, as on a barren beach we stand,
The past and future are the tide-whelmed sand.

Love, let us love! For love and life and death—
What else?—we know are real; and as we must
By nature's force both hold and yield our breath,
So let us take, not forced, but as in trust,
Upon ourselves the third reality,
And love so long as love, life, death shall be.

Mary A. Barr.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, Miss Barr was brought to this country in childhood, and her training and intellectual development have been distinctively American. Her poems are full of thought and tenderness. They have been contributed to our principal magazines, and are worthy to be gathered into a volume.

WHITE POPPIES.

O mystic, mighty flower, whose frail white leaves,
  Silky and crumpled like a banner furled,
Shadow the black mysterious seed that gives
  The drop that soothes and lulls a restless world;
Nepenthes for our woe, yet swift to kill,
Holding the knowledge of both good and ill.

The rose for beauty may outshine thee far,
  The lily hold herself like some sweet saint
Apart from earthly grief, as is a star
  Apart from any fear of earthly taint;
The snowy poppy like an angel stands,
With consolation in her open hands.

Ere History was born, the poets sung
  How godlike Thone knew thy compelling power,
And ancient Ceres, by strange sorrows wrung,
  Sought sweet oblivion from thy healing flower.
Giver of Sleep! Lord of the Land of Dreams!
O simple weed, thou art not what man deems.

The clear-eyed Greeks saw oft their God of Sleep
  Wandering about through the black midnight hours,
Soothing the restless couch with slumbers deep,
  And scattering thy medicated flowers,
Till hands were folded for their final rest,
Clasping White Poppies o'er a pulseless breast.

We have a clearer vision; every hour
  Kind hearts and hands the poppy juices mete,
And panting sufferers bless its kindly power,
  And weary ones invoke its peaceful sleep.
Health has its Rose and Grape and joyful Palm,
The Poppy to the sick is wine and balm.

I sing the Poppy! The frail snowy weed!
  The flower of Mercy! that within its heart
Doth keep "a drop serene" for human need,
  A drowsy balm for every bitter smart.
For happy hours the Rose will idly blow—
The Poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

Under the stormy skies, whose wan, white light
  Fell slant and cold upon the surging wave—
  Upon the sad road of the cruel wave—
There was a little boat which day and night
Had held its dead and dying in the sight
  Of Him who dwelleth in Eternity.

Out of the shuddering cold, out of the deep,
  Into the warmth of life, and love, and rest—
  Into the sweet content of grateful rest—
They came. The watchful angels did not sleep
Who had a charge concerning souls to keep:
  The saving ship had followed their behest.

Poor weary souls! If their eyes could have seen
  The shining footsteps on the deep, wet ways—
  Making so still the deep and perilous ways—
Ah, then how calm their troubled hearts had been!
The chafing surge and winds had heard between
  Their hideous roar a sigh of human praise.

Dear soul, this is a parable. Thou hast
  Been shipwrecked oft upon life's stormy sea—
  Left all alone upon life's stormy sea—
And yet some saving vessel always passed,
And to thy trembling hands the life-line cast:
  And as it has been, so it still shall be.

A HARVEST-HOME.

It is not long since we with happy feet
  Stood ankle-deep in grasses, fresh and green;
While in the apple-blossoms, pink and sweet,
  The singing birds, with flashing wings, were seen.

It is not long ago—not long ago—
  Since the glad winds ran through the tasselled corn:
This way and that way, swaying to and fro,
  The golden wheat waited the harvest morn.

Now all the silent fields are brown and bare,
  And all the singing birds are gone away;
But peaceful calm is in the hazy air,
  And we, content, can watch the sweet decay.

For so the hay is saved, the corn, the wheat,
  The honey from a thousand scented bowers,
While russet apples, delicately sweet,
  Hang where once hung the pink-white apple-flowers.

So we in our life's autumn stilly muse
  Upon the harvest of our gathered years,
Finding the hopes that once we feared to lose
  Grown perfect through our toil and love and tears,

And saying, gratefully, "Although their flower
  Was strangely fair and sweet, from cup to root,
'Twas best they changed with us from hour to hour,
  For better than the Blossom is—the Fruit."

Mary E. Vandyne.

AMERICAN.

Miss Vandyne is a native of Brooklyn, L. I., and a frequent contributor to our periodical literature.

WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH DAD.

When I was a boy—I'm an old man now;
Look at the lines across my brow;
  Old Time has furrowed them there.
My back is bent and my eyes are dim;
He has placed his finger on every limb,
  And pulled out most of my hair.
    But if life has reached December,
    I'm not too old to remember
      When I went fishing with dad.

We would each of us shoulder his part of the load,
And joyfully start along the road—
  But dad's was the heaviest share.
Out of the village about a mile,
Over a meadow, across a stile,
  And then we were almost there.
    Dear old brook, I can see it still,
    The mossy bank and the old gray mill,
      Where I went fishing with dad.

We would wander about for a little space
To find the cosiest, shadiest place,
  Before we went to work.
Then dad would arrange his rod and line,
And tell me just how to manage mine
  When the fish began to jerk.
    If I only could feel as I used to then!
    If the days could only come back again,
      When I went fishing with dad!

We armed our hooks with the wriggling bait,
Then seated ourselves on the bank to wait
  And see if the fish would bite.
Sometimes they would only take a look,
As if they thought there might be a hook,
  But couldn't be certain quite.
    There was one old perch that I used to think
    Would always look at the line and wink,
      When I went fishing with dad.

And so we fished till the sun was high,
And the morning hours were all gone by,
  And the village clock struck one.
"I am hungry, Jim," then dad would say; '
"Let's give the fishes a chance to play
  Until our lunch is done."
    Oh, nothing has ever tasted so sweet
    As the big sandwiches I used to eat
      When I went fishing with dad.

Then dad and I would lie on the grass
And wait for the heat of the day to pass:
  How happy I used to feel!
And what wonderful stories he would tell
To the eager boy that he loved so well,
  After our mid-day meal!
    And how I would nestle close to his side
    To hear of the world so big and wide,
      When I went fishing with dad!

For I eagerly listened to every word;
And then among men of whom I heard
  How I longed to play a part!
What wonderful dreams of the future came,
What visions of wealth and an honored name,
  To fill my boyish heart!
    There is no dream like the old dream,
    There is no stream like the old stream
      Where I went fishing with dad.

Then back again to our sport we'd go,
And fish till the sunset's crimson glow
  Lit up the dying day;
Then dad would call to me, "Jim, we'll stop;
The basket is full to the very top;
  It's time we were on our way."
    There are no ways like the old ways,
    There are no days like the old days
      When I went fishing with dad.

Then we took our way through the meadow-land,
And I clung so tight to his wrinkled hand,
  As happy as I could be.
And when the old house came in sight,
The smile on his old face grew so bright
  As he looked down at me.

And no one smiles as he used to smile;
And, oh, it seems such a long, long while
Since I went fishing with dad.

It is 'way, 'way back in the weary years
That with aching heart and falling tears
I watched dad go away.
His aged head lay on my breast
When the angels called him home to rest—
He was too old to stay.
And I dug a grave 'neath the very sod
That my boyish feet so often trod
When I went fishing with dad.

The world has given me wealth and fame,
Fulfilled my dreams of an honored name,
And now I am weak and old;
The land is mine wherever I look;
I can catch my fish with a silver hook;
But my days are almost told.
Uncheered by the love of child or wife,
I would spend the end of my lonely life
Where I went fishing with dad.

My limbs are weary, my eyes are dim;
I shall tell them to lay me close by him,
Whenever I come to die;
And side by side, it will be my wish,
That there by the stream where they used to fish,
They will let the old men lie.
Close by him I would like to be,
Buried beneath the old oak-tree
Where I sat and fished with dad.

Elizabeth Henry Miller.

AMERICAN.

Born in Lexington, Va., Dec. 2d, 1859, Miss Miller can count among her ancestry some historic names: on her father's side, that of Jonathan Dickinson, founder and first President of Princeton College; while her mother, a daughter of Governor McDowell of Virginia, and niece of William C. Preston, the eloquent South Carolina Senator, had for grandfather the gallant Gen. William Campbell, who won the battle of King's Mountain in 1783; and for grandmother, Elizabeth Henry, a sister of Patrick Henry, of whom every school-boy knows. Miss Henry was quite as remarkable in intellectual respects as her illustrious brother, whom she resembled in many of her traits. Thus Miss Miller, who was named after her, may be said to be entitled to her intellectual endowments by the law of heredity. The specimen of her poems which we subjoin was written by her before she had reached her twelfth year.

NOW AND EVER.

Ask what you will, my own and only love;
For to love's service true,
Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,
And I yield all to you
Who art the only she,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Yet some things e'en to thee I cannot yield,—
As that one gift by which
On the still morning on the woodside field
Thou mad'st existence rich,—
Who wast the only she,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

We had talked long, and then a silence came;
And in the topmost firs
To his nest a white dove floated like a flame,
And my lips closed on hers
Who was the only she,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Since when, my heart lies by her heart—nor now
Could I, 'twixt hers and mine,
Nor the most love-skilled angel choose; so thou
In vain wouldst ask for thine,
Who art the only she,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Elaine and Dora Goodale.

AMERICANS.

Among the precocious poets, Elaine Goodale (born Oct. 9th, 1863), and Dora Read Goodale (born Oct. 29th, 1866), will long be remembered. Their home, which bears the appropriate name of "Sky Farm," is in South Egremont, Mass., on the very summit of the highest of the Berkshire Hills. Both mother and father have the poetical gift; but the songs of the children have been as unprompted as those of the young thrush. Their first volume, "Apple-blossoms: Verses of Two Children," was published in 1878 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. In the Preface, the parents say: "These verses are, above all else, fresh and spontaneous, the almost unconscious outflow of two simple, wholesome lives, in their earliest youth."

PAPA'S BIRTHDAY.

ELAINE GOODALE.

O dear Sky Farm! O rare Sky Farm!
Rejoice, to-day, rejoice!
Unite your many tongues to ours
In one harmonious voice;

Ye winsome warblers of the wood,
Pour forth your clarion lays,
And welcome to the happy earth
This happiest of days!

For 'tis the anniversary
Of his auspicious birth,
Who singled out from all the world
This cherished spot of earth:
Who brought a loved and loving wife
To grace its haunts so wild,
And, with its blessing, thrice became
The father of a child.

It is his birthday who has tilled
Its acres broad and fair,
Has reaped its golden harvest-fields,
And breathed its balmy air;
Whose holy, happy home it is,
With mother, children, wife,
Whose vine-clad cottage crowns the hill,
Brimful of health and life.

O dear Sky Farm! O rare Sky Farm!
Break out in brighter bloom,
And waft o'er all the emerald fields
Your incense of perfume!
Deep heavens of celestial blue,
Watch o'er him, guard and bless
Through many a sunlit birthday more
Of love and happiness!

May warmer union bind our hearts
Together from this hour,
And draw us closer to our farm
With deep and sacred power!
Grant every highest, purest joy,
Protect from every harm,
The planter of our precious home,
The founder of Sky Farm!

ASHES OF ROSES.

ELAINE GOODALE.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie,—
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

RIPE GRAIN.

DORA READ GOODALE.

O still, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from pain,—
He who ordained that work should cease
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,—
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

APRIL! APRIL! ARE YOU HERE?

DORA READ GOODALE.

April! April! are you here?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! the sky is bright and clear,
Oh, how green the grass is growing!
April! April! are you here?

April! April! is it you?
See how fair the flowers are springing!
Sun is warm and brooks are clear,
Oh, how glad the birds are singing!
April! April! is it you?

April! April! you are here!
Though your smiling turn to weeping,
Though your skies grow cold and drear,
Though your gentle winds are sleeping,
April! April! you are here!

WHAT IS LEFT?

DORA READ GOODALE.

The trees are barren, cold and brown,
The snow is white on vale and hill,
The gentian, aster too, are gone,
Is there no blossom with us still?

Oh, look upon the hazel bough!
The flowers there are bright as gold,
Though all is cold and wintry now,
Their little petals still unfold.

The apples red have fallen down,
And silent is the joyous rill;
The robin and the thrush have flown,—
Is there no bird to glad us still?

Hark! don't you hear a gladsome song,
A merry chirp from tiny throat?—
The snow-bird all the winter long
Will cheer us with his happy note.

Hester M. Poole.

AMERICAN.

A native of Georgia, Vt., Miss Hunt was married to C. D. Poole, of New York city; but her present home is Metuchen, N. J. From a child she has had literary tastes, but it is only recently that her poems have appeared in print. As a prose writer she is favorably known.

AN OCTOBER SCENE.

An azure sky, a soft, transparent mist
Veiling the distance, glimmering in the sheen
Of an October day: low winds that kissed
The tender, fading green; [sheaves,
The wheat fields brown and sere without their
The loitering kine that seek the sunny shed,
The idly falling drift of withered leaves,
Their gold and crimson dead;—

The cricket's plaintive chirp; a warning hush
O'er all the tender sadness of the scene,—
Proclaim throughout our beauteous land the death
Of summer's glorious sheen.
Soon numbing winter stills the bounding life
Now flowing free, and holds in deadly chill
The steady upward beat, the march, the strife
Which Nature's pulses thrill.

O wondrous change! The spring shall come again,
The blood shall course through man and plant and
A rest, a pause, a seeming death,—and then [tree:
The joyous earth shall see
Its soul awaken to a fresher day:
A fuller, richer dawn shall surely come.
Take heart, O mourner! Leave the pulseless clay,
Look upward to thy home.

The heart that beat, the brain that ranged at will
O'er fields of thought and garnered plenteous store,
Gleans now in fairer fields and loves thee still,—
Grim Death triumphant o'er!
And when the spring breaks o'er that mystic sea
That flows so wintry cold beyond earth's strand,
There shall thy loved one wait to welcome thee
In that blessed Summer-land!

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while, my friend, a little while,
And sullen winter yields his frigid sway,
Though now there comes a long and dreary file
Of leaden days, and o'er our heads no smile
Of the pale, sickly sun lights up our way,
Sometime, to you and me
Come hours so bright and free
That we can wait, and waiting, sing alway!

Dear heart! be patient but a little while,
For now all things take their long night of rest:
Without, the snow is stretching many a mile
O'er desolate hills, whose rocky, ice-bound crest
Hold no warm nook, no flowers, nor feathery nest
Of gladsome singing-bird,
Whose trills, whenever heard,
Awoke in us such youthful, jocund zest.

A little while, dear one, a little while!
We only wait the coming of our spring;
And though the path be long, let us beguile
The way with hope; let Faith bear us on wing
So strong she falters not, until she bring,
With love's compulsion sweet,
A life so full, 'tis meet [fling.
That, watching for that hour, we care to glad wings

A little while, my friend, a little while
The earth bears seeds deep in her faithful heart,
In the dark mould they lonely wait, meanwhile,
For the glad sun, through the long weeks apart;
Then, when they feel the swift, electric smart
Of the God's rapturous kiss,
That wakes to life and bliss,
Each softly, slowly climbs the other's heart.

A little while, dear one, and we shall bloom:
Our lives will find their fulness in the spring
Which nature gives to all. Is there not room
In the eternities above, for gloom
Somewhat to shadow with its darkling wing
The rapturous flood of joy which love shall bring,
When Death has lost his sting,
As on victorious wing
We soar to find, in Heaven, perpetual spring?

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